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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

"The Mobilization of Canadian Women" by Nellie L. McClung (See Page 3)

MARCH
1918

Continental Publishing Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada

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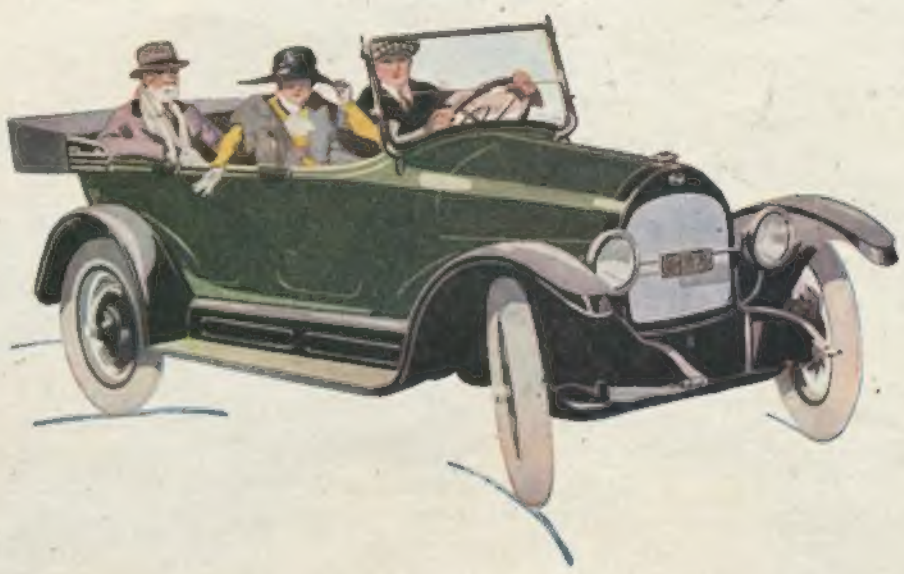

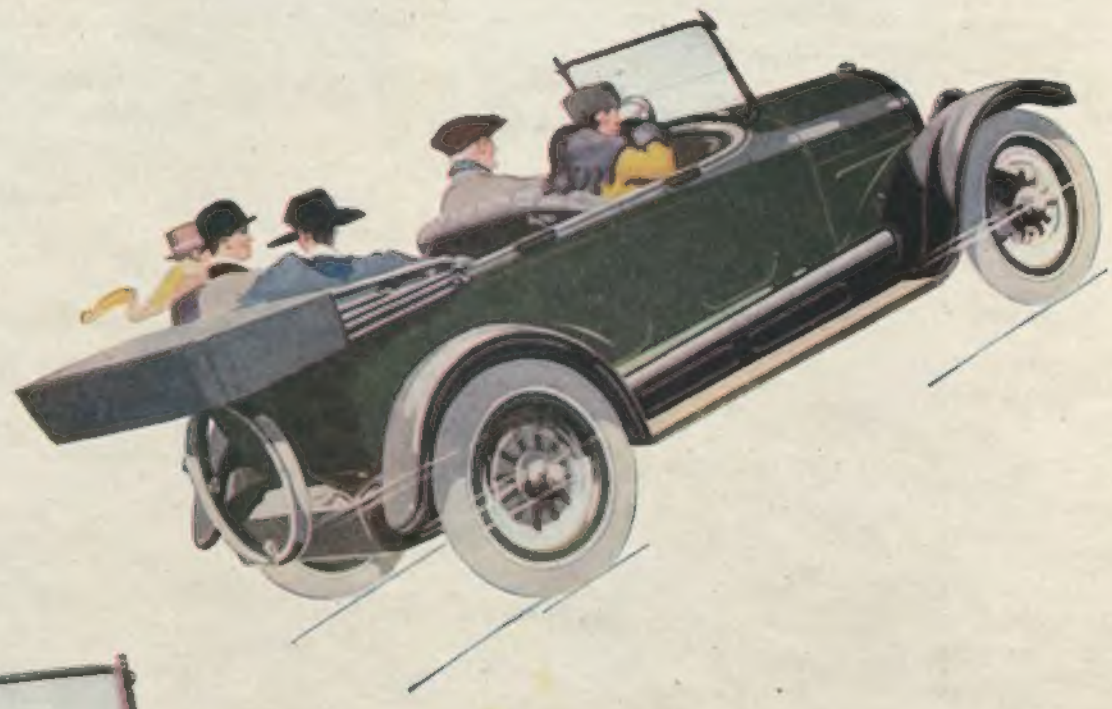

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Forwarning and Forearming

Against Deadly Social Diseases

GREAT secrecy has surrounded the whole question of Venereal or Social Diseases.

Because of ignorance—the result of the old-time secrecy—thousands and tens of thousands of young men have fallen from grace, have come to grief, have paid in many cases no less a penalty than death itself.

Worse than this, young girls and women in countless numbers have through them been condemned to a real death, entailing untold suffering, and have been cheated out of the greatest blessings of life—little children and happy homes.

But now new hope arises. Light is being shed upon these old-time matters of darkness.

The Ontario Government will, it is announced, at its present session, decide on what steps Ontario should take to cope with the problems in question. Saskatchewan has already stepped ahead of the other provinces in this matter, having made it compulsory to register cases of venereal disease, even as is done with smallpox and other less terrible diseases.

Venereal diseases are more common than you know. It is believed by authorities qualified to know that there is as much syphilis as tuberculosis in this country to-day. It is reported of New York City that out of nearly six millions of people making up its population, over one-quarter of these have some form of venereal disease. Ten out of every hundred people in that city have syphilis. Eight out of every ten men, and five out of every ten women have had gonorrhea *at least once!* About five thousand people die in New York City each year as a result of syphilis and its complications. Nearly a third of the serious operations upon women are necessary because of gonorrhea.

We have no reason to believe that the situation in Canadian cities is any better. Nor throughout Canada, even in the rural places, is there any immunity so far as is known from these diseases, nor are we to believe that investigation would show less shocking statistics!

With these facts before us, *our duty is plain!* We must give our readers the facts, wherewith they may be enlightened and may educate others; we must give them, or make available to them, more facts even than can be judiciously published in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. And, as announced at length in our February issue, this we are doing, knowing that the right education, wholesomely given, will be the biggest factor in stamping out these deadly diseases.

In EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD for April will be published the findings, from one of our own staff writer's investigations, on why young people err. The question is asked, "Are you responsible for these crimes?" You will surely want to have the answer and know the truth.

Then, for the May issue, we will deal with "Playing with Fire"—a subject upon which every girl should be fully informed.

Mrs. Jean Blewett will write in June EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD on "How Shall I Tell My Children?" In the July issue will be given "Some Lessons from the Children's Shelter."

You will agree that you simply must have this information and you will get it all in the niecest, purest and most wholesome form as it is published in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. If your subscription is soon expiring it will be well to renew it early to ensure getting your copy for each month, since the demand for EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is as great as we can supply and we cannot undertake to furnish any back copies.

"Letting in the Light"

A COPY of this remarkable booklet for you free! As announced last month, and again this month (see page 32) we have issued a little booklet, "Letting in the Light," to elaborate upon the matter published in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. This booklet is for distribution to our readers *only*. It gives all the information that any parent or young person will need or want to know to protect themselves and their loved ones from the dread social diseases.

This booklet is sent to any EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD reader *on request* for the nominal price of 25c. to cover cost of publication and postage.

To anyone whose subscription to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD has expired or is soon about to expire we will, on receiving a renewal, send the booklet free as offered in the coupon below. We will also send it free to any new subscriber who requests it when sending their subscription or, in other words, any new subscriber to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD asking for this booklet at the time of remitting $1.50 for EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will receive it free.

Fill in the coupon below and mail it now while you are thinking about it. On all renewals the subscriptions will be extended for a full year from expiry date of present subscriptions. You will be glad that you have taken advantage of this offer.

Other Big Features Coming

WHILE giving our conscientious attention to these vital matters of health we have not deviated from our plan laid some months ago—to make EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD replete with the features the women of Canada want—contents representing national needs of the moment, household assistance and a larger percentage of real entertainment.

The April issue ushers in, not only Spring itself, but all its attendant considerations. It is to be our Easter Issue.

If Everywoman's World Is Late

IF your copy of Everywoman's World is late in reaching you, or perhaps is lost altogether, please remember the difficulties under which EVERY ONE is working just at present.

We are trying to give you the best delivery service possible and will gladly replace lost copies or extend subscriptions to cover.

The mail service throughout Canada has been greatly disorganized owing to the previously unheard-of congestion of the railroads and the depletion of staffs in post offices and elsewhere due to the Military Service Act. The unusually severe weather of the past couple of months has meant further great delays and in such cases, magazines, which are in the second classification of mail matter, must give precedence to letters, etc. Such unforeseen contingencies as heatless days are constantly confronting us. They all mean delay that is far reaching in its effects.

Before complaining of non-delivery, kindly allow a couple of weeks after publication date for your copy to reach you.

Conditions everywhere are unusual and we will all help best to get them back to normal quickly if we exercise a little tolerance. So we ask that you co-operate with us and

—BE PATIENT!

Here are a few of the features you may look for:

"The Intruder," by Beatrice Redpath—a most unusual story, more attractively written than anything we have published in some time.

"The Gerrard Street Mystery," another of the series of weird tales by John Charles Dent, the scene of which is laid in Toronto, and the effect of which is fascinating to the least susceptible reader.

"The Princess Irene," a fairy play by Norah M. Holland. So insistent has been the demand for back numbers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD containing Miss Holland's Celtic Fairy Tales, we find it impossible to promise a sufficient supply. The series of fairy lore will be broken in April only to allow of a little variety. "The Princess Irene" will be as engaging as the author's other productions. It is advisable to secure a copy of the April issue containing the play, immediately upon its issue. If you are a subscriber, be sure your subscription is not allowed to expire, and thereby cause you to miss the remaining stories in this series.

They are absolutely unsurpassed in present day fairy lore production. They are not designed especially for children, but are, instead, gems of literature that will enhance any library.

"The Magpie's Nest" is nearing its close. The last two instalments—April and May—represent the climax of the story. WATCH FOR THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF OUR GREAT NEW SERIAL IN THE APRIL ISSUE.

THE CANADIAN WOMEN'S WAR LEAGUE! Witness its introduction this month on page 29 and get the April number for a report of its first step in the way of progress. Also, you will undoubtedly have joined, and will want to see that your name is included in the list of members.

New Practical Clothes Conservation

APRIL will see the first practical step, after its formation this month, of our FASHION MAKE-OVER DEPARTMENT. In these days of forced economy, the greatest measure of thrift can be effected through clothes conservation. Miss Helen Cornelius, who has a genius for making-over, and a keen desire to help you to do likewise, will solve all your clothes problems. Give her a chance to help you!

Our Food Department has become an indispensable companion to Canadian housewives. Miss Caldwell has ideas in store that will mean money saved for you, if you follow in her wake. Marjory Dale is preparing for you, an attractive page of Easter dainties.

Jean Blewett will have more to say to mothers on the necessity of entering heartily into the public affairs of the nation. On her own page, too, through her "Everywoman's Forum" she has wisdom to dispense, answers to questions, that will not fail to interest.

For the Children

"KIDDIES KUT-OUTS"! At last they've come! An alluring array of finery to be made for "Nancy," by all our little readers. We won't color them. We leave that to the kiddies. And what is better, we will distribute prizes to the little artists who paint the ten best trousseaux for Nancy. Marjory Daw, who designs the page, will judge them, Kut-Outs are the delight of all little ones. Don't let them miss the fun! Get them working on them this month—we introduce them on page 22—and watch for our May issue for their next appearance.

We could continue at much greater length, listing the other coming features, but the few items mentioned will be sufficient to intimate to you the type of magazine next month's EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will be. It will be on sale at all news stands, but the coupon below will bring it to your door twelve times without any bother on your part. Fill it in!

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Gentlemen,

Enclosed please find $1.50. Please enter my new / renewal subscription to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD for one year and send me without any extra cost to me a copy of your booklet "Letting in the Light."

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It *Is* Worth-While to Buy Neōlin

Pounding over city pavements—tramping on stone and cinders, up stairs and down—so goes the daily walk-work.

Little thought is there of the leather soles on which you walk.

And that little thought, if you please, is usually one of discouragement. Discouragement in leather's failure to meet shoe sole requirements.

For leather, that sufficed for so long, has faltered and failed in the face of a newer, better sole—Neōlin.

Neōlin is superior to leather, as leather was to the wooden sole. Neōlin has brought to millions of modern people new-day ideas of shoe value.

Neōlin has made it necessary for you to *think* about your shoe-soles, for Neōlin's advantages are too great to be disregarded.

So after testing Neōlin for two years—after manufacturing and selling millions of pairs—we say "It *is* worth while to buy Neōlin."

We challenged the nation with our claims for Neōlin. Thousands have tested Neōlin and found the answer—

—the answer to shoe-costs in Neōlin's wear, far more dependable than leather, sometimes making one pair of soles last where *two* were needed before. Effecting a more noticeable saving where there are little feet to shoe.

—the answer to foot-comfort in Neōlin's weight-light flexibility, needing no breaking-in on new shoes, causing no blistering feet, strengthening tired foot-muscles.

—the answer to health in Neōlin water-tightness, moisture-defending as seal-skin, foot-dry prevention for sore throats and colds on slop-foot days.

—the answer to modern style in Neōlin's smartness and quiet.

Are not these reasons to win you to Neōlin?

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Shoe repairers have full-soles and half-soles of Neōlin for your present shoes.

To protect you against imitations, every Neōlin sole is stamped with the trademark—"Neōlin." Look for it.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company of Canada, Limited

This is the Neōlin price ticket which you will see on shoes with Neōlin soles. Look for them in your dealer's window.

Neōlin soles

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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

CANADA'S GREAT HOME MAGAZINE

Chas. C. Nixon, Superintending Editor
Jean Blewett, Companion Editor
Mary M. Murphy, Managing Editor
Katherine M. Caldwell, Food Editor

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Vol. VIII., No. 9 **EDITORIAL** **March, 1918**

The Mobilization of Canadian Women

By NELLIE L. McCLUNG

THERE is enough sentiment in Canada, at this present hour of writing to do anything that should be done! Everyone wants to win the war—everyone wants to increase production—everyone wants to have the home matters well looked after so that the men who come back will not be disappointed when they look around and see the sort of people and the institutions that they were fighting for. Everyone desires these things but there is a difference in degree! There are "some thirty, some sixty, and some a hundred fold!"

But these desires, good as they are, will never win the war, or help conditions very much at home, so long as they are vague, diffuse and vapid. They have to be crystallized into action.

Let me illustrate. It is always discreet to draw illustrations from far-away places, and if possible from some other country! People seem to enter into the spirit of it better!

A woman in Pennsylvania, a widow with several small children, found her health failing through tubercular trouble, and appealed to Congress at Washington for help and advice. She said she had been able to manage her affairs, and keep her children together, but now she could not see her way ahead unless some assistance be given to her.

In reply to this she received a kind letter "regretting that there was no machinery to deal with such a case." The same session of Congress made a grant of several thousand dollars, for the purpose of combatting diseases among hogs, and the Philadelphia North American, which made editorial comment on this incident, drew this moral from it, "Be a hog, and worth saving!"

Now, of course, we all know there was plenty of sentiment, to help this woman, but lacking machinery, the sentiment did not do her any good.

I thought of this story to-day, when I got a letter from a certan section of our own Province, telling me heart-breaking stories of the way that some of the women are neglected at the time of childbirth, on account of the indifference of the men, as to the need of medical skill. The letter said that in one instance, the woman was in labor for three days, in the presence of her children, and with no assistance, but what they could give her, while the husband went on with the haying. Of course, you never can tell when it may rain, and besides, she had always pulled through all right, and there's no use wasting money on doctors.

At last, the doctor was sent for—and he arrived in time to pronounce it blood-poisoning. The child had been dead for hours. The woman had a very successful funeral. Everyone was sorry, and the bereaved husband said he would just as "soon have lost his best horse."

The doctor reported the case, and the man was tried before a local J.P., who fined him a trifling sum.

There were other stories, in this letter, of a similar nature and the writer of it closed with these words, "I wonder if you could do something, by putting this matter before some of the woman's organizations, and stir up some sentiment."

I KNEW it was not sentiment that was needed. We have sentiment enough to care for every woman and child in Canada. What we are short of is machinery.

Now, if it had been a cow, or a dog, it would have been easy. We all belong to the Humane Society. Indeed we do, and a short time ago we entered suit against a whole railway system for leaving cattle without water for forty-eight hours, and won it too! It isn't that there is more sentiment in favor of fair dealing for cows. There isn't. But the machinery works better. When I read this letter, I began to wish harder than ever that we had some way of gathering up all the perfectly good kind wishes and good feeling which exists in the hearts of our people, and make it all effective, so we could turn it on, like electricity to lighten the dark places, and cheer the lonely with its warmth and radiance, driving out ignorance, selfishness, greed and injustice.

This is what we used to say that woman suffrage would do, and what we still hope it will do. We worked so long for the vote that when it came, we felt that all good things would be added unto us. But now we know that all good things must be worked for. They only come that way.

And because some may have forgotten that there are serious problems here at home which vitally affect women I am going to set down some of them, and let us all remember as we read that we are law-makers now, and if things are not right, we are to blame. Listen!

The soldier in the trench has a better chance for his life than the child in the cradle. In one district, here in Alberta, children under one year died at the rate of four hundred in the thousand and we are the guardians of the race!

Crime among children has increased enormously since the war, and so far as I know, no serious efforts are being made to combat this.

There are about nine hundred vacancies in the schools of Alberta, because of the large enlistment of the men—and the inability to get women to take their places. There will be thousands of untaught children in this year of grace, 1918, unless something happens!

Canadian Women's War League

DO you want to be one of the Charter Members of the Canadian Women's War League? Do you want to have a voice in the affairs of the nation? The time to join is NOW! Read the Call to Arms on page 29. It is meant for YOU!

—THE EDITORS.

Tuberculosis causes one-third of all the deaths in Canada, and tuberculosis is a preventible disease!

The death rate is now so much higher than the birth rate, in all the warring countries, that the cry of race-suicide is becoming a serious one. In Germany there are societies to encourage reproduction, and their tenets are revolting and nauseating, to all self-respecting people. Even in our own country, there are those who hint at polygamy, in the times of reconstruction, and it is well for us to guard the sanctity of marriage, in these strange days, when there is so much twisting of the moral fabric.

The treatment of venereal diseases is touched. Public sentiment has not been sufficiently roused, but there are a few startling facts which we may well ponder. Smallpox patients are isolated and treated, but people suffering from this disease go abroad, scattering it at will. Once in a while, a place is raided, and the women fined or maybe sent to jail for a term, coming back more determined than ever to get even. The imposing of a fine, which merely supplies an added motive for making money, does not help the situation; neither are the penitentiaries places of reformation!

THESE are some of the problems which must be solved, if we are to be a clean and a righteous people, and women must think them out.

There are potential qualities for organization, for service, for unity, and for heroism in women that the average man does not yet realize. "I did not know that such women existed," cried Mr. Asquith, when speaking of the death of Edith Cavell. I have often wondered how his female relatives liked the implication! Women's work has been taken for granted—something that is always thrown in—like the paper and string!

Men have tried their best, to do all the big things in life, and their intentions in this have been of the kindliest. We will not say all we might about the result! Like Mr. Asquith they have not known what we could do!

Nearly two years ago, in an enthusiastic meeting in Edmonton, the women of that city asked the Government at Ottawa to register all women in Canada, for national service, thereby obeying the women's natural desire for help. The Government ignored their request, then the women should have done what the Chicago women have done—gone ahead and registered themselves. One hundred thousand Chicago women, many of them of foreign birth, have put their names on the dotted line, to indicate that they will do whatever they are asked to do, for their country. Already they have filled many gaps, which the draft has caused. The colored women of Chicago, have been trained in garage work, and now in large numbers are replacing the mechanics, women sold liberty bonds, women visit the schools and instruct the children in patriotism. There are women street car conductors in Washington, women postal carriers in New York.

We are not behind the women of any country in our energy, our ambition, our desire to help. But even now in this weary forty-second month of the war, there are many women wondering instead of working, and the conviction is heavily laid upon us that something clear, concise, and definite has to be done, something that will lay before woman a definite programme.

To this end, it would appear that the first step is the registration of all the women who have the desire to help. Let us see how many qualified teachers we have, not engaged in teaching, and then see if they cannot be induced, for love of country, to go and teach, as men for love of country have gone to fight. Knitting, which might better be done by machinery, is not the highest form of service, and the women will respond, nobly, generously, and heroically when it is put up to them. There are women in our cities, who would work on farms, inside, or out, to help to increase production, if a chance were given to them. Each woman who registers might well be given a button, or a badge to show that she has offered her services, and enrolled herself in Canada's last line of defence.

The registration might well be conducted by the Woman's Institutes, They are a provincial body, with corresponding societies, differing only in name in all the provinces. The other farm women's associations would co-operate with them for they are officered by big-hearted women who know no jealousies, or place-seeking.

The woman's institute is a society which touches both country and city and their members know the conditions of life in the agricultural district. This registration will band together for active service the greatest organization of woman that Canada has ever seen, for the basis of membership will be willingness to serve. In the cities, every woman's organization should co-operate. They should further the organization through the individual societies and amalgamate for every general meeting.

NOT only are the women's hands needed for their country, but their brains are needed too; and an educational committee could be selected from their membership in each province to prepare and disseminate, with the co-operation of the newspapers and cities, and country papers, articles dealing with the problems of the day, and matters of public information. Already one of the women, who is behind this plan, has pointed out that if the housewife would order all her groceries for the week, at one time, it would reduce the price ten per cent., for instead of each grocery having to keep a horse and man, at a cost of at least $100 a month, one delivery wagon could as well serve several groceries, thus liberating men and horses for productive work.

There could also be a legislative committee in each province who would receive and consider suggestions for changes in the laws, and present to the sessions of the legislature well thought out and reasonable legislation which would beat upon our legislators with the impact of public opinion.

Governments cannot go far ahead of the people, and such an organization as this would stimulate public opinion to the point of government action.

We owe it to our men, abroad, and returned, and to those who will not return, that we do our best for our country in this hour of our great need. We cannot let children go untaught; we cannot let other women be overworked, or uncared for in their times of illness; we cannot allow land to remain fallow, if we have the power to bring about its cultivation. Our allies are depending on us!

The Great War Veterans' Association, which is a Dominion wide organization, is doing its best to solve the heavy problems of land settlement. We must keep pace with our men, and be able to help them, when the time comes. We have the desire, the willingness, the intention. Now what we need is the machinery.

Our country's business requires haste. There is a time limit. The time is now. Next year may be too late!

"A skin You Love to Touch"

PAINTED BY PAUL STAHR

How to get this beautiful picture for framing

THIS painting by Paul Stahr, the well-known illustrator, is his interpretation of "A Skin You Love to Touch." It has been beautifully reproduced from the original water color painting. Size 15 x 19 inches. Made expressly for framing. No printed matter on it. Send for your picture today. Read offer below.

You too can have the charm of *"A skin you love to touch."*

SOFT, smooth skin, the clear glowing complexion that everyone admires — these you, too, can have.

You can give to your skin the texture, the life, the color that has such matchless charm.

Whatever the condition that is keeping your skin from being as attractive as it should be, it can be changed. In a much shorter time than you would imagine, your skin will respond to the proper care and treatment

Why your skin can be changed

Your skin changes continually. Every day it is being renewed. Old skin dies—new forms. This is your opportunity, for as this new skin forms, you can keep it fresh, soft and clear as Nature intended.

Is your skin dull, lifeless, colorless? Begin today, as the new skin forms, to make it clear and glowing. If you are troubled by an oily skin—a shiny nose—begin today to correct it.

Disfiguring blackheads, conspicuous nose pores, distressing pimples and blemishes—every one of these troubles you can, with proper care, be rid of.

Learn just what is the proper treatment for your particular trouble, and use it persistently every night before retiring. Let it become a daily habit. In the Woodbury booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," you will find simple, definite instructions for your own and many other troublesome conditions of the skin. Within ten days or two weeks of the use of the proper Woodbury treatment, you will notice a decided improvement — a promise of that greater loveliness which your skin will gradually acquire.

How to get these treatments

The Woodbury booklet of skin treatments is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. You will find that for a month or six weeks of any one of these Woodbury treatments a 25c cake will be sufficient. Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at drug stores or toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada—wherever toilet goods are sold. Get a cake today and begin your treatment.

This picture with sample cake of soap, samples of cream and powder, with book of treatments for 15c

For 15c we will send you a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap — large enough for a week's treatment —with the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. In addition to the samples and booklet, we will send you a reproduction in full colors of the beautiful painting shown above, made expressly for framing. This picture will be very popular; secure your copy at once. Write to-day to *THE ANDREW JERGENS CO., Limited, 2603 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.*

MADE IN CANADA

A special treatment for an oily skin and shiny nose is among the famous treatments given in the Woodbury booklet you get with the soap. Secure a cake today and the booklet that goes with it.

For enlarged pores, try the treatment given in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch." With your Woodbury's Facial Soap you will get one of these interesting booklets.

The Wild Red Steed

By NORAH M. HOLLAND

Illustrated by EMILY HAND

(Entered at Ottawa in accordance with the Copyright Act.)

THE Wild Red Steed stood upon the summit of Slieve Dearg, gazing across the wide stretch of country that lay beneath him. To north and south of him rose the shadowy outlines of the Wicklow hills, whose slopes he had ranged untrammelled for so many years. Beneath his feet he could see the wooded glens and silver waters of the Liffey, as it sang upon its way over shining sands to the sea, and the peat smoke curling blue over the roofs of the Dun of King Laogaire, that stood upon its banks; and he stamped angrily as the reek of that smoke rose to his nostrils. Until the day, some twelve months ago, when, standing upon the mountain summit, he had watched the waves whiten to the dip of oars as the galleys of the King flashed across the blue waters to the shore, he had been sole monarch of these glens and streams, for he was of the kin of the Sidhe and in his veins ran the wild blood of those steeds who bore the Hosts of the Hills forth to battle and to chase. Age could not touch him nor time dim the fiery splendour of his eyes nor lessen the vigour of those mighty limbs. Alone he ruled and there was none dared dispute his sway. But now he was supplanted—the stranger had come to the fair land of Eire and his woodlands were his no longer. Day after day he had seen the white walls of the dun rising slowly from the woods that embowered them, until they stood at last, tall and stately, roofed with fragrant cedar and with windows and doors barred with cunningly wrought bars of bronze. And fierce hatred had burned within his heart as he watched. Who were these puny mortals who had dared to invade his solitudes? He tossed his proud head his long red mane streaming seaward, and snorted forth his wrath to the hills.

Down in the valley men hastened to and fro, some hewing down the great trees that grew along the river bank so that of their trunks palisades might be built to guard the dun from attack by man or beast; some felling the slender ash saplings and trimming them into lance shafts; others had set up a rough smithy upon the shore and were busily forging spear-heads of iron or tempering and burnishing the bright steel of sword blades. So they toiled and sweated as they had done ever since, leaving land and friends and kindred behind them and braving the wrath of Manannan and the lures of the maghdean mara, they had sailed forth into the sunset to find the fair coasts of Eire and build them a new home in her murmuring forests. Far across the seas they had sailed and many wonders they had seen. Their gay, silken sails, were dimmed with the brine of strange waters; strange stars had shone upon them from alien skies; their hands had grown aweary with labour at the oar; they had looked Death in the face many a time during that long and perilous journey and had not been afraid. But now their voyaging was over and they had found peace at the last. So they sang as they laboured and were glad at heart, dreaming of hunts within the glens and valleys, and upon the sides of the mountains that rose so green before their eyes, and of feasts within the great hall of the dun that their hands had builded. King Laogaire himself worked among them, a royal figure, in shining armour and purple cloak, with a great brooch of gold upon the left shoulder, while within the dun Queen Ethne sat among her maids, spinning the white wool or weaving tapestries of wondrous design that should cover the bare, rough-hewn walls.

The galleys were drawn high up on the yellow sands of the bay, close to the dun. Their sails were hanging idly, and around their sea-battered hulls played the children of the men-at-arms, now scrambling up the tarry sides and standing shouting upon their decks or running across the oar-benches; now tumbling tumultuously down again and racing along the shore to secure possession of some brightly-colored shell or strand of sea-weed, laughing and quarrelling over the treasure as children have done in all ages. Sturdy, healthy urchins they were, black-haired and blue-eyed, brown of cheek and bare of foot; but on the deck of the largest galley sat one lad alone, looking with dreamy grey eyes across the waters that creamed in upon the wide stretch of yellow sand. His feet were shod with sandals of soft buck-skin, broidered and clasped with gold; his saffron tunic was belted with a broad band of the same metal. A golden torque encircled the slim, boyish neck, golden armlets were upon his arms and a short cloak of purple—the royal colour—was wrapped about his shoulders. For this was Feargus, the only son of the great King Laogaire, and as he sat there leaning against the carved beak of his father's galley, he was thinking bitterly how gladly he would have changed all his grandeur for the straight limbs and sturdy body of one of those lads who raced and shouted upon the beach below.

For Feargus was a hunchback. The shoulders covered by the purple cloak were wried and twisted, though a knightly soul dwelt within the misshapen body and the boyish heart was full of dreams of the life of adventure and chivalry that might never be his. Often he had looked across the waters to the hills that lay beyond, and seeing the red steed standing there, outlined against the golden clouds of evening, had felt within him a passionate love of and longing for its strength and beauty and swiftness; a longing that someday he, too, might stand straight and lithe and splendid upon that summit and look out across the waters to the sunset. Then the voices of the others as they played and shouted upon the beach before him had ascended to his ears. Feargus Cam—crooked Feargus—they called him, with unconscious boyish cruelty and his heart swelled almost to bursting as he heard the name, for at its sound, his dreams fell away from him and he remembered his twisted shoulders and ungainly form and fain would he have hidden himself from the sight of all men.

At last the sun fell behind the summits of the western hills. Adown the slopes the purple shadows lengthened, and the valleys grew full of soft darkness. A silver star or two winked out in the sky and the winds woke and called to each other across the tree tops in deep harp notes.

"And does there be no repentance upon you, Prince Feargus, that you will be going crooked all your days?"

Glossary of Gaelic Pronunciations and their Meanings

DUN	Dhoon	*Fortress*
GEASA	Gassa	*An obligation*
GO LEOR	Galore	*In plenty*
LAOGAIRE	Leary	
MAGHDEAN MARA	Mad-yan mara	*Sea-maidens*
MANANNAN		*The Celtic Sea-God*
SEANNACHIE	Shannaky	*Teller of tales*
SIDHE	Shee	*Fairy folk*
TIR NA N-OGE	Teer nan ōge	*The land of youth*

Feargus climbed laboriously down from the deck of the galley and made his way to the great hall of the Dun. Here torches of pine knots blazed along the walls, their smoke curling up into the fragrant rafters of cedar, and the men-at-arms were feasting and shouting over the horns of brown mead. Up the hall he went, slowly and wearily, to his seat at the high table by his father's side.

KING LAOGAIRE smiled at his son over the golden goblet of wine that sparkled on the board before him, and Ethne the Queen put forth her hand and drew the lad to her side.

"It is late you are, my son," she said, "and it is good entertainment that you have missed. For a man of the hills has come to our Court this night and he a bard and a seannachie; and it is stories that he has and songs *go leor* and he telling them, the way our hearts would be glad within us, and you not here to listen."

Feargus glanced across at the stranger bard who sat upon the dais near by, and the man of the hills looked back with dark eyes that twinkled from under his shock of red hair with a gaze half friendly, half mischievous. A strange figure he was, white-faced and elfish-looking, clad in hosen and tunic of untanned doeskin. About his neck on a thin gold chain hung the wrest or key of the harp that stood near him, and his long, shadowy, unsubstantial-looking fingers played ever with it as he ate. His eyes met the boy's eager face and his smile broadened.

"Do not be troubling yourself for that, Prince Feargus." His voice was rich and deep, with a lurking note of laughter in it. "It is stories I have yet and songs enough for the singing, and it is *geasa* with me not to refuse while one would be listening."

He paused for a moment, touching the strings of his harp lightly, until they thrilled beneath his fingers with a sound like the whispering of the sea against the beach upon a moonlit night, then went on: "And it is one story I have that was given to me this day and you to be listening to it, O Feargus MacLaogaire. Hear me now, while I will be telling you of the Promise of Aengus.

"Now Aengus the Dreamer is of all the High Gods of Eire the best beloved, for it is he that guards the Fountains of Quiet and keeps the keys of the ivory gates of Sleep. It is there that he stands forever, with the shadow of slumber within his eyes. Round his feet the poppies grow and his hands are full of winged dreams; and he sending them forth upon the earth to bring deep peace and rest to the weary hearts of men.

"Yet once there came a day when the dreamer grew aweary of dreaming. He sickened of the long, bright days of Tir-na-n-oge, where summer never wanes, where there comes not rain, nor hail, nor any snow, but the apple boughs swing in the warm wind, and they ever in blossom, and the birds sing forever among the branches, and the turf is emerald green. And he longed for the brief, broken life of earth, with its joys and trials, its hopes and its sorrows, with a great longing. So it came to pass that he left his silver fountains and flowers of dream for a time, to walk in the stony ways of men. And a short while he lived among them and saw their cares and sorrows and heavy troubles, and his heart was moved with within him.

"Then, ere he sought once more the passionless peace and immortality of Tir na-n-oge, he stood upon the summit of Slieve Dearg and, stretching out his hands over Eire, he made a promise. And the promise was that if, on Midsummer Eve, mortal man should go alone and at midnight, and he bearing the weight of heavy sorrow, and should stand between the three great stones that crown the mountain and name aloud his wish, it should be granted to him.

"Then Aengus left this earth forever and once more he stands among the poppies in the dreamy valleys of Tir na n-oge, with the keys of quietness in his hands."

As the tale ended, the man of the hills swept his hand across his harp-strings in one long, crashing chord, and rose to his feet, his eyes fixed upon Feargus' face.

"And what would you be thinking of my tale, Feargus MacLaogaire?" he laughed. "The promise of Aengus still holds, but it is alone and in the dark you must be seeking it. Is it fear that is on you, O King's Son?"

Feargus, too, rose to his feet, his eyes on the stranger's face.

"It is not, O man of the Hills," he answered, "but it is strong desire that is on me to put that promise to the test. To-morrow is Midsummer Eve, and if my father will be giving me permission, it is then I shall set forth."

(*Continued on page 24*)

"The Princess Irene"

ALTHOUGH children wait eagerly each month for Miss Holland's fairy tales, the comments that have drifted into us from all points, establish the fact that they are a source of keener delight to "grown-ups."

By way of variety we will publish in our April issue one of Miss Holland's fairy plays—"The Princess Irene." It has been produced by private drama leagues to marvellous advantage, but is being published for the first time, and exclusively, in Everywoman's World.

—THE EDITORS.

Gagtooth's Image

A Weird Tale with a Local Touch to It

By JOHN CHARLES DENT

ABOUT three o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, the fourth of September, 1884, I was riding up Yonge Street, in the city of Toronto, on the top of a crowded omnibus. We had just passed Isabella and were rapidly nearing Charles Street, when I noticed on my right hand a large, dilapidated frame building, standing in solitary isolation a few feet back from the highway, and presenting the appearance of a veritable Old Curiosity Shop..

I had no sooner arrived abreast of the gateway leading to the southward, than my eyes rested upon something which instantly caused them to open themselves to their very widest capacity, and constrained me to signal the driver to stop; which he had no sooner done than I alighted from my seat and requested him to proceed on his journey without me.

From my elevated seat on the roof of the 'bus, I had caught a hurried glimpse of a commonplace-looking little marble figure, placed on the top of a pedestal, in the yard already referred to, where several other figures in marble, wood, bronze, stucco and what not, were exposed for sale.

The particular figure which had attracted my attention was about fifteen inches in height, and represented a little child in the attitude of prayer. Anyone seeing it for the first time would probably have taken it for a representation of the Infant Samuel. I have called it commonplace; and considered as a work of art, such it undoubtedly was; yet it must have possessed a certain distinctive individuality, for the brief glance which I had caught of it, even at that distance, had been sufficient to convince me that the figure was an old acquaintance of mine. It was in consequence of that conviction that I had dismounted from the omnibus, forgetful, for the moment, of everything but the matter which was uppermost in my mind.

I lost no time in passing through the gateway leading into the yard, and in walking up to the pedestal upon which the little figure was placed. Turning it upside down, my eyes rested on these words, deeply cut into the little circular throne upon which it rested:—JACKSON: PEORIA, 1854.

At this juncture the proprietor of the establishment walked up to where I was standing beside the pedestal.

"Like to look at something in that way, sir?" he asked—"we have more inside."

"What is the price of this?" I asked, indicating the figure in my hand.

"That, sir; you may have that for fifty cents—of course without the pedestal, which don't belong to it."

I paid over the fifty cents; and, declining with thanks his offer to send my purchase home to me, I marched off with it down the street, and made the best of my way back to the Rossin House, where I had been staying for some days.

From what has been said, it will be inferred that I—a stranger in Canada—must have had some special reason for incumbering myself in my travels with an intrinsically worthless piece of common Columbia marble.

I had a reason. I had often seen that little figure before; and the last time I had seen it, previous to the occasion above mentioned, had been at the town of Peoria, in the State of Illinois, some time in the month of June, 1855.

There is a story connected with that little praying figure; a story which, to me, is a very touching one; and I believe myself to be the only human being capable of telling it.

In the year 1850, and for I know not how long previously, there lived at Peoria, Illinois, a journeyman-blacksmith named Abner Fink. He was employed at the foundry of Messrs. Gowanlock and Van Duzer, and was known for an excellent workman, of steady habits, and good moral character. But he was still more conspicuous (on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle) for another quality—that of reticence. It was very rarely indeed that he spoke to anyone, except when called upon to reply to a question; and even then it was noticeable that he invariably employed the fewest and most concise words in his vocabulary. If brevity were the body, as well as the soul of wit, Fink must have been about the wittiest man that ever lived, the Monosyllabic Traveller not excepted.

And yet this utter lack of sociability could scarcely have arisen from positive surliness or unkindness of disposition. Instances were not wanting in which he had given pretty strong evidence that he carried beneath that rugged and uncouth exterior a kinder and more gentle heart than is possessed by most men. Upon one occasion he had jumped at the imminent peril of his life, from the bridge that spans the Illinois river just above the entrance to the lake, and had fished up a drowning child from its depths and borne it to the shore in safety. At another time, hearing his landlady say, at dinner, that an execution was in the house of a sick man with a large family, at the other end of the town, he left his dinner untouched, trudged off to the place indicated, and—though the debtor was an utter stranger to him—paid off the debt and costs in full, without taking any assignment of the judgment or other security. Then he went quietly back to his work.

In personal appearance he was short and stout. His age, when I first knew him, must have been somewhere in the neighbourhood of thirty-five. The only peculiarity about his face was an abnormal formation of one of his front teeth, which protruded, and stuck out almost horizontally. One of the anvil-strikers happening to allude to him one day in his absence by the name of "Gagtooth," the felicity of the sobriquet at once commended itself to the good taste of the other hands in the shop, who thereafter commonly spoke of him by that name, and eventually it came to be applied to him by every one in the town.

My acquaintance with him began when I had been in Peoria about a week. I may premise that I am a physician and surgeon—a graduate of Harvard. Peoria was a that time a comparatively new place, but it gave promise of going ahead rapidly. Messrs. Gowanlock and Van Duzer's foundry was a pretty extensive one for a small town in a comparatively new district. They kept about a hundred and fifty hands employed all the year round, and during the busy season this number was more than doubled. It was in consequence of my having received the appointment of medical attendant to that establishment that I buried myself in the west, instead of settling down in my native State of Massachusetts.

Poor Gagtooth was one of my first surgical patients. It came about in this wise. At the foundry, two days in the week, viz., Tuesdays and Fridays, were chiefly devoted to what is called "casting." On these days it was necessary to convey large masses of melted iron, in vessels specially manufactured for that purpose, from one end of the molding shop to the other. It was, of course, very desirable that the metal should not be allowed to cool while in transit, and that as little time as possible should be lost in transferring it from the furnace to the molds. For this purpose Gagtooth's services were frequently called into requisition, as he was by far the strongest man about the place, and could without assistance carry one end of one of the vessels, which was considered pretty good work for two ordinary men.

Well, one unlucky Friday afternoon he was hard at work at this employment, and as was usual with all the hands in the molding shop at such times, he was stripped naked from the waist upwards. He was gallantly supporting one end of one of the large receptacles already mentioned, which happened to be rather fuller than usual of the red-hot molten metal. He had nearly reached the molding-box into which the contents of the vessel were to be poured, when he stumbled against a piece of scantling which was lying in his way. He fell, and as a necessary consequence his end of the vessel fell likewise, spilling the contents all over his body, which was literally deluged by the red, hissing, boiling liquid fire. It must have seemed to the terror-striken onlookers like a bath of blood.

Further details of the frightful accident, and of my treatment of the case, might be interesting to such of the readers of this book as happen to belong to my own profession; but to general readers such details would be simply shocking. How even his tremendous vitality and vigor of constitution brought him through it all is a mystery to me to this day. Suffice it to say that he recovered, and that his face bore no traces of the frightful ordeal through which he passed. I don't think he was ever quite the same man as before his accident. I think his nervous system received a shock which eventually tended to shorten his life. But he was still known as incomparably the strongest man in Peoria, and continued to perform the work of two men at the molding-shop on casting days.

DURING the twelve months succeeding his recovery, so far as I am aware, nothing occurred worthy of being recorded in Gagtooth's annals. About the expiration of that time, however, his landlady, by his authority, at his request, and in his presence, made an announcement to the boarders assembled at the dinner-table which, I should think, must literally have taken away their breaths.

Gagtooth was going to be married!

I don't suppose it would have occasioned greater astonishment if it had been announced as an actual fact that the Illinois river had commenced to flow backwards. It was surprising, incredible, but, like many other surprising and incredible things, it was true. Gagtooth was really and truly about to marry. The object of his choice was his landlady's sister, by name Lucinda Bowlsby. How or when the wooing had been carried on, how the engagement had been led up to, and in what terms the all-important question had been propounded, I am not prepared to say. I need hardly observe that none of the boarders had entertained the faintest suspicion that anything of the kind was impending. The courtship, from first to last, must have been somewhat of a piece with that of the late Mr. Barkis. But alas! Gagtooth did not settle his affections so judiciously, nor did he draw such a prize in the matrimonial lottery as Barkis did. Two women more entirely dissimilar, in every respect, than Peggotty and Lucinda Bowlsby can hardly be imagined. Lucinda was nineteen years of age. She was pretty, and, for a girl of her class and station in life, tolerably well educated. But she was, notwithstanding, a light, giddy creature—and, I fear, something worse, at that time. At all events, she had a very questionable sort of reputation among the boarders in the house, and was regarded with suspicion by everyone who knew anything about her, poor Gagtooth alone excepted.

In due time the wedding took place. It was solemnized at the boarding-house; and the bride and bridegroom disdaining to defer to the common usage, spent their honeymoon in their own house. Gagtooth had rented and furnished a little frame dwelling on the outskirts of the town, on the bank of the river; and thither the couple retired as soon as the hymeneal knot was tied. Next morning the bridegroom made his appearance at his forge and went to work as usual, as though nothing had occurred to disturb the serenity of his life.

Time passed by. Rumours now and then reached my ears to the effect that Mrs. Fink was not behaving herself very well, and that she was leading her husband rather a hard life of it. However, in the regular course of things I was called upon to assist at the first appearance upon life's stage of a little boy, upon whom his parents bestowed the name of Charlie.

The night of Charlie's birth was the first time I had ever been in the house, and if I remember aright it was the first time I had ever set eyes on Mrs. Fink since her marriage. I was not long in making up my mind about her; and I had ample opportunity for forming an opinion as to her character, for she was unable to leave her bed for more than a month, during which time I was in attendance upon her almost daily. I also attended little Charlie through measles, scarlet-rash, whooping-cough, and all his childish ailments; and in fact I was a pretty regular visitor at the house from the time of his birth until his father left the neighbourhood, as I shall presently have to relate. I believe Mrs. Fink to have been not merely a profligate woman, but a thoroughly bad and heartless one in every respect. She was perfectly indifferent to her husband, whom she shamefully neglected, and almost indifferent to her child. She seemed to care for nothing in the world but dress and strong waters; and to procure these there was no depth of degradation to which she would not stoop.

Charlie was a child made to be loved. When he was two years old he was beyond all comparison the dearest and most beautiful little fellow I have ever seen. His fat, plump, chubby little figure, modelled after Cupid's own; his curly flaxen hair; his matchless complexion, fair and clear as the sky on a sunny summer day; and his bright, round, expressive eyes, which imparted intelligence to his every feature, combined to make him the idol of his father, the envy of all the mothers in town, and the admiration of every one who saw him. At noon, when the great foundry-bell rang, which was the signal for the workmen to go to dinner Charlie might regularly be seen, toddling as fast as his stout little legs could spin, along the footpath leading over the common in the direction of the workshops. When about halfway across, he would be certain to meet his father, who, taking the child up in his bare, brawny, smoke-begrimed arms, would carry him home—the contrast between the two strongly suggesting Vulcan and

(*Continued on page 26.*)

Some Old Mystery Tales Revived

HAVE you ever spent an interesting half-hour in an old book-store among old books—you know—the kind that are grouped together on one of the oldest shelves and marked: "Your choice, 10c."? And have you ever discovered, quite accidentally, some little volume that attracted you, for no reason at all, to such a degree that you parted with a dime and longed to get home to explore its yellowed pages?

That is what happened some thirteen years ago when; "The Gerrard Street Mystery and Other Weird Tales," was rescued from the ignominy of the ten-cent counter. It was published in Toronto by The Rose Publishing Co., Toronto, a firm no longer in existence. The author, John Charles Dent, has long since died. In his day he was ranked among the leading historians, chief among his works being: "The Canadian Portrait Gallery," "The Last Forty Years: Canada since the Union of 1841" and a "History of the Rebellion in Upper Canada."

What is most attractive about the little stories is their Canadian setting, in a period when our cities were distinctly in-the-making. For the most part, the scenes are laid in Toronto. They are illustrative of omnibuses and other reminiscences of early days.

We present the first of the series—"Gagtooth's Image" this month. This will be followed by "The Haunted House on Duchess Street," in the April issue. Each is complete in itself, each will compel your interest from start to finish. There is just enough of the weird, enough of mystery in them to fascinate.

—THE EDITORS

Victoria--The City Beautiful

Whether in Legend, History or Present-day Fact, it Bespeaks a Repose, a Dignity That Finds no Counterpart in Canada

By KATHERINE M. CALDWELL

"IN the long-ago days, before James Cook discovered the Gulf of Georgia or Captain George Vancouver sailed his ship The Discovery from the mystery of one bay to the lure of another, in the strait of Juan de Fuca, the grand coast-lands of the Pacific were the common kingdom of the great red chieftains. Powerful tribes roved or settled as they listed, in the shelter of the great Rockies. Their peace, their wars, their rise or fall, were swallowed up by the vastness that was British Columbia.

"And of course, there was a princess, above and beyond all other princesses; to her, the mountains gave of their wonder, the sea of its mystery, the forest of its nobility and the sky of its beauty. And they whispered the fact to the young braves, so that there was not one who did not know of the sweetness and desirability of the One Princess.

"They lost no opportunity of gaining favor in her sight. The finest skins from the hunt, the plumpest birds, the earliest flowers, the luckiest talismans all found their way to her.

"Of all the young men, however, there was just one who had knowledge of the things the Indian Princess loved most. He knew her love for the hills, the waters, the woods, the sky, that had dowered her with their best. And he felt that the gift he brought her must be of them.

"So for many moons, he would absent himself, seeking always the supreme gift for the One Princess. But unsatisfied, he would return for a time to be near her.

"One clear, lovely night, he made his way alone to a favorite solitude—a break in a long line of sea beach, where great rocks reared themselves to meet the long, green breakers from the sea; the glorious tumult, the quiet moments of truce, met his mood well. The greatness and the thunder and the beauty of the Pacific always touched him with a sense of intimacy, of understanding.

"To-night as he sat thinking, there came to him a more than usual feeling of communion; and gradually, amid the roar of the surf, a voice came to him, stronger and clearer with each crash of wave on rock: 'The sea gives; the sea gives.'

"Next day, the preparations for a sea voyage were begun, and ere another moon had risen, the Sea Chief, as they came to call him, had left the mainland far behind him.

"Of course, he found his gift—an island to which the mountains, the sea, the forests, the lakes and rivers, the plains and valleys, had given themselves most gloriously.

"A range of mountains, snow-tipped, purple-walled, misty and mysterious, held the land, bracing it, as it were, against the whole Pacific Ocean. Great stretches of forest—dark green fir, spruce and cedar—offered a wondrous hunting-ground. Lakes, fed by the freshest of mountain streams, held fish undreamed of. The sea, its violence leashed to mildness, spread an island-dotted surface as far as the main-land. And beauty was everywhere from the lovely blue of the Camass, blooming in the rockiest places, to the far-off glimpse of the majestic old volcanic mountain that is now known as Mount Baker.

"Naturally, such a gift could not be readily taken to the maiden. But what should prevent the taking of the maiden to the gift? A speedy journey, a wonder-tale, whispered where the murmur of the Pacific added persuasion to the plea—and a Queen led to her kingdom—'twas all just as should be.

"When later, the island was visited and charted and explored and argued over by the charming Spaniard, Senor Don Juan Francisco de la Bodega Y. Quadra, and the firmly persistent George Vancouver—when, later still, James Douglas surveyed the harbors of the island in the schooner Cadboro, and chose a site for a new Hudson's Bay trading post—when, even later, that post changed from a little fortified trading-station with a bastion at either end and a palisade surrounding it to a prosperous, charming city—that story has changed very little. The 'braves' who visit it in the fall months, go east with stories of good hunting; the spring visitor gets facts for many a fish story; everyone spreads the tale of a fairness that is stimulating and restful,of a climate that is equable and temperate, of a land that promises much and keeps its faith."

My host, an old Victorian of no uncertain loyalty to his city and his island, continued to gaze over the pleasant slopes of the Oak Bay Golf Links, toward the shimmering ocean and the brilliant rose and blue-shot whiteness of Mount Baker, gleaming on the distant skyline; and he looked so pleased with himself that I was moved to ask "Is that an actual legend of the island?" For I knew well his agreeable tendency to give always what is wanted—especially if that something were pleasing information about Victoria.

His injured expression was prompt reproof.

"Does our ever-green island not bear out my story? Of course, if one must vouch for happenings of four hundred years ago——"

I accepted the tale, hastily and in toto.

The White Man's Entrance

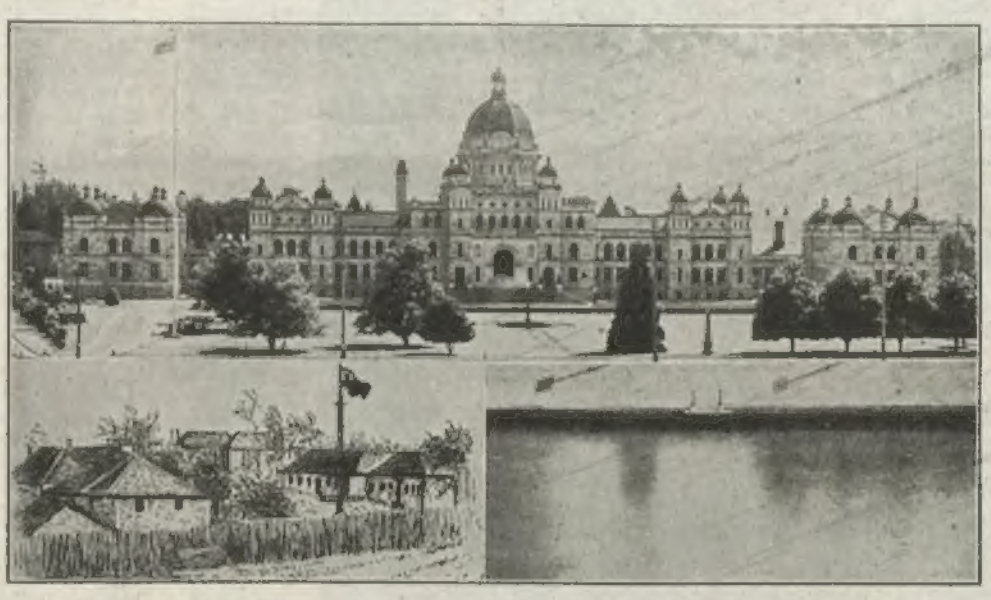
CERTAINLY Vancouver Island found much favor in the sight of her succeeding discoverers, even before her richness of resources could be gauged or even guessed at.

Some credence is given to the claim of one, Apostolos Valerianos, better known as Juan de Fuca, for the partial exploration in the year 1592, of the waters now called by his name, and those known as Puget Sound and the Gulf of Georgia.

The latter part of the eighteenth century saw a lively dispute for the island in progress between the Spaniards (who based their rights of possession on the Papal Bulls that assigned the new world to Spain and Portugal) and the bold British navigators who claimed their finds in the name of George III.

Courteous but decisive argument continued between the Spanish Senor Quadra and George Vancouver—to the ultimate triumph of the latter. Little attempt at settlement was made, however, until the Hudson's Bay Company built a fort—the foundation stone of the City of Victoria.

Something of the fair courtesy, the generous vision, the gallantry, and love of country, that gave Victoria birth, seems to have come right down through the years to charm us. There is a repose, a dignity about the city that finds no counterpart in Canada. She greets her visitors, not as do most cities, with a view of dark, unhappy water-fronts or smoky railway yards, but with a smiling, open welcome. Green lawns, handsome buildings, well-kept docks and landing stations, and a glorious view in each direction—in short, pride well founded, rather than sullen drabness—give one the first sense of that "atmosphere" which is peculiarly Victoria's.



The old and the new: showing the British Columbian Legislative Buildings at Victoria from the waterfront, and inset at the bottom, a view of Fort Victoria, half a century ago.

A striking contrast: Victoria's magnificent inner harbor teeming with shipping, and inset, a sketch of the Hudson Bay Co.'s fort in 1846, showing their steamship Beaver.

A glimpse through an Island highway between the tall Douglas firs.

Whatever the season, the traveller from the East begins to realize that here is the "different" city. If snow and ice lie but a day's journey behind him, the sight of the earth's browns and dulled greens will cheer him, for a snow-fall is there a thing to exclaim at and enjoy, and the loyalty of the evergreens and the hedges and the holly bushes scoffs at the thought of winter. In truth, by the time the golfer reaches the Empress Hotel, he will probably have received assurance that all is well—"They're playing."

If spring has sent due notice of arrival by the snowdrops and crocuses that are her winsome heralds, a flower-bordered path will lead you whither you will. Flowers yield only to the pavements of the busy streets in the "Rose City of the Pacific"—and even then, there is likely to be a generous compromise of window-box and blossoming basket.

The Heart of the City

THE first things shown me I have ever taken as a hint of the character of a city. If my head be tilted ever at an angle, to command the distant tops of tall buildings, the message is of wealth, of commercial greatness, of hastening and striving, and of ambitions ever just a pace ahead.

If, however, I am led through exquisitely wrought doors to see the mellow lights that stream through tall windows fall golden and rose and violet, on chancels, statuary or carvings; or if my first excursion be along the lovely banks of a winding river, that city surely takes on the outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace, of which I can never divest it.

Victoria, if she leads you to "the heart of the city," will turn from the busy streets, the thriving business districts, the majestic public buildings; she will take you a little way "out" in almost any direction—for, strange paradox, her heart surrounds her. And soon, you will realize that what you see, on either side is a home, and then another, and another.

And straightway, a little of the spirit that makes Victoria a city to remember, will reach you. You will realize that here is a place where the people live neither to make, nor to have, but to be. Prosperous—perhaps out-standingly well-off—this island city has a most definite manner of putting her wealth in the back-ground as a means, not an end. Her most splendid homes have an obvious kinship with her toy-cottages, that is established in terms of roses and honey-suckle. And last impressions only emphasize one's earliest hazard—that here dwell people who will charm at once with their complete assumption that life is best when it is natural, unhurried and appreciatively accepted and with their simple, cordial welcome to the stranger who hastens to them from a chilled or blistered land.

The Victorian at Home

YOUR Victorian is anything but an insular sort of person. He travels often and far. He knows other cities, other countries; but he prefers his own. He may go down the coast, lured by the warmth and fragrance of California, if a month's indifferent weather threatens at home. But spring will call him back, and he will radiate satisfaction when the steamer deposits him before the seat of his own Parliament and the smooth roads lead him to his own bungalow (for most of the houses show the Californian influence strongly). His first thought is his garden—and when the inventory of the flower beds is complete, he feels himself at home again.

But for all the leisure and calmness that characterize her, Victoria is by no means an indolent or unprogressive city. Very much to the contrary. As the capital of British Columbia, it is the seat of many interests and much activity. Such exacting and valuable business

(*Continued on page*

They Have Made Positions For Themselves

By MADGE MACBETH

Mrs Emily Murphy (Janey Canuck)

WELL, yes, I think we may say without fear of contradiction, that she made the position for herself—not by going down town armed with a shillalah and demanding it, but by proving in numerous ways that none could hold the office so well as she. You would know before reading a dozen lines of her writing that she had created that very story to help YOU, and she listens to the story you have to tell with exactly the same sympathy and desire to lift your burden. That is why they made her a magistrate—goodness, yes, didn't you know that the Janey Canuck, whose name you see in all the magazines, was Her Worship, Magistrate Emily Murphy, of Edmonton, Alberta. Here she is at her desk in the Women's Police Court. Shure, but she's Irish; she says so herself, and she got her dander up when I asked her to tell me how she practised economy. "What do you mean by it?" she asked. "As though Irish people could! It is their duty to talk economy so that all the other people may practise it!" which proves that Her Worship must have her little joke. But you should have seen the front of her dress after she carried home the salt fish, to save the cost of delivery, and you should have heard the remarks of her family when she made it over and wore it, and you should have tasted the combination salad made by her hands—from the seed up, you might say. For Janey Canuck had a garden and raised enough vegetables for her household for a year, and she canned all the things she couldn't eat, instanter, and packed ten gallons of pickles—the friendly kind of which you may eat a dishful at one sitting. And while she worked, digging and weeding and puffing a little (yes, she did puff), the neighbours called to her from their balconies and sometimes came down with trays of cookies and tea and things. Perhaps, if I don't stop, she will have me arrested, for I happen to know that she wants to write the story of that economical garden herself, and here I am stealing her thunder. She says she's going to call it The Rake's Progress, which only goes to prove that Her Worship's day is not complete without at least two jokes to enliven its constabulary duties. Begorra!

Dear Readers:—I know that my title doesn't exactly fit the page, but then you surely won't hold me to account for every little slip, will you? Don't you know people whose titles don't fit them? Of course you do. There is a popular epidemic of them in Canada. But the big thing here is that these women fit their jobs—titles have nothing to do with the question. They were chosen as just the ideal ones to fill their several posts and there they are to-day, doing a work which can hardly be over-estimated in its importance. They are giving of their brains, their strength, their ideals, not to a few worthy individuals, but to humanity at large, and when they slip across the Great Divide, they will be able to look back upon the chapter which is closed with something of satisfaction, knowing that they have helped to make Canada a better country in which to live.

MADGE MACBETH.

P.S.—My manuscript drawer is getting empty, and the postman says he misses stopping at the house. Send me some photos. Foreign women who have made good in Canada. Canadians who have made good abroad, the prettiest girl in your town, the oldest married couple. Don't consider the postman; he is gloriously strong.

Mrs. H. E. Huestis and Her Two Sons

WHEN the Daughters of the Empire in Quebec volunteered to replace men at munitions work in the Ross Rifle Factory, Mrs. H. E. Huestis, a woman active in all patriotic organizations, was the first to volunteer as a machine operator. A few months were sufficient to prove to the management that in Mrs. Huestis they had a worker of exceptional organizing ability, so they promoted her to the position of Supervisor of the Machine Barrel Straightening Department. In no other factory on this continent has a woman held a similar position.

Returning from a visit to some of the largest factories in the United States, where she was sent to study their methods, Mrs. Huestis inaugurated welfare work, better forms of engaging and classifying help, and shorter shifts for operators; she installed trained nurses, lunch rooms and in fine, brought the most modern and scientific methods for efficiency into operation, with the result that she was appointed Superintendent of Women's Labor. Under her guidance and constant attention, women have become amazingly efficient in every department where they have replaced men and where skilled operators are required. Her success has meant more than the attainment of any personal ambition—it has meant assistance to Canada and the Empire; and still more—it has meant a fine example in a leadership which is followed with pride and an inspiration to make good.

Miss Mona McLaughlin

ALTHOUGH there have been women factory inspectors in Ontario for about twenty years and consequently "nothing unusual presents itself in connection with the work," according to the modest statement of Miss Mona McLaughlin, yet we must take issue with her on the point, for we don't know many inspectors either so youthful or so capable. Indeed, we do not know any better, anywhere! Miss McLaughlin is a University of Toronto graduate, and in her college days looked forward to work of this kind. Her preparation for it was not arduous, but apparently, sufficient; she held many offices at college, among which was the presidency of the Literary Society, and just before her activities as inspector commenced, she was one of the two secretaries who looked after the charities of the City of Toronto. Previous to that, she did settlement work. Now she holds the important post of inspector for all the factories in Ontario where women are employed. The work attracted her, she tells us, because it seemed a "definite way toward the betterment of conditions which touch thousands of girls."

Mrs. Evans of Quebec

TO the far-sightedness and energy of a woman, Canada owed the birth and development of her toy industry. Before the war was many weeks old, Mrs. Evans, of Quebec, conceived the idea of making toys in Canada, and sent circulars to prominent women in all parts of the Province explaining her aims, suggesting ways by which the work could be carried on, and asking their co-operation. The result was gratifying, and that Mrs. Evans' scheme prospered can be proven by considering the number of prizes her toys have won wherever exhibited.

She is an untiring worker and never takes a holiday. From the Bahamas to Prince Edward Island she journeys in the interests of her work. And yet she finds time for other patriotic activities. She was President of the Khaki Club at Valcartier, and is Hon. Secretary of the Queen Mary's Needlework Guild, a position entailing considerable work. She is an inventor of things vastly more practical than toys—one being a portable stove for army use, which was graciously praised by no less a person than Her Majesty Queen Mary, and many of which are in use in the trenches. And not the least tribute we can pay to this pioneer of the Toy Industry in Canada, is to speak of her gallant son, who paid the supreme price for the cause of humanity, liberty and the survival of our highest ideals.

PERHAPS the most difficult position a woman can make for herself is that of trust and confidence and affection amongst women delinquents. These latter do not readily accord anything but suspicion and resentment to those who try to help better their conditions, but Mrs. Roger Lean of Ottawa, is the exception. Her name is not known to very many, but her influence will be felt by hundreds. A few words will tell the story. Mrs. Lean, alone and with the courage that "aloneness" requires, approached the Ontario Government with a request for better conditions in the cells reserved for women prisoners. Simple as this sounds, in reality it was not, for Mrs. Lean, in making her plea, was attacking old conditions, ones which had prevailed without question for years, and unfortunately, ones which were accepted as readily by the criminal as by the constable, the Court and the Government. She received, however, more than she asked. Brighter lights were installed, general and particular sanitary improvements were made, tables and chairs were added to the meagre furnishing of the cells. A more wholesome and hopeful atmosphere prevailed. Mrs. Lean does big things with less noise than any woman we know. She was a trained nurse in the South African War and earned high praise for her efficiency. We can describe her no better than in the words of one whom she has helped, who said "It is easy for her to love bad people."

Mrs. Roger Lean

Selling Salvation!

"The Minister is a Salesman, the Gospel his Goods and the World his Territory," says this Canadian Billy Sunday

Gordon V. Thompson Explains his Methods

EVER since I have been engaged in business and have been, as well, a local preacher, I have been struck with the parallel existing between getting people to buy goods, and getting them to accept the pearl of great price. I believe a crying need of the church to-day is greater practical efficiency and more direct business methods from pulpit to janitor.

No doubt the words "Selling Salvation" have raised a question in every mind. Are not the words mutually repugnant? What have selling and salvation in common? Are they not entirely divergent? Salvation is a gift; the free gift of God's grace, not to be bought—no, not for a world of gold. Isaiah's "without money and without price," Paul's "free gift of God," and many other phrases seem entirely at variance with the idea of barter and trade. Why then "Selling Salvation"?

When we emphasize the fact that salvation is free, are we not looking at it too much from one side? Does it not cost something to be a Christian? Jesus gives His "blessed" to the persecuted and reviled and reminds would-be followers that the "Son of Man" hath not where to lay His head. A little further reflection will impress the fact that salvation has a price and the shallow evangelism that overlooks this is largely responsible for the flabby, weak-kneed Christians that result.

When I was in the Canadian West, I went down to the Government Land Office, and after paying ten dollars filing fee, the Government gave me 160 acres of land conditionally upon my using it to a certain extent for three years. The land was a free gift of the Canadian Government provided I worked it. The ten dollars was in no sense a purchase price, but simply covered expenses incidental to the transfer.

But while the land was a gift, it cost me something. I remember going out there one afternoon when the thermometer was 40 below zero and having to put up stove pipes. That is no job for a preacher at any time, much less when it is 40 below. I slept alone out there from the 15th of December until the 1st of February. I spent money one way and another, so that when I gave the place up I had lost some $400 on the deal. The land was a gift—a conditional gift if you please—but all things considered, I found it very costly.

The great blessings of life all have their cost—we must give up the thing of lesser value in order to gain that which is worth more to us. The rich young ruler would not pay the price and went away sorrowful. Agrippa was "almost persuaded" but could not bring himself to surrender his selfish ambitions and become a follower of the Nazarene. We must bear the cross if we would wear the crown—that is very important—no cross, no crown.

You will now admit, I believe, that there is a price to be paid by the followers of Christ in order to obtain the first and great Christmas present of the ages. God gives us a free title to a great estate, but we must go in and possess the land, subduing the giants and thus working out our own salvation.

The object of the salesman is to make his prospective customer feel that the money is of less value to him than the goods the salesman has to offer. He argues, demonstrates, convinces, coaxes and persuades—he appeals to his customer's intellect and to his emotions. The salesman's object is to get him to hand over his money and take the goods. The psychological process involved is interest, conviction, desire, action.

Now, is not the minister or evangelist doing much the same thing when he asks a man or woman to pay out those ideals, to pay out established conceptions of say "a good time," in order to buy that which is best for this life as well as the life hereafter—the pearl of great price? He has his goods which I perhaps rather indefinitely call salvation, and he endeavors to persuade his hearers to give up certain habits, ideals, ambitions, in order to gain these goods. His stock in trade is not only conversion, but also confession and consecration to a great leader and a great cause.

So that essentially the minister is a salesman, the gospel his goods, and the world his territory.

What then are the essential factors that make a salesman a success? I shall allow you to infer how many of my suggestions may apply to the minister or evangelist.

He should believe in his wares. The faker's way is to try to "do" the public, but the honest tradesman sells an article because he knows its value. The day is past when the slickest man is the most successful. Honesty has proven the best policy. The Ad Clubs of the world have adopted the word "Truth" as their motto. "Money back if dissatisfied," is almost axiomatic with the merchants of to-day.

Belief in his goods should be such that it creates enthusiasm. One live coal can set a city on fire. One man who is a storage battery of energy and enthusiasm can charge others and set a lot of human machinery at work. Enthusiasm is contagious.

The good news too soon becomes the old story, and many a preacher gets into a rut in this way. He loses his enthusiasm. Let him think of his goods, let him consider the value of that golden thing—Conversion—let him read Begbie's "Twice Born Men"—let him watch others making sales, let him best of all, talk it all over with the Great General Manager.

Know Your People

THE salesman should study his customer or prospective buyers and know them as well as he knows his goods. Often one makes a sale where another has failed because he has a better knowledge of the characteristics of the one whom he is canvassing. The star agent of a real estate office in Calgary was a man who looked more like a day laborer than a real estate man. But he knew the laboring man, and succeeded in getting him interested where smoother dressed men had failed. Not one of you but knows more of theology than does Billy Sunday, but who knows the average American better than he?

Do you complain that you cannot interest the men in the church? I ask you, do you know your men? Do you visit their factory, do you know the conditions under which they labor. Do you illustrate your sermons from something that is of especial interest to them. Have you the right kind of bait on your hook?

I have visited a great many preacher's libraries up and down the country, but I don't remember having seen a trade paper in any of them. Can you show them how your proposition is going to be an advantage to them in their particular job? Oh, you must know the needs of the people if you would cater to them properly.

A salesman must be interesting and attractive. He must not weary his prospect. A long face will make few sales and add few converts to your church. Where can you find a more jovial company than a group of ministers? The minister is often the life of a social function with his bright stories and clever repartee. How many a preacher crawls into a shell of formalism when he gets behind his pulpit and sheathes the sword that God had made for him alone to wield—his personality! Life insurance agents excepted, how many salesmen ever tried to make you cry? How many tried to make you laugh? Billy Sunday has discovered that a laugh and lots of laughs help to sell salvation too. There is a danger of going to the extreme in this regard and losing the more vital impression of sincerity; the best rule is just to be natural.

Finally, a salesman must clinch the deal. He must get the order. Results are what count. All right to talk about the way you handled your prospect, but did you get the order? There comes a time when you must say, "sign here." I had noticed a man trying to sell a lot to an Easterner one night in that Calgary real estate office. The agent talked, and talked and talked, and then repeated it all over. What he said was good, but he did not know when to quit. So I interrupted him: "Mr. So and So knows perfectly well the good points of those lots, all that he wants now is a chance to pay out ten dollars to clinch the bargain. Simply sign there, Mr. Smith, and hand the gentleman ten dollars, and the lots are reserved for you." And he smiled and did sign there.

Most preachers get an evangelist because they can't say "Sign here." They can talk the case well and have many a sale almost effected, but they think it necessary to call in another man who is a special "sign here" man that will close the deal for him and put a new customer on his books.

From what I have said it may seem that I am giving too much advice. As I said at the beginning, I was only trying to show how similar the work of a representative of a business concern, is to that of the special agent of the Almighty in the locality in which he labors, though of course the latter is of vastly greater importance. The same advice applies to the Christian worker as well as the minister.

But merchandising to-day is a much more complex thing than merely making a sale from man to man. Railroads and newspapers have created conditions that have vastly complicated exchange of goods. There is the manufacturer, the jobber, the wholesaler, the retailer, the mail order house. Newspapers, magazines, letters, billboards, and other publicity devices are used to supplement or eliminate the personal salesmen. Sir John Eaton sees very few of the millions who buy his goods. This leads to the consideration of organized selling, where the work is done by hundreds or thousands of men instead of by one.

Here too we can see a parallel between selling salvation and selling merchandise. The church is the chain store system of salvation. Instead of working as individuals, as the disciples did, we now are an organized body and seek to multiply our efficiency in this way. Moody meant organization spelled success when he said "I had rather have ten men do my work than that I should do the work of ten men."

So I want to say something about this system of selling on a larger scale and see what lessons we can learn from it.

One must be careful in speaking of organization and methods not to convey the impression that these are ends in themselves or that these can accomplish anything of themselves. Christ sets forth our relationship to Him in the fifteenth of John, where He tells of the vine and the branches. While the branches, which represent a high degree of organization, are exceedingly valuable, yet apart from the main vine they are useless. "Without me ye can do nothing."

Perhaps we might further illustrate this point by likening the work of the church organizer to an electrical engineer who has to wire a town for power purpose. He may plan and scheme and work out a most beautiful system of wiring that is neat and compact, but if his whole system is not connected with the generating dynamo, it is only an encumbrance. Our Hydro power and lighting system is a wonder, and great praise is due that far-seeing and indefatigable citizen, Sir Adam Beck, for conceiving and carrying out that gigantic undertaking; but brethren, if Niagara ceased to flow or when the circuit is broken off near the source of power, what use are all the wires, transformers, street cars, motors and electric lights which are operated by its current. We must certainly remember that it is electricity that is the all-important thing.

So in a revival effort, final reliance must be put in God. "It is the Spirit that quickeneth." Souls are born into the kingdom—they are not manufactured. Life must come from life—we cannot create it. Did I say souls were born—yes, and amid the agony of prevailing prayer are they conceived and brought into the new spiritual realm.

Supposing I were to discuss with you the marketing of a new breakfast food. First thing we would want to do, would be to taste it and see that it was all right, that it would satisfy our hunger, that it had a tempting flavor. Then an analyst and a physician would be consulted to see what its food constituents were. When we were assured that the food was healthful and could be sold with a fair return on our investment we should proceed to consider plans for putting our bread on the market.

We should seek a name for our product, one that would tell perhaps it's best selling point, one that is easily advertised and has a hook for the memory. Suppose we call it "Sawdusto." That may not have all these requirements, but it will serve our purpose. Shakespeare says "what's in a name?" While roses may smell as sweet by other names, they might not sell so sweetly.

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Gordon V. Thompson, the Song-writer Evangelist, "In Action, with his Collapsible Organ

BILLY SUNDAY'S evangelistic methods are known from one end of the continent to the other, but the effects of his work are felt only in the country to the south. Yet very few of us know we have had a Billy Sunday in our midst for the past couple of years.

Gordon V. Thompson, the song-writer evangelist, puts as much "pep" into his revival meetings as friend Billy does. He carries his little organ with him and sings souls to salvation. It's his own method of treating a serious subject in an attractive way.

In this article he is talking principally to all ministers of the gospel. He is asking them if they know how to "Sell Salvation." His message, however, is directed at YOU. See if he convinces you!

—THE EDITORS.

Under a drop light sat a late worker, a woman, young, slender, brown-haired and looking a trifle weary. She was trying to finish a book review and seemed to be in difficulties—and it was all because of Old Hickory.

The Hidden Hope

By EDITH G. BAYNE

Illustrated by T. V. McCarthy

THE City Room was wrapped in unwonted silence—silence that would have been utter and profound but for an occasional faint rustling sound as of the hasty turning of book-leaves or papers. Down at the extreme end of the apartment under one of the few droplights still burning, sat a late worker, a woman—young, slender, brown-haired, and looking a trifle weary. She was trying to finish a last book review for the Saturday edition, and seemed to be in difficulties. At least, so the many scribbled-upon and discarded sheets of copy paper at her elbow indicated.

Miss Harriman usually prepared her column in ample time so that she could leave the office before six, but at a late hour this afternoon the City Editor, Norman Greenlee (known behind his back as Old Hickory) had placed a new novel on her desk with the request that she cover it for the forthcoming Book Review.

And because Old Hickory's requests were always unquestioningly obeyed, Miss Harriman had remained overtime. True, she was a little sorry for him this week, because he was trying to do the work of two men, the literary editor being ill; but she also knew that he could do it. Old Hickory took to hard work like a cat to cream. He was a magnetic force in the office of the Daily Post. Not a man, not a boy, not an employee, or co-worker of any kind but sprang to attention when his crisp, resonant voice issued a command.

It was eight o'clock. Big Ben across the way had just said so in solemn, booming tones. A mouse darted forth from an obscure corner, circled about the book-reviewer's trimly-shod feet and made a raid upon the fragments of somebody's lunch in the big wire waste-basket.

Miss Harriman being an essentially modern, and a rather unemotional lady, didn't scream at this dangerous apparition. She merely started, and with an impatient movement resumed her rapid reading. From time to time she frowned.

The title of the book stood out in gold letters on a red cover: "The Hidden Hope."

Suddenly she flung it from her with a cry of exasperation—flung it vindictively and far. Her eye followed its trajectory across the room and over a big baize-screen that concealed the literary editor's desk.

Plop!

She hoped hurriedly that it hadn't overturned the ink or glue bottle. Then:

"Great Scott!" spoke someone, fulsomely.

A man's head appeared round a corner of the screen!

"Oh!" gasped Miss Harriman.

For the head was the head of Old Hickory—and he was rubbing it.

A sense of calamity overwhelmed her and she got upon her feet, shakily.

Old Hickory came round and stood opposite her. He was in his shirt-sleeves and was wearing his well-known eye-shade. In his hand he held "The Hidden Hope."

"Oh!" repeated the book-reviewer. "Did I—did it—"

Old Hickory's firm lips relaxed into the semblance of a smile.

"It did," he said, grimly. "Right on the back of my head."

"I'm so sorry! But I didn't know that anybody was in the room!"

"Please sit down again," said Greenlee.

She obeyed him mechanically. He pulled another chair forward, seated himself and laid the book on her desk.

"Just what," he asked gently, "is the—er—trouble?"

Rebellion had been gathering in her soft grey eyes. They flashed now in a spirited way quite new to him.

"I think it is horrid of you to hide yourself away over in that corner and never even cough or—or make a sound! How was I to know—why I might have—have cold-creamed my face, or—or powdered my nose, or—"

HE laughed quietly. He seemed to be amused at thus striking fire from a young woman who had been until now the very personification of cool, business efficiency. She was human after all!

The laugh—she had seldom heard it in the two and a half years she had been on the Daily Post—made her pause and look curiously at him. What fine teeth the old bear had!

"I thought," he said, "that you knew I was doing proof-reading for Latimer this week. It keeps me here until nine every evening. But I forget! This is your first late evening in ever so long, isn't it?"

He removed the green eye-shade as he spoke, and Miss Harriman gazed wonderingly into his deep-set dark eyes. They sent an odd thrill through her now that she saw them at close range. Her own dropped suddenly.

"Vivid," "Magnetic,"—these were two of the adjectives that people had applied to Old Hickory. Miss Harriman added, "inscrutable" in her own mind.

Could this rather pleasant person really be Old Hickory—hard-headed man of business, Napoleon of the local newspaper world? And she wondered fleetingly why "old" should have been included in the opprobrium. For old he certainly was not. Thirty-six perhaps—

"But the book—" he suggested, nodding at the volume.

"It's rotten," said Miss Harriman, succinctly.

He picked it up and opened it, then flipped the leaves, reading a sentence here and there.

"You don't like it?"

"Like it? It's the worst lot of drivel I ever tried to wade through!"

He looked up in genuine astonishment.

"Why, it's supposed to be one of the best of the new books! Just off the press! New writer too!"

"I can't help it. I've done my best to cook up one hundred and fifty words of bare justice, and I feel as though I could qualify for membership in the Ananias Club!"

She turned and gathered up some slips of paper These she thrust upon him.

"There! I've lied like a gas meter!" she said, half savagely. "Read it and see, but please don't publish it. Oh, if *only* I knew the woman that perpetrated that reprehensible forty-two chapters of—of——"

"How do you know a woman wrote it?" demanded Greenlee, very much taken aback.

"I'm positive."

"But 'Sidney Lee' might be a man?"

"No man would *think* of engaging his heroine to five or six men in turn before the right one came along! It's—it's—Oh, it's too sex-lurey! She's *too* charming!"

Greenlee disregarded her copy. His attention was given wholly to the speaker. She spoke heatedly, twirling a couple of pencils round and round on her blotting-pad.

"Well, you know in real life that kind of thing frequently happens in the best families," he observed.

"That doesn't condone it! I was prepared to like the hero, but no decent man would want a woman that had been mauled about by half a dozen other men! Then a real girl ought to know her own mind—have more initiative. This much-kissed creature is an oh-please-tell-me-what-I-ought-to-do sort of person. I ask you, Mr. Greenlee, if you had known your wife had been embraced and kissed by other men, would you have wanted to marry her?"

Old Hickory looked grave. But presently his lips began to twitch.

"I don't happen to be married," he said, half apologetically. "But I certainly would not."

Miss Harriman smiled outright at his naive admission. It surprised her somewhat. She had always thought of him as married, with a meek gentle little wife,—whom she had always vaguely pitied.

"And then take the love-making," she went on again relentlessly. "It is crude, cave-mannish, and—and—altogether too gooey!"

"Too what?"

She flushed and began to sketch tiny figures on the blotting-pad.

"You know what I mean. Too— well, she leaves nothing to the imagination."

"Oh!"

"Think of the restrained, dignified manner in which Thackeray, for instance, sets a love scene before you. The intensity is there, masked in the finest English, but he does not feel called upon to go into elemental details."

"H'm," said Greenlee, thoughtfully. "Possibly 'Sidney Lee' has not had sufficient experience in—er—matters of the heart—"

"Then she ought to have been reasoned with, before—"

She broke off at his smile, but went on again:

"Most incipient novelists should be carefully suppressed, anyway. Don't you think so?"

"I think 'Sidney Lee' would feel so, after you got through with her!"

She smiled penitently.

"I don't want her to *strafe* us. I'll—I'll try again. In my selfishness I was forgetting that it is the Daily Post's opinion I am chronicling."

"I see you have endeavored to say a good word for the style," remarked Greenlee, referring to her notes.

"Oh, yes the *style* is good," she conceded. "In spots it is almost masterly. That is why it seems such a pity—you know?—to spoil good workmanship with such a flimsy plot."

There was a moment's silence. Then Old Hickory became Old Hickory once more. He stood up.

"We have the greatest respect for your opinions, Miss Harriman," he told her. "I regret very much that you find this task so difficult. You may leave this review out. I know you are the soul of mercy and the epitome of tact, but I see that even your good nature would be strained were I to insist upon this being written. I have already tried Crosson with it and he refused. Therefore—I shall do it myself."

"You've read it, then?"

He nodded.

"What—shall you say?" she asked, curiously.

He shrugged his shoulders wearily.

"Oh, likely I'll treat it—bromidically. When in doubt, you know, always be vague."

Miss Harriman's eye rested upon the much maligned volume.

EDITH G. BAYNE is a Canadian writer who is rapidly forging ahead. Her name has become familiar to readers of Everywoman's World, her most recent contribution having been "The Lady of the Emeralds." She has made "The Hidden Hope" a love story in which the trend of events is a little out of the ordinary.

Carrying out the theory that true love never runs smoothly, the author endows the heroine with a touch of temper, the hero with a reputation for "grouchiness" and introduces a rainy night as a contrast to the general cheeriness that must necessarily follow in all orthodox love tales. Read it—it might happen to you!

—THE EDITORS

A Tale Wherein the Hard-headed Business Man Proves to be a Bit of a Senti-mentalist

He removed the green eye-shade as he spoke and Miss Harriman gazed wonderingly into his deep-set dark eyes. They sent an odd thrill through her now that she saw them at close range. Her own dropped suddenly.

THERE is just one thing in a magazine more attractive than good fiction, and that is high-class art work. These pages introduce Mr. T. V. McCarthy. The illustrations for "The Hidden Hope" are his first contributions to Everywoman's World. They speak for themselves. The excellence of his style is apparent. His character sketches especially are commanding, fascinating. The very fact that he has illustrated a story will make you want to read it. Mr. McCarthy will illustrate "The Intruders," by Beatrice Redpath, which will be published in our April issue, and other stories to be presented in the course of the coming months.

—THE EDITORS

"Poor 'Sidney Lee'!" she murmured, with a sudden feeling of pity. "Perhaps—who knows—her living may depend—"

"Rubbish! Let her take her medicine!" declared Old Hickory, crisply—almost roughly.

"Well, it may teach her a lesson of course. One of the situations at least is wildly improbable—where she asks us to believe that the hero, the blunt business man, cherishes a burning passion for his secretary, the heroine, for several years without once giving himself away, even momentarily—"

Old Hickory glanced quickly at the speaker.

"Now, I thought *that* was all right."

"What! And he keeping reams of verse, addressed to her, in a secret drawer? A hard-headed man of the world with the soul of a poet? Why he—he actually *swears* round the office—"

"Still—it might conceivably be, you know."

Miss Harriman shook her head slowly. A strand of her sunny brown hair fell across her eyes and she pushed it back, impatiently.

"It's a wonder he wouldn't give the poor thing a hint, then," she observed. "She might have escaped—all the hugging I referred to. Let's drop the subject. Is that *rain?*"

SHE had been glancing at the window from time to time, where rivulets of moisture had been trickling down the pane. Now big drops began to patter..

"And I didn't bring either raincoat or umbrella!" she moaned. "My suit will be ruined."

"It looks like an all-night performance, too," agreed the editor. "I saw signs and portents this afternoon. Fortunately I brought a mackintosh with me and if you could climb into it—"

"Oh!—But what will *you* do?"

"I happen to have an old overcoat here on the rack."

He withdrew to his own domain and returned with his mackintosh.

"You can turn in the cuffs," he suggested, assisting her to don it. "But button it close—turn up the collar. That's the idea. These early Spring rains are villainous."

He escorted her down to the street door and over to the car line at the corner. But she refused to take his umbrella, though he pressed it upon her repeatedly.

Back in the office he set himself to perform her unaccomplished task. It was soon done. When he had removed the single, narrow sheet of paper from the typewriter, he leaned back in his chair and sighed. Then he did a strange thing for a hard-headed business man: he pressed a spring at the side of his desk and a drawer flew open. He lifted out several compact bundles of hand-written copy, in verse. These he set aside until he came to a withered rose wrapped in a fragment of the Daily Post's letterhead. Solemnly he performed the inevitable rite, then laid it back.

"Even a 'blunt business man,'" he muttered, "may have had his dreams!"

He sighed again.

Before he left the office he took the book-review over to the composing-room basket on Miss Harriman's desk.

The following morning at eight o'clock sharp the staff of the Daily Post was amazed, individually and collectively to note Miss Harriman's entrance. Ordinarily nine o'clock was her hour of arrival, and Old Hickory generally came in about the same time.

She seemed in a very different mood from that of the previous evening. She went straight to Old Hickory's desk, then to the literary editor's and not finding what she sought, she seemed for a moment on the verge of fainting. Even now the big presses were grinding out the first parts of the Saturday edition. But her common-sense told her that the composing-room basket might hold what she was seeking, and so it proved.

With a glad little cry she snatched it from the copy-boy as he was removing it from her desk.

At nine o'clock Norman Greenlee came in. Miss Harriman watched him speculatively. Not once did he glance in her direction. Now and then a little wisp of a smile played about the corners of her mouth, but as the morning sped on and labor began to attain its usual momentum she became occupied with business matters to the exclusion of all else.

After luncheon she passed him in the hallway.

"Thank you for the loan of your coat, Mr. Greenlee," she said, simply. "I returned it to your rack this morning."

He looked at her a trifle absently. Then his sombre eyes took on a degree of last night's friendliness.

"Oh, yes! Well, I hope you didn't get *very* wet. You should have taken the umbrella as well."

But Miss Harriman only smiled—and there was that in her glance at him as she hurried on that would have made him pause to reflect that the efficient woman editor was developing a hitherto unsuspected sense of humor. Only he didn't see it! A recent enterprise of his own that was like to come to grief was occupying his mind.

MISS HARRIMAN entered the city editor's office. It was a small but secluded mahogany-and-ground-glass apartment.

"Did you wish to see me?" she asked, as he swung round.

Her heart was beating rapidly, but she was not unprepared for the interview.

"Yes, I did. Er—please sit down. . . . No, *this* chair by the desk."

He took up a copy of the evening paper. It was still damp from the press. She fought back a smile, as she watched him open it and fold it back at the Book Review Column.

"Please look here, Miss Harriman," he said, handing her the paper and indicating a paragraph, with the point of his blue-pencil. "Here I find a five-hundred word eulogy of "The Hidden Hope." Did you write it?"

"Yes," and she braved his glance, calmly.

"Why?"

"Because I—changed my mind at the very last moment."

"And substituted yours for mine before I came down?"

"Yours was—impossible."

"And—are you in the habit of changing your mind so suddenly?"

"No. But in this case I had the best of all possible reasons. I learned after I left you, who 'Sidney Lee' is. He is—a friend of mine, one who has been most kind to me."

Greenlee gave her a look that at any other time would have caused her eyes to fall beneath it—so fiercely challenging it was.

"Impossible!" he burst out. "No one knows but the publisher and—"

"Two others. Yourself and me," she said, coolly.

Greenlee's own eyes dropped. But he looked up again with something like appeal in them.

"How did you—?" he began.

"Yesterday at lunch time you called at the Post Office—where you had a box under the name of 'Sidney Lee'—and you received a letter from the publishers which you read hurriedly and then crammed into your raincoat pocket, forgetting all about it—"

"So I did!"

"Well—I read it. My curiosity at seeing the address overcame my scruples. Then I knew that 'Sidney Lee' was Norman S. Greenlee."

She rose, flushing under his scrutiny. He rose also, extending a hand.

"Miss Harriman, I—look here, I am very deeply indebted to you. My first book! It *had* to succeed! Last night I hardly slept—but never mind—if the other reviewers are half as kind! . . . And so you—consider me a friend?"

How different his bearing! Slowly he had released her hand, but he still looked down at her, gratitude and appeal mingling in his glance. There was something else too—a kindling beam she could not define.

"Yes," she answered simply. "Need I say you have been kinder to me than many an employer would be? When I was ill last spring—"

"But—"

"No, listen! You never would let me thank you. All those lovely flowers, and then the motor every day, and sending it for me to bring me down to the office long after I was well. If it hadn't been for your kindness—"

"Even a hard-hearted business man knows enough to look after his assistants."

She smiled, but the allusion did not escape her.

"I wish I hadn't been so brutally frank last night," she said, penitently. "Can you forgive me?"

"No, I cannot, I am afraid."

She looked hurt.

"But I—I made reparation! The book is good. Down in my heart I felt it. Only that—that heroine! She seemed so trifling for such a splendid hero, though you made her so sweet—"

"She *wasn't* real. I couldn't get the real girl on paper, Miss Harriman, so I made of her a sad failure. The hero is idealized, so he too isn't real. The original is an old bear."

"Who writes verse, I suppose. Or—does he?"

"Guilty," he admitted, with a smile.

"He ought to publish some—if it is all as good as the bit he quotes."

"He intends to. See here."

"Greenlee stepped to the desk, pressed the button which controlled the unsuspected little drawer and revealed to her astonished gaze the fat packets of poetry in his own neat, but rather crabbed handwriting.

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Harriman. "May I—?"

He handed her the top MSS.

"I ought to tell you," he began with a great deal of diffidence, "that in the printed volume most of the poems addressed to 'Vera' will—bear other titles."

She was at the moment scanning a small gem entitled "Vera—Spirit of Truth."

"Why?" she asked quickly, looking up.

He looked directly into her eyes, reading his meaning into them as only Old Hickory could do.

"Because," he said, "The old bear will not embarrass or wound the friend who refused to wound *him*."

She understood presently, in a kind of wonder.

"You see," he went on softly. "Such a—a *situation* might conceivably be. It is *not* 'wildly improbable.'"

"But—how long—"

"For two years and more."

(*Continued on page 53*)

To The Farms!

The Country Needs You!

Five Thousand Women Must Help Out on the Farms and the Orchards This Summer if Normal Production is to be Maintained

By ISABEL JONES, B.A.

"If you're seeking a pleasant vacation
And something to do for the nation,
There's only one work
You don't want to shirk—
Sign up! It's the country's salvation."

NEED you ask what that work is? FARMING, of course! It was on the tip of your tongue, for you have realized the importance of this work as national service, in fact, have not been allowed to forget it. It is absolutely essential, you feel, and rightly, that Canada must not have less acreage under cultivation than during the previous year, but more. In answer to this statement, the harassed farmer replies that it will be the utmost folly for him to plant when there are not hands enough to help him harvest. Here also, as in other branches of service, women must respond to the call.

By the word, "farming," which I have used somewhat loosely as a general term, I refer to fruit-picking, market gardening, and mixed farming. (Lest the last-mentioned may be ambiguous, the "mixture" consists in vegetables, stock, and grain, perhaps fruit.) Miss Winifred Harvey, Director of Women's Farm Labor, in the Trades and Labor Branch of the Ontario Department of Public Works, says that at least five thousand women can be employed on the farms of Ontario during this coming season. The greatest obstacle which confronts the woman who volunteers for agricultural work is the bulk of prejudice on the part of the farmer, especially in the case of mixed farming. Last summer saw the successful outcome of the experiment of sending women to the fruit farms; here, the prejudice of the growers against city women was turned to enthusiasm. But, in the case of mixed farming, the prejudice does not emphasize the "city," but concentrates all the venom of its spleen on the word "women." The farmer's wife will also add her objection to that of her husband. The farmer's wife—and there is no one harder worked—will say, and with reason: "If you are to have women to help you in the fields, why shouldn't I have women to help me in the house?" Therefore, those who are anxious to do mixed farming will have to accustom themselves to the idea of spending about two hours a day in work for the farmer's wife.

Where There's a Will

TO return to the prejudice against women as farm workers. It has its roots in the fact that most women, aside from those who live in the country, are startlingly ignorant of the work to be done on farms. But "where there's a will, there's a way," and once you have the will, the way will not be hard to find, for the Trades and Labor Branch is organizing training classes for those intending to assume the duties of mixed farming in the spring and summer of 1918. These classes are to be held at convenient centres and are to start the beginning of February. Their object is practical instruction: the system of "chores" will have to be mastered; the applicant must become familiar with the hitching and unhitching of a horse, with the business of milking, with the care and feeding of stock. The duration of this work will be from April to October, so that the appeal will come most strongly to those who are free from other occupations or to those who have a long holiday at their disposal.

Already the question of mixed farming is a burning one among University girls. Applications to enter these classes must be addressed to Miss Winifred Harvey, Director of Women's Farm Labor, 15 King Street East, Toronto—and the sooner they are sent the better. (If you know how to hitch a horse, you are the very person for this work.) If you feel that you cannot attempt mixed farming, there is the necessary work of fruit-picking from June till October. The fluctuating nature of this latter work makes necessary extra help in rush seasons, so that if you can only spend two or three weeks, your services will be welcome.

It must not be forgotten that the proposition of sending women to work on farms is not so risky as might be supposed. The ground was prepared by the pioneers of last year—the fruit-pickers—who won the admiration of their employers by their willingness to attempt every sort of work given them to do. I should like to say something in detail of last year's experiment.

My outstanding impression on arriving at a fruit-picking camp last summer at the end of raspberry time was one of surprise at seeing my city friends accepting themselves in their new surroundings as a matter of course, and this surprise was deepened by the fact that the farming community also seemed to regard them as an established institution. I soon found that in the yoke of the daily routine one became extraordinarily adaptable to new conditions.

But the importance of this great undertaking must not be lost sight of. The war has wrought many changes, and this experiment on the fruit-farms is not one of the least, perhaps may even have far-reaching consequences. In the spring of 1917, there were farmers who refused to put in tomatoes, onions, and other vegetables, because they had planted them in vain the year before. It was only the extreme need of labor which prompted five groups of growers and a farmer in Norfolk County to guarantee work to a definite number of pickers for a stated number of months. The courageous districts were Vittoria, Beamsville, Grimsby, Fruitland, Oakville, and Bronte. The rates of pay were those which had existed in the districts for some years. Look at the result of the summer's experience: Here were girls who by their excellent work and undaunted spirit had conquered the prevailing distrust against city workers and won the respect of their employers. The experiment had proven a success!

When you consider that fruit-picking camps were held in all the fruit districts of Ontario and that over twelve hundred workers were sent out by the Trades and Labor Branch, something of the magnitude of the scheme can be imagined. Think what the scheme means in operation! It means, first of all, the necessity of discovering a suitable place of accommodation, with water supply and sanitary conditions; the procuring of provisions; and last, but decidedly not least, the finding of a staff of house-workers.

The majority of the camps, including the largest ones, were administered by the Young Women's Christian Association, under the able superintendence of Miss Frances Jones. Twelve camps were managed by this institution, one by the Fred Victor Mission, and seven by the Trades and Labor Branch itself. The accommodation took various forms in various districts; in one place it was possible to obtain the use of a large summer hotel; in another, a barn was renovated; while in still another, military tents were used. In addition to the seven hundred and eighty-seven girls who were living in camps, thirty were living and boarding with the farmer; twenty were living in military tents and boarding at the farmer's; fourteen were cooking for themselves and living in a small house on the farm; while three hundred and seventy-seven were sent out from the cities by the branch employment bureaux. On the whole, the method of living in camps was considered the most satisfactory.

A few of last year's pioneers hard at the work that combines pleasure, patriotism and pay.

At the top—Peaches!
To the right—Shifting Ladders to Another Orchard
To the left—The Girl with the Hoe

Oh, Those Meals!

TOO much praise cannot be given to the Commissariat Department in these camps. With real obstacles to overcome in the guise of primitive appliances, they received as great a share of the work, if not of the glory, as their sisters in the fields. What splendid meals they gave those hungry sisters—good square ones, substantial enough to satisfy even the voracious appetite of the agricultural laborer!

An Enthusiastic Group of Raspberry Pickers

Concerning the pickers, some interesting figures have been obtained from Miss Harvey. All parts of Canada, except the far west, were represented. Forty-one counties of Ontario contributed workers. In addition, thirty-eight girls came from Quebec Province, three from Nova Scotia, two from New Brunswick, and one from each of the Prairie Provinces. The majority were young: 35 per cent. were in their teens; 57 per cent. were in their twenties; 5.2 per cent. were in their thirties, 1.6 per cent. in their forties, and 0.5 per cent. over fifty. The largest group of pickers was made up of university girls; the next largest was that of leisured girls; next came school-girls and school-teachers; and lastly, those who could come only for short periods of time, namely, office girls, bank clerks, librarians, etc.

Miss Winifred Harvey, Director of Women's Farm Labor for the Ontario Government

The unanimous testimony of the growers was that the type of labor represented by these girls was the best they had ever had. It is no wonder, however, that the girls "made good." There was no sort of work which they were afraid to tackle. The Victoria College girls who were sent to hull American strawberries in Mr. E. D. Smith's canning factory at Winona soon became so famous that the Trades and Labor Branch was flooded by applications from other canneries for workers—applications which were received too late in some cases to be satisfied. Their fame has endured, for only the other day Miss Harvey received a request from Mr. Smith for one hundred girls from the middle of May till the middle of June for the same work. At Grimsby, the girls became efficient commission-agents, one of their duties being to drive the motor truck to Hamilton with fruit for the market. In other districts, it was a common occurrence to see girls hitching and unhitching horses or driving the corn scuffler. Not only did the girls obtain experience as fruit-pickers, but they served their apprenticeship to the hoe and to the pruning-hook.

Weeding of a kind which "no man would ever have attempted" was successfully accomplished. Thinning raspberry canes, pruning currant bushes, and picking tomatoes, were jobs which exacted a trial of endurance. In the work of picking strawberries, raspberries, currants, cherries, plums, and peaches, it was acknowledged that the girls were careful and conscientious workers—they picked with discrimination and thus ensured a minimum of waste. Besides, the duty of packing tomatoes and peaches which is more of a science than the uninitiated can conceive, was entrusted to these workers.

May not this experiment have far-reaching consequences? The fact that city women are becoming familiar with the process of production and are eager to discuss the problems entailed, is a good sign. The most optimistic, after contemplating the enthusiasm of the workers, predict a counter revolution in the shape of a general depopulation of the cities. It does not require the eyes of a clairvoyant to see the effect which this experiment is producing on the fruit-picking trade. Whoever hit upon the idea of making the workers pay their own board was not lacking in constructive statesmanship. It was a bond of union in all camps; it stimulated the worker to interest herself in the whole question of earnings. It is undoubtedly true that these women went forth into the fields and orchards with the highest motives of patriotism. But with this ideal, an interest in adequate remuneration is not incompatible.

As for Wages

INDEED, which is the more patriotic, the girl who proclaims that she is working solely as a national service with no interest in wages, or the girl who says: "In the cities, the consumer is paying 25c. a quart for raspberries, the fruit picker receives 3c. for that quart, where is the remaining 22 cents?" There were workers who, through no fault of their own, were unable to make a living wage. It has been calculated that over half of the pickers earned between $5.00 and $7.00 a week; 51.75 per cent. earned under $6.00 a week. Although the pickers feel that the unusually poor season was to blame in great part for the low earnings, they feel that the rates of pay are too low in most cases; they ask that the risk of rain and bad weather be shared by farmer and picker alike. The outcome of the summer's experience was embodied in a series of resolutions drawn up at a meeting of Toronto fruit-pickers early in November, the substance of which was that a nine-hour day with Saturday as a half-holiday be instituted; that the farmer shall choose one of three alternative schemes with regard to rates of pay, each of which assures the worker of an average wage of $9.00 a week. The interests of workers who come for rush seasons were also safeguarded in these regulations. It does not seem too much to say that if co-operation is maintained among the workers, the tendency is towards making the fruit-picking profession stable and self respecting, and that, although the farmers have a rooted objection to the standardizing of wages, at least we may be sure that under the new arrangement, there will exist a minimum of exploitation.

Women! Do you want to work on farms this summer?
Farmers! Do you need help?
See Coupon on Page 24.

Olga Petrova

As an Artist and as a Woman, and Sidelight on Her Rise to Fame in the World of the "Movies"

By BEULAH LIVINGSTONE

THERE is a fascination in chronicles of achievement. There is within each of us just enough hero-worship to inspire admiration of a figure in the public eye who has risen from the ranks, who has tasted of success. Stories of HOW THEY DID IT generally suggest the idea SO CAN I. All of which is one of the reasons we occasionally present such sketches as this one of Mme. Petrova. —THE EDITORS.

MME. OLGA PETROVA, the Polish star, who, as head of her own company and the highest salaried of all the woman motion picture players, occupies just now the most interesting place in the world of the "movies," is having what journalists frequently refer to, with subtle observation, as a meteoric career. In the short space of only two years, Mme. Petrova has forged to the very top of the picture procession. In the brief period of ten years, her salary has risen from seven dollars to ten thousand dollars per week. No wonder that the poor reporters are hard put to it to find any more original expressions than "meteoric career," or "rapid rise which beggars description," when they write about Madame's marathon to fame.

Olga Petrova, early in life set out to have a career; the stage had ever been her ambition almost from the time she was a child, and in Belgium, where she received most of her education after leaving school at Warsaw, the little Polish girl showed marked talent in the school dramatic clubs. When she was only eighteen, she appeared in important Shakespearian roles with Lord Anglesey, in many of his amateur theatricals given at his Castle in Anglesey, England. At twenty, Petrova went on the professional stage and played in all the more famous Shakespearian comedies and tragedies. Then after a year in Shakespearian repertoire, came a dull season, and during this interim Petrova returned to the study of voice and piano. This training stood her in good stead later on, as it will be remembered that she composed many of her songs, writing the words as well as the music, when she afterwards went into vaudeville.

For a time Petrova became deeply interested in journalism. She served her apprenticeship as a reporter and was then promoted to special interviewer, and had experience in practically every branch of newspaper work. It was because of her knowledge of the theatre that one bright morning her editor transferred the young feature writer to the dramatic department. Here it became her pleasant duty to attend first nights and review new plays. Very probably much of the technical knowledge of the drama, gleaned in those days from seeing and studying three or four plays each week, has proven most helpful to Petrova in writing many of her own scenarios for pictures. But Petrova's interest in the newspaper field, was, after all, second to her enthusiasm for a stage career, and despite her success on the London Tribune, as soon as she was able to secure a good engagement, she returned to the footlights. This time she entered musical comedy. Later she went into vaudeville, and achieved a great success at the Pavillion Theatre, in London.

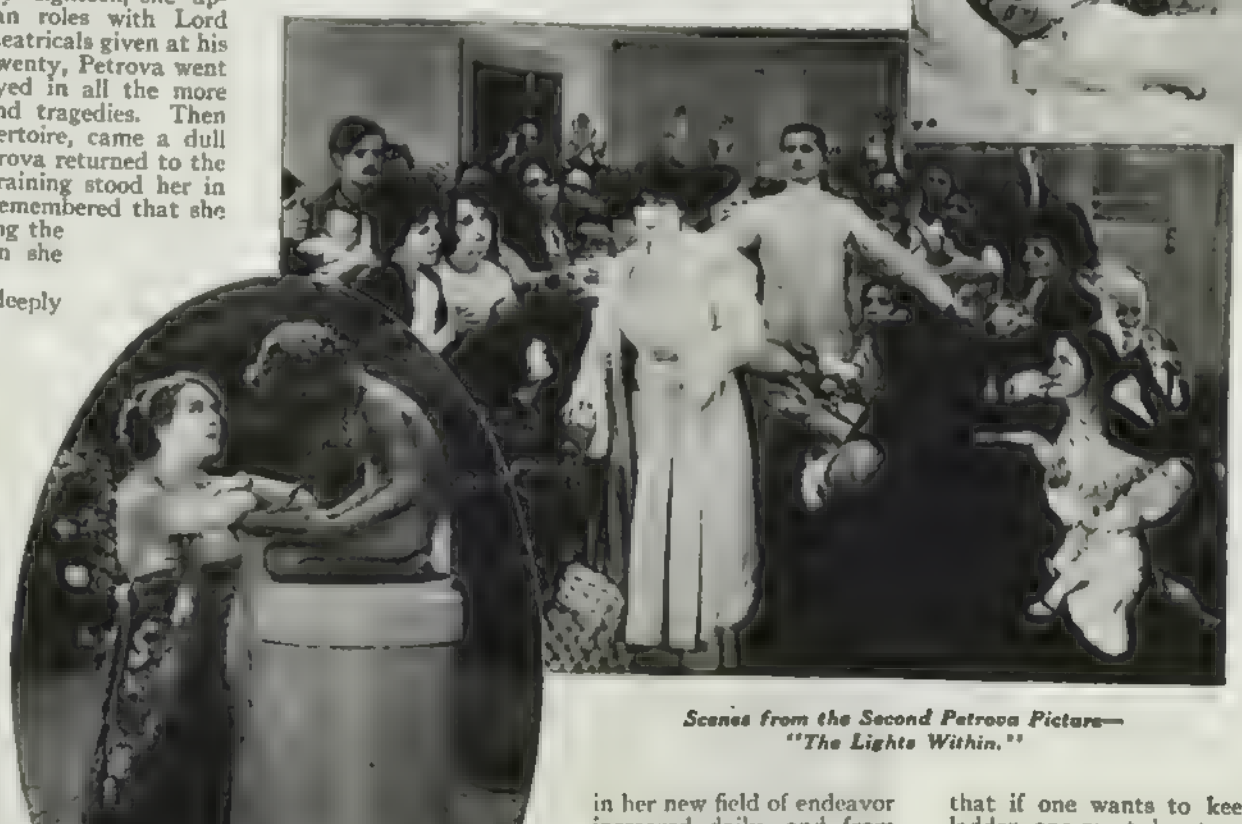
An Attractive Pose

Olga Petrova is nothing, if not versatile. She has met with equal success on the musical comedy stage, and in the difficult leading roles of such profound dramas as those of Henri Bernstein and Strindberg. Whether comedy or tragedy, as queen or soubrette, in problem plays, classical drama, or vaudeville, the "legitimate" or the "movies"—she has made a name for herself in them all!

It was while she was headlining at the Pavillion Theatre in London, that Jesse Lasky prevailed upon her to come to the United States. Mr. Lasky reasoned that anyone who could play to capacity audiences at the Pavillion in opposition to Anna Pavlowa, who was then at the height of her fame at the Palace, was worth gambling on, in America.

Mme. Petrova's first appearance in New York was at the "Folies Bergeres," but she soon discovered that a restaurant where people ate and drank, while watching the performance, was not the type of place for her scenes and excerpts from big plays. Petrova's personality is of the compelling kind. She demands your undivided attention. She is not a cabaret artiste, consequently her first appearance in America was not a tremendous success, but a few weeks later, the identical "act" which she used at the "Folies Bergeres" proved a veritable furore in vaudeville. When Petrova first went on at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, despite the fact that she had been brought to the States as a headliner, she requested Edward Darling, the booking-manager, not to bill her name in electric lights before seeing how she might please the American public. But after the first performance there could be no doubt that the Polish actress had more than fulfilled the expectations of those who brought her to this country. Then after an extensive tour in vaudeville, she further added to her laurels and versatility by starring in "Panthea" and "The Exile," under the management of the Shuberts.

While Petrova was playing in "Panthea" in Chicago, she received a telegram from the Popular Plays and Players Co., asking her terms to make a picture. She wired back—"Regret proposition is impossible at any terms," as her dramatic career then engrossed her whole attention. But her refusal to come to the company, only brought the company to her, and the second wire read that their special representative was already on the 20th Century Limited, on his way to the Windy City, to interview Madame. After a long session, Mme. Petrova agreed to make "The Tigress" for this company, at a figure not equalled before in the annals of picture making. Having once entered the film world, her interest in her new field of endeavor increased daily, and from the very beginning she was keenly alive to its tremendous possibilities.



Scenes from the Second Petrova Picture—"The Lights Within."

BUT though so much has been written of Mme. Petrova's early struggles and later triumphs, very little is known of her intimate self—her home life, her tastes, her ideals and aims. She has sometimes been called "the misogynist of the screen," because she shuns having the innermost details of her personal life made the topic of casual conversation. Not that Mme. Petrova lacks the cleverness to be cognizant of the value of a certain amount of dignified publicity, which makes for the sale of her pictures—for one of her most striking characteristics is that she combines a very unusual executive ability, with her sensitive and artistic temperament. She is perfectly willing that "he who runs may read" of how the title of her new picture is to be selected, or who is to be her next leading man, or anything else in connection with her working hours. Her screen personality, her pictures, she admits, belong to the public—but her few remaining hours at the end of a long day, belong to herself and her intimate friends. That is why the erstwhile cub reporter tucks away his note book in his pocket if he is fortunate enough to get an interview with Madame, at her beautiful estate on the Sound, at Great Neck, L.I., and smoke his cigarette as her guest, instead of chewing his pencil as her interlocutor.

"Don't you see," explained Madame, when she graciously invited me to tea, so that the readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD might get a brief acquaintance with her, first hand, rather than from hearsay. "I'm not what you might call a gregarious animal—though I really like some people, but my working hours are long, and my resting hours are few, almost nil, in fact, because most of my evenings and even my Sundays, are largely devoted to reading scenarios, titling my pictures, or dictating answers to my letters."

Mme. Petrova gets on an average of three hundred letters per day, and makes it a rule to personally dictate an anwer to practically all of them. "So," she continued, "you mustn't be too severe on me, if I don't find time, or inclination to spend my all too few leisure hours in receiving the girl who asks me to grant her an interview in order that she may find out 'if a girl with blonde hair and a short upper lip photographs well?' or if I will read the first literary attempt of Bub Hicks, 'who got honorable mention in the High School English test at Squantumville.'"

Mme. Petrova is an early riser. She thinks nothing of getting up at seven o'clock each morning, breakfasting at eight, and then motoring to town, from Great Neck, a trip of thirty miles, to her studio on 175th Street. There she poses from ten to six daily, usually stopping off before returning to Long Island, at her charming studio-office on 59th Street, overlooking Central Park, to keep a dozen appointments with modistes, lawyers, players, authors, and so on, for another hour or so.

Mme. Petrova finds little interest in active social life—nor has the Great and Glittering White Way the slightest attraction for her. She is never seen at restaurants, and seldom goes to parties, preferring to entertain a few close friends in her own home, or to spend her evenings at the piano.

"The tragedy of being successful," she says, "is that if one wants to keep a footing on the slippery ladder, one must devote oneself entirely to work or art, and there is no time left for cultivating acquaintances or making new friends. We are slaves, as it were, to our own success. Our time is not our own, and our inclinations must be guided in the direction of our contracts, which bind us down to hard work, definite hours and certain obligations to our backers, and those who have faith in us. It's a sort of case of 'the poor little rich girl,' you see."

Madame Petrova finishes a five reel picture in from four to five weeks, that would take the average player two months at least. She works very rapidly, never rehearses a scene herself, although of course the members of the company do. Punctuality at the studio is one of the things she insists upon. The player who shows up an hour late will never find himself in the cast of a second Petrova Picture. Neither will the property man who forgets to remove his hat, for good manners play quite as big a role in Petrova's estimation as talent and capability. She is herself one of nature's aristocrats, and cannot tolerate people around her who are not gentlewomen and gentlemen. Yet she is not snobbish, and like most true-born aristocrats, is democratic at heart, and thoroughly lives up to the best definition ever given of a gentlewoman:—"One who never fails to show consideration for others."

One of Mme. Petrova's favorite portraits.

Much has been written about the cheap and tawdry atmosphere of life behind the films, but the same does not apply to the Biograph Studios, where the eight Petrova pictures are being made. Here, there is very little idle sitting around and wasting of time, for everyone from the director down to the merest errand boy takes a tincture, chameleon-like from this dynamic star.

(*Continued on page 50*)

Patriotic Music: Its Use and Abuse

By KATHERINE HALE

TO-DAY we are flooded by the inevitable tide of patriotic songs and poetry, a tide of cheap emotion which might easily swamp the more serious thought evoked from such a world crisis as the present. To few composers is it given to write a great national song. Many indeed are "called," but few are chosen.

As this is a subject in which nearly everyone is in some way interested. I asked a group of international visitors to Canada, people who study a large public, to give to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD their opinion on the subject of so-called patriotic music, its use and abuse.

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, the well-known American composer, believes that the function of music is healing and constructive rather than exciting. "For my part," she declares, "this war is too terrible and too far reaching for me to be able to trust my ideas as to its expression as yet. I believe that the soldiers are cheered and helped by their popular marching songs. That is as it should be. The old songs of country, blest by a thousand memories, are also invaluable. But most of the popular songs coming out of the present war are sheer rubbish."

Margaret Keyes, probably the best loved of American contraltos, has also decided opinions on this subject. 'I am most careful in the arrangement of my programmes," she says. "It is so easy to excite or depress an audience by one of those waves of emotion that instantly ripple to the surface when people's hearts are tried as they are to-day, like the revivalist who plays with shallow emotions. It seems to me quite wrong to work upon the deeper feelings of people by merely sentimental means. A great war always produces melodramatic music composed under the heat of the moment. Pure patriotism is so noble a thing that it is impossible for me to cheapen it by crude appeals to mere emotion, popular though they may seem to be."

Lilian Dillingham, the Yorkshire singer, who has had hundreds of concerts all up and down the Front and has sung to the soldiers under almost impossible conditions for the last three years, says, "I give them everything but patriotic songs. They want to hear about home, and love, and children. Especially children. I cannot give them too many songs and stories about their quaint sayings and doings. The men care for that even more than for love songs, which come second in the list of favorites."

Phyllis Neilson-Terry, who recites the short speech from Drake beginning "Men of England," and has done much recruiting work for the Navy League, is an actress who believes in the power of song. But she also believes in the power of a conscious cheerfulness throughout a national crisis and possesses the art of holding this balance in her work. "These are bad times," she says, "but," the old indomitable spirit that shines in the grey-blue eyes of the immortal Ellen Terry shines also through those of this younger darling of the gods—'but let us keep jolly in our work and in our thoughts, and we'll pull through."

AND then, on the other hand, there is the great appeal of pure patriotism in music. Nationalism in the best sense is strikingly illustrated in the songs of country used by such a conductor as Albert D. Ham, of Toronto, on his National Chorus Programme. "It comes from the Misty Ages," from "The Banner of St. George," by the English composer, Elgar; Tschaikowsky's noble "Prayer of the Russians," the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner," and "Oh, Canada," by a perfectly balanced splendid band of singers these are vehicles for the invocation of those vivid flashes of faith and zeal which build up the impregnable force of nations and lead

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach
The well-known American Composer

countries into battle with a song in the heart which is even more potent than the song on the lips.

In any city the introduction of orchestral concerts by a band of well-qualified musicians, native to the city in which they play, is a matter of importance. The very existence of such an organization means that the spirit of music is alive in that place. And so the re-appearance of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, after a silence of three seasons, means something that is more than local in its import.

Orchestral concerts should have the old support with a new element added, for after the war there is no doubt that we shall need music as a constructive force more than ever, that indeed this country of ours will begin to internalize herself (if I may coin a word) by developing her music.

It is said that just after the opening of the war, when England was beginning to realize that the Germans were everywhere, especially in music, one of the first ways of shaking off the yoke was to see to it that most of the orchestra leaders were English. I thought of that as I studied the personnel of the splendid band under the baton of that energetic Canadian, Frank S. Welsman, and saw that most of the players were native born or British. You would not think, to look at them, that there were many temperaments included in that group of men and women. But they can play! I have seldom heard a more exquisite rendering of Greig's haunting melody, "Solveg's Lament," or a more splendid series of pictures than those in the immortal "Pathetique" of Tschaikowsky's.

We need that orchestra, and an orchestra in Ottawa, in Montreal and in Vancouver, and one at least in the Maritime Provinces. And these should be endowed orchestras which can afford to give concerts at popular prices. The towns and the villages need this music more than they can realize.

JUST now one may seem to be agitating a forlorn cause. Who will help to endow orchestras when half the world is fighting for its very life? My friends, "nothing *is* but thinking makes it so." There are more thoughts of peace, more longings towards peace abroad in this troubled world than ever vibrated through the range of human feeling before. And peace means harmony.

What about brass bands for villages that do not yet aspire to that finer voice, the orchestra? They really built up the English school of music, by village brass bands. In certain sections of England one can ride thirty or forty miles on a Saturday and every mile or so you will come to a village that has its own band. It plays in a barn or a public house. It has forty to sixty members, and each member pays down a half a dollar week. They get a travelling musician to come and teach them, and they play all the modern English music. Then they have competition days. Fifty or sixty bands will meet in one of the villages and compete for a prize. The music lasts all day. It is really quite Greek. The prize is only nominal, but it is considered a great honor to win it. And all this is splendid for English composers. At least they have a chance of having their work tried out. And they sell their music. The brass bands build up a market for English music. Is not this a good way to arrive at an understanding at least of national composition?

Chorus singing also does much for the musical life of a nation. I fancy that the Mendelssohn Choir has brought Canada a wider fame than many of her material enterprises. Had it not been for the coming of the war, Canada would have had a triumphal march through the British Empire and part of Europe in this most perfect choir of mixed voices.

Canadian Artists and Their Work

A YOUNG Canadian artist who has been for long in the United States, but whose portrait work is scattered throughout Canada—Ottawa and Toronto being particularly lucky in this respect—is Edith Stevenson, whose name you often see on the cover pages of magazines, generally signed under some particularly entrancing study of child-life, in the delineation of which she is happiest. The illustration—a portrait study of a little New Yorker—is a delightful example of what work along this line might be, and generally is not.

Edith Stevenson is a born portrait painter because she possesses in a marked degree a sympathy almost mystic in its force, which alone leads to that understanding that can reproduce the vivid moods of childhood. In other words, she has vision, which is a truly spiritual quality. It has been said that sincerity may find conventional truth, but sympathy alone points to individual truth, and in its genuine form is traceable to genius. When the two combine with technique and actuality, the result is creative genius.

Closely akin to actuality is swiftness. The portrait painter must give infinite transitions with an infinite rapidity. To seize and hold the almost lightning-like element of expression which, in quick gleams and withdrawals, suggests the soul of a man or woman, or the buoyant spirit of a child, is surely the secret of art.

This is the secret for which Edith Stevenson is distinguished.

* * *

BY all means the most interesting news from the Canadian art world at the present moment is the announced decision of the Government to send to the Front four of our own artists to obtain official records of the work of the Canadian troops; all information indeed that can be gathered into sketches, etchings, pictures of all sorts, the results to remain in the possession of the Government for the use of future historians, either in literature or on canvas, who will represent phases of the war. The artists will be given the military rank of Captains, and the fortunate four are C. W. Simpson, A.R.C.A., and Maurice Cullen, R.C.A., of Montreal, and J. W. Beatty, R.C.A., and Horsman Varley, of Toronto.

A CHILD PORTRAIT

I HAVE received an inquiry as to the whereabouts of the Canadian artist, Mary Riker Hamilton, who gave many exhibitions of oils and water colors throughout Canada some six years ago. Mrs. Hamilton had spent years abroad, several of her pictures being exhibited at the Salon in Paris. The last that I heard of the artist, she was painting portraits and garden pictures in Victoria, B.C., and was of the opinion that there is as much scope for the artist's brush in that soft western climate, with its wonderful rock gardens, its winter roses, and golden gorse as in the time-haunted landscapes of Italy.

* * *

A CANADIAN artist well-known in New York, is Arthur Crisp, formerly of Hamilton, Ontario, who has made a specialty of interior decorations, his large murals in the Belasco Theatre and Lunettes at the Play House on 48th Street being specially notable, also the recent decoration of a hall in the Greenwich Settlement, a building used for instruction and amusement in the heart of the most Bohemian section of New York—Greenwich Village. Mr. Crisp believes that an important phase in modern art is mural decoration. In the days of Greece and Rome pictures were painted on the walls of men's homes. There is a world of suggestion in that fact. Travellers come from all over the world to see these old frescoes and we say, "Ah! but those Italian painters were great artists. To live with mediocrity upon one's walls would be a sad fate." I agree with Arthur Crisp on the point that genuine art need not be so high-priced if the artist were kept continually busy in his own line. The large, infrequent orders are to blame for inflated prices. American artists have done much recruiting. Mr. Crisp's poster for the Navy League was a feature of that work in New York.

* * *

HORATIO WALKER, the well-known painter, has an interesting work in hand, that of the compilation of a book of etchings, contributed by Canadian artists in New York for the benefit of the permanently disabled. He asserts that there are a sufficient number of our artists in Gotham to fill a large book of excellent contributions.

The Magpie's Nest

By ISABEL PATTERSON

Illustrated by Mary Essex

THEY strolled back to the hotel and dined, sufficiently if not luxuriously, on the verandah. Moths fluttered around the lamp, which was hardly needed. The sun had gone down, its lingering fires in the West dying slowly. There was no moon. The air remained soft, and yet had a salty tang.

"Listen to the waves," said Hope, leaning her chin on her hands and leaving her coffee neglected. "I am going down to talk to them. They've just been to Europe." He insisted on taking all the available wraps, and followed her. The sun was settling down, and the tide was coming in again, murmurously musical; the soft swish of her feet and the edge of her gown seemed an overtone of a great muted symphony.

They shared his tweed topcoat, spread on the ground, and she was silent, her chin on her hands again, her profile palely indistinct, looking out to sea, where was nothing visible. At last she moved, put down her hand. Hardly conscious of his own action, he laid his over it.

"I told you—" she began, her voice uncertain, soft, the voice one might expect from that little indistinct white face which was yet warm to his gaze. "This is—silly."

"You said—we should be—"

"No— I didn't mean— What did you say?"

"I don't know," he said quietly, as if it were just then out of his power to interrogate himself, retrace time and recall what had been.

"Friends," she said, as if she were questioning something, not themselves. And again, as he did not answer, and she felt herself swayed by some invisible force and there pressed on her heart the knowledge that to take her hand from his would destroy the strange beauty of the night and mar the rhythm of the little lapping waves and cover her with loneliness and the dark, she cried out softly: "You were talking nonsense— And this is—foolishness!"

"No," he said. "I wasn't—I will do anything you say." But he put his arms about her, not closely, but just so she was aware of their restrained strength. She remembered the smooth, powerful play of his shoulders, how the muscles rippled and flexed under her hand, when he swam in with her. And the stark reality of him, the sense of him as flesh and blood instead of the sublimated figure out of an old tale that she had loved in Tony Yorke, took her breath. She was no longer safe behind the veil of her own illusions, a Princess of the Glass Tower, ardent only in imagination, cold to her lover's lips. Seeing Nick human, she must needs see herself also in the same case; and she knew that if she would make the venture, as she had that afternoon, she had no just right to look to him for help— Even if he were stronger—and why should he be?— For the tide had them again; she felt it; it drew her with that implacable, irresistible ease. The waves were sharply sweet, closing over her head, as they reached hands to one another and felt the flood engulf them. Whether they kissed or not, they hardly knew.

"Ah, no, no," she cried again, but it was to herself she spoke, close against his shoulder. "I am sorry—what did we say—?"

The word was magic to unlock his clasp. "Don't be sorry—my fault—I'll go now—" So much she heard, and without his touching her, she could feel him call on all his healthy young strength, gathering himself up tensely to breast the tide again. He would go away, if she said he must—if she would send him away—

For the space of a heart beat, her brain was clear as crystal, and she saw the forfeit, and the gain, as if they had been held in either hand. Nothing impalpable, remote, no stuff of dreams, but the commonplace essentials of life from day to day, were in the balance now. Would she put in pawn the countenance of the world, order, freedom of all small things, for—this—. The blood flowed hot to her heart. The prudence that would draw back and bargain now, when she had been so lavish for the tinsel imitation, struck her as contemptible.

"Oh-h-h," she said, the word spilling into a little laugh, "what does it matter what we said? I forget—?" She held out both her hands to him, and to life, seizing her immortal moment without fear.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE Chinese have a naive way of calling their children by some derogatory nickname, during their tender years, thus pretending before the gods that the treasure of their hearts lies elsewhere. We laugh at this, but sometimes imitate it.

Hope, her head bent over her drawing-board, appeared to be entirely absorbed in her work. If she admitted any extraneous thought, it was for other material affairs. She did not feel well. She had got a chill from her belated swim. She had hated rising that morning, and came home with unspeakable relief. She felt very cold all day, and now a burning languor possessed her. But the day's work must be finished. A natural tenacity and single-mindedness, which amounted almost to stupidity, helped her to concentrate. There was nothing in her attitude that indicated she might be waiting for anything or anyone.

Hope opened the door and then leaned against the wall. Nick noticed that first. "What is the matter, dear? Are you sick?"

Yet, when the doorbell rang, she sprang up instantly, and went rather unsteadily but quickly down the hall. Mrs. Hassard was out. Hope opened the door, and then leaned against the wall. Nick noticed that first.

"What's the matter, dear?" he asked. "Are you sick?"

"Tired," she said, watching him with that curious tentative look he had come to know. He looked down the hall first, and then without words picked her up and carried her back to her room with the greatest ease. As if that served instead to tell her what she sought to know, she broke into laughter.

"Heap big Injun," she remarked approvingly. "For a little man, that is."

"Ha!" he said, ferociously, "a little man, am I? You snippet—apologize!" He put her up on his shoulder and she wound her fingers in his hair and drummed on his chest with her heels. One of her shabby blue satin slippers fell off.

"For a mejum-sized man," she amended meekly. "Lemme down; I'm a sick woman." So he laid her on the couch in a careful bundle, picked up the slipper, and put it on with a kiss.

"All worn out," she said thoughtfully. "Look; my toe is coming out of the other one." He struck an operatic attitude, and sang, in a tragic baritone:

"My God, my God, your little feet are frozen!"

"What is that charming bit?" she enquired mirthfully.

"Rodolphe's song—or is it Marcel's? Very free translation. Never seen La Boheme? We must go some time. To appreciate La Boheme, of course, you've got to have lobster and champagne afterward; we'll do that too. Not to-night, no?"

"Please, nothing to-night," she said. "Let's be devilish and play seven-up for pennies. Nick, have you got a lobster and champagne income?"

"No, dear, I haven't," he said candidly. "I have only my paltry stipend from the Cornwall Motor Works, and a rich uncle whose health is positively irritating. But I have enough—more than enough for one," he said hastily. "Hope, is there anything—do you want—?"

She did not seem to hear him.

The Cornwall Motor Works made high-power engines of all kinds, but chiefly marine engines of the smaller types, for motor boats and such craft. Nick sold them, or demonstrated, or did whatever was required of him. Sometimes he drove in motor-boat or motor-car races, but only incidentally. (It always made Grace very angry). He was well liked; he knew himself marked for promotion if he worked for it; and lately, without explaining to himself just why, he had worked for it. He liked machinery; he liked anything that would go.

"Won't you hand me my drawing things and a cushion; I have a little bit of work to do," said Hope.

"I hate to see you work when you're sick," he said gloomily, doing her bidding.

"Well," she said with assumed carelessness, "You won't, for a week or two. I am to have a rest, the doctor told me. And I told my editor."

"The doctor?" He pounced on the word. "You are ill. What else did he say?"

"Nothing else. I've got a low fever; I knew that anyway; and nerves. Don't look so horrified; it's about equivalent to chickenpox. Change of climate, I daresay."

She was quite as much concerned about what her editor had not said as over what the doctor did say. Kennard had not been sorry to lay her off; that was too plain. Something with more "punch" in it; that was what they all wanted. Heaven alone knew what the imbecile phrase meant, and she would have to find out. No doubt it could be done, but the immediate prospect was not comforting. Her mind was as sluggish as her limbs; it refused to be spurred to fresh efforts, or even to keep the old pace.

"You stay in bed," Nick commanded, "till you're perfectly well.

"And let the ravens feed me?" she enquired.

"Certainly; I've got a herd of trained ravens," he said. "Look here, Hope, have you got plenty of money?" He spoke very fast.

"Yes," she said cheerfully, "lots." She made a mental reckoning; she could afford to stop work for what seemed a long time, in prospect; ample time to recover in.

"I hate to see you sick," he said again, with some indignation at the powers that be.

"Oh, I don't mind," she said absently. "Not for a few days; it's rather luxurious. I'm sure that under more favorable circumstances I should be a confirmed malade imaginaire. But don't let me be a nuisance to you."

He caught up her hands and held them against his heart.

"Don't," he said. "Don't laugh at me. I—love you."

When he said that, her laughter went quickly enough. She was afraid to hear it. She was afraid of vows, of all the spoken ritual, the winged words that return as arrows from the bow of wrath when the cord of faith is loosed. Therefore, inconsistently, she had made a vow, herself, to let each day be sufficient unto itself. Her sense of humor must have been dormant just then. It should have reminded her that of the three parties concerned, only one had said anything at all about this preposterous contract, and that one herself.

BUT what he was vaguely afraid of was that she was going to get away from him. She had run away once, from the beach. And she did not seem able to explain why. That was simple enough, too. She thought he might be sorry again, or that he would expect her to be nursing regret. If she had laughed at him a little afterward, that was not surprising. He had fallen into such hopeless confusion on finding her again in town. Any human woman would have laughed at him. Besides, it helped her to her own balance. But now, when he waited exposed to her shafts, the tears came in her eyes too, and she drew his head down into her arms, with a soft crooning sound. They whispered, in the immortal "little language" of lovers, until Hope recalled herself to duty.

"Now," she remarked patiently, "you will please get my pad. And a cushion. And my pencil. Thanks. You may go on talking, if you won't expect me to listen. Or do you want to read a book?"

"Grace is in town," he answered irrelevantly. "Will you be well enough to come to lunch, or tea, or something, this week, and meet her? As soon as you're better, I should like you to. I must go and see her."

"Humph?" said Hope. "Oh yes, any time. Well, why don't you go and see her?"

"I will to-morrow." Somehow he felt a premonition that Grace would scold him. "I'll tell her to be ready for an exclusive little party."

"Exclusive little party," repeated Hope mechanically. "Oh, shut up, Nick. How can I work? Yes, I know I told you to go on talking, but you shouldn't pay any attention to me."

"I won't," he said. "I'll talk all I want to." Having thus declared his independence, he was silent, glancing at Hope surreptitiously from time to time, as if he feared his thoughts might be overheard. He had matter for thought.

Her small but extremely capable looking hands held his gaze. They were so sure and quick.

"Hope," he said at last, "where is your wedding ring?"

"I threw it away," she said briefly, without looking up.

"Did you feel like that?" he asked.

She nodded.

He did not speak again for along time. Did she still feel like that?

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The Magpie's Nest

(*Continued from page 15*)

When she finished her drawing, they did play cards, but at ten o'clock she declared she could sit up no longer. First she rubbed out two wrinkles on his forehead, but they came back as soon as he was out of her sight. She heard him speaking to Mrs. Hassard for a time, though their words were indistinguishable. Very wearily and slowly she crept into bed. The thought of going out in the morning for breakfast was wearisome.

It was no more cheerful to contemplate when morning came and she waked from a long heavy feverish sleep. So she lay still, watching the shadow shift on the blind. She was not in the least hungry. Why not wait for lunch? Someone knocked.

"Here's your breakfast," said Mrs. Hassard. "And Mr. Carter said to tell you not to go out to-day, and he'll come up and see about your dinner."

"What?" said Hope stupidly. Mrs. Hassard repeated her remarks in a matter of fact tone. Hope blinked, and tried to think. Nick and dinner appeared with evening. She was dressed, she meant to scold him, but forgot. Her head was heavy, and it was so delightful to have him. He made her feel comfortable. She tried to remember that this would not last. She was in love; and she knew the end of that, by experience. But it did not seem to matter. Only by and bye, she managed to ask:

"What do you suppose Mrs. Hassard thinks?"

It was not that she cared for anyone's opinion for itself, but she was in Mrs. Hassard's house. Nick only remarked soothingly:

"I wouldn't worry about that; I talked to her." He added to himself: "Mrs. Hassard won't think at all, as long as she gets paid promptly."

CHAPTER XXIV.

AND it was true that so far as it could be avoided, Mrs. Hassard did not think. What milk of human kindness had not dried in her long since in the arid wastes of "furnished rooms" went out to Hope when she perceived her lodger was really ill. But this was probably because no active exercise of benevolence was required of her. Nick took it off her hands, and Mrs. Hassard was glad to let him do it. And Hope did not look very ill. Mrs. Hassard thought her lucky.

She could get about most of the time, when her fever was at the ebb. When it burned up higher, the flush it lent her concealed her growing thinness. She spent most of her time lying, banked up with pillows, on her meagre couch, with a rug over her feet, her eyes half closed, her thoughts shuttling between her old day dreams and flickering visions of an equally fantastic future. Sometimes she would doze, and wake again feeling hot and oppressed, with a reminiscent touch of dread, as if some black pit had opened at her feet in a dream. She had time enough to weigh her affairs, perhaps to be sorry; but she did neither at first. Perhaps the fever would not permit her to think coldly, though none of her fancies even verged on delirium; it was only her old inconsequence and impracticality of mind. So one day after another went by, in a curious timeless manner. She dieted on milk because it saved the trouble of eating; she pretended to read sometimes, and would close the book in the middle of a sentence. And every few days she would steal out of doors, and come back weakly, with a defeated look, unable to face the cold and the barren inhospitable streets.

After awhile, though the lassitude grew on her, her mind began to struggle with it, in the manner of one gagged and bound when freedom is an immediate necessity. Being ill was a kind of release from a troublesome world, at first. It grew to be an imprisonment.

She had never been ill, or at least not helpless, in her life. It appeared to her in the light of a cowardly stratagem, robbing her of her legitimate weapons. Life had no conception of immediate justice, so far as she could see; it might be immediately cruel, or boundlessly generous, but always unfair from the standpoint of to-day. She had said in her heart that she could do without the world, without anyone or anything; in the end, of course, she expected to do without love too, and therefore without Nick. This was as if some mocking power should hold her and say, "Yes, but first taste and see if you like the brew." It is easier to reject the world than to have it reject oneself. She wanted her work, anyway! And where was her independence of Nick, and of to-morrow? She could not walk, and he carried her in his arms, metaphorically; as he had done literally. So her thoughts fretted about in a circle.

And as the days stretched into weeks, and the New Year came and went, the oppression that haunted her in dreams

(*Continued on page 42*)

Those Letters from the Front

And Other Matters Dear to the Hearts of Mothers

By JEAN BLEWETT

THERE is going to be great rejoicing when the victory is won and Johnny comes marching home, but how we are going to miss those letters from the front! "Oh," says one mother, "we will have our boys, we won't need letters, a boy in the arms is worth a dozen letters on the way." All the same, we are going to miss the "nearness" of those epistles, the heart to heart confidences, the love making, the tenderness, which only absence and danger can evoke in a real boy, the tip-toe expectancy with which we waited for them, the strange seriousness, the touch of concealed pathos and homesickness, the freedom, the fun. And they are fond of fun, these sunny subalterns of ours.

A letter just received from one who was allowed to spend his holidays in Paris has this joke: "I met a wealthy American in the lobby of the hotel who told me the City of the Seine was the greatest place for tipping he had yet been in. 'This hat,' said he, 'has cost me ten dollars in tips already. When I hear people discussing what is or is not the most important event in the history of Paris I don't say anything out loud, but I tell myself that so far as financial prosperity is concerned, I should say the discovery of America by old Christopher Columbus was the making of this here City on the Seine.'"

The echo of the lad's laugh reached all the way here—just as the echo of all he does or says reaches here. There is a jubilant chant, set to an hilarious air, and mothers only dare to sing it in their hearts. But it rings gloriously out in that sacred quarter.

"When Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah! hurrah!
The old church bells will peal with joy,
You're welcome home, my own dear boy!
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home!"

Mother's Birthday Present

DAD and Boy were on a shopping expedition. So was the Man who owned the earth. It just happened that the pressure of the crowd made the three neighbors for a short space. Dad had been too busy earning his ample (!) wage of fifteen dollars a week to get acquainted with his employer, but Boy knew him at a glance—Boy knew lots of things that Dad didn't.

"Hang on to your pay envelope," he chuckled, "the man that owns the earth is on your trail."

But they wasted no time on him. With the nicest woman in the world to be provided with a worth-while birthday present, and only the noon hour in which to do the purchasing, they were a busy pair.

"I've got sixty-five cents saved up," crowed Boy. "Put this to your dollar eighty and we've how much, Dad?" The bigger boy (which was exactly what Dad was), counted on the fingers of his right hand, from which he had drawn a clumsy mitten that the coast between him and his calculations might be quite clear. "Two dollars and forty-five cents," he announced proudly.

"Great on figures, aint you, Dad? Hope I take after you."

"Just so—so," in a burst of modesty. "But, I say, what'll we buy for your Ma?"

"Seems to me a brooch'd be just about the proper caper," hazarded Boy.

Dad disagreed. "How about a little cute shawl for her shoulders? Our kitchen ain't any too warm nights and mornings, and—"

"Silk shawl, of course," interrupted Boy quickly.

"Silk's chilly stuff," argued Dad gently, "no wear in it either. I was thinkin' a neat black wool or—"

"Red's a nicer color," cried Boy, "and warmer."

Dad noted the tremble of disappointment. "All right, sir, red it is," he agreed cheerily. "And if Ma ain't took completely by surprise, I miss my guess."

"She'll be proud 's a peacock. I tell you, Dad, if she had fine dresses, and—and beads and back-combs, and such, wouldn't she be a peach, eh, what?"

Doing a little dance of triumph he trod upon the man who owned the earth. "Now that there's two of us earning wages," up went his head, "it looks to me as if everyone must be envying us—even the man that owns the earth." Then in what he vainly thinks is a whisper, "There he is, take a squint at him, Dad. Grouchy looking piece, if you ask me."

Dad indulged in the fleetest, most furtive of glances. "Peevish," was his summing up. "Seems to me if I knowed our little home was clear of debt, that sick or well there was no mortgage on my day's work, so to speak, I'd be kicking up my heels like a colt."

A picture of docile Dad cavorting around in such manner made Boy laugh till he cried. "You're such fun!" he gasped, "keep my ribs sore giggling."

"Comes natural as breathin' to me," boasted Dad and laughed too.

The man that owned the earth scowled at them. They did not know, how could they, that as he followed them to the shawl counter he was envying them their comradeship, that as he stood there, prosperous, successful—but alone, he was telling his other self, his human self, "Money isn't everything. It must make a man feel big to have a boy of his own prancing at his heels, pulling him seven ways for Sundays, telling him all he knows and more too, laughing at him and with him. 'Now that there's two if us,' that's what the young beggar said. Life must be worth while to the man with a boy of his own. I'll raise his wages, yes I will, you needn't argue. Mind's made up."

"It ain't as if we hadn't good times to look forward to," Dad's jubilant voice came floating back, "heaps of 'em." All undreaming of one good thing coming to him, the thing he had craved but never dared to hope for, "a raise," he laid a mittened hand on Boy's shoulder and drew him toward the door.

The crowd parted deferentially to let the man who owned the earth pass out. "You lucky beggar!" he muttered, his eyes on Dad. "You lucky beggar!"

Mother's Girl—At the Awkward Age

HAS it ever struck you that we mothers can be mean, downright mean, to our girls who are at the ugly duckling stage of development?

"I'm not making Ruth a new dress for spring. What's the use? Nothing looks decent on her now that she has reached the awkward age."

Thus Ruth's maternal parent addresses her friends, careless of Ruth's presence and of her visible embarrassment.

I dislike the term "awkward age" and make no apology for saying so. "All hands and feet, she's at the awkward age, poor girl!" says one. "This is Jane. Her brothers call her 'Skinny,'" was the way her mother introduced her thirteen year old daughter to a caller. Adding, as the child's distress made itself evident, "There, there, you can't help it, my dear, we have all been through the awkward age."

There is no awkward age for anything so sweet and dear as these young growing things. Self conscious girls of twelve, thirteen, fourteen may be, but their bashfulness is becoming. If they seem awkward, it is because we have allowed them to be criticized, have laughed at them, teased them until they, sensitive, self-distrustful, feel like hiding their tender immaturity out of sight.

We ought to be ashamed of ourselves. We will be very proud of them when they grow into lovely swans, but we seem to take it for granted that in the meantime we may discuss their shortcomings callously. One of these poor wee women poured out her woes—real woes they were—to the Auntie she loved best.

"Awkward age! I hate it," she cried, "hate myself for being homely and long legged and muddy skinned and—and all that. I don't want the birthday party they're giving me. Jimmy Neal says I look a scarescrow, and I know I do in that awful short blue dress—anybody would!" Here the tears choked her.

Auntie let her have her cry out, then sought the mother. "I've come to tell you I'm giving up my Mother's Meetings for the poor women of the ward and intend forming a class among those of our own circle."

"What do you mean?" laughed the other.

"I mean business," came the answer. "I was at the so-called awkward stage myself, not so long ago, and know how unhappy a girl can be in the interim between childhood and girlhood. If you mothers haven't refinement enough to show your blessed growing babies every consideration, someone ought to take you in hand."

In this case, things turned out beautifully. The mother took to studying the fledgling with such good results that we pass the story along just as the maternal parent told it.

"First of all I disarmed her by showing how precious she really was to all of us, to me especially, being 'mother's last little girl.' By the time I had changed her fashion of hair dressing, drawn the straight locks out of her eyes and braided them into a pigtail, she was improved. She has beautiful brown eyes. Her complexion was still muddy, but seemed to clear as she grew happy and free. I paid attention to what she wore, and that helped. I gave the skimpy blue frock away and made her a soft one in cream, another in rose. Her duskiness made yellow, almost any shade of yellow, becoming. I cut out brown, which calls for creamy skin and dark eyes. Before long the Auntie who had read me the lesson was complimenting me. Better still, we have become chums, my little girl and I, and best of all she is happy as the day is long."

In a home near us is a dear little thing who blushes if you look at her. She is sullen in her sensitiveness, but loveable if let alone. She gave a garrulous visitor something to think about.

"Poor Gwendoline!" the visitor laughed. "I can remember how I used to squirm and wriggle when folks looked me over as if wondering at the size of my feet, plainness of my face and the general know-nothingness of my few remarks. You would like to skip the awkward age, wouldn't you?"

"I'd like to skip the people who keep talking about it," came the retort on the instant.

These daughters of ours, dear at any time, dearest of all perhaps when they begin to realize that they are growing into girlhood—and to glow at the thought!

A Royal Practitioner

QUEEN ELIZABETH of the Belgians is a fully qualified Doctor of Medicine. Some years ago she took her degree, after the usual course of hard study prescribed.

"Why give so much time and application to a profession which any other woman of ability can fill? Is it not enough to be a Queen?" enquired a close friend.

"I will answer your last question first," returned Queen Elizabeth. "To be a Queen is to be the mother of many people—and a perfect mother should be wise in all that goes to make her children happy and healthy. So I have become a doctor. Also I have asked the University not to term me the 'Queen-Doctor,' but the

St. Patrick's Day

There's an Isle, a green Isle set in the sea,
Here's to the Saint that blessed her!
And here's to the billows wild and free
That for centuries have caressed her!

Here's to old Ireland! Fair, I ween,
With the blue skies stretched above her!
Here's to her shamrock warm and green,
And here's to the hearts that love her!

JEAN BLEWETT.

Laugh Time Tales

"Life Without Laughing is a Dreary Blank"

Uneasy

IT was in a church yard. The morning sun shone brightly and the dew was still on the grass.

"Ah, this is the weather that makes things spring up," remarked a passer-by casually to an old gentleman seated on a bench.

"Hush!" replied the old gentleman. "I've got three wives buried here."

That Depends

NEW Arrival: And where do I go when this shelling business starts?

Sandy (late of the "Wee Kirk"): Laddie, that a' depends on your releegious opeenions.

Keep Going

"OFFICER, if I stay on this street will it take me to the Public Library?"

"Yis, mum. But not unless ye kape movin', mum."

Thanks for Nothing

"MONSIEUR Bord of Helt —I just get your notis that my licens to keep my cow has expire. I wish to inform you M'sieur Bord of Helt, that my cow she beat you to it—she expire t'ree week ago. Much oblige. Yours with respek. —Pete."

So Annoying

THE latest example of English as she is spoken comes from Egypt, where a native interpreter, who had overstayed his leave, wrote the following letter to his chief:

"My absence is impossible. Someone has removed my wife. My God, I am annoyed."

What's the Difference?

OFFICER: "I say—look here. I told you to go to Paddington, and you're going in the opposite direction."

Taxi-Driver: "Orl right—orl right! You're lucky to get a cab at all, instead of grumblin' abaht where yer wants ter go to!"

Safety First

VILLAGE Tactician: "Say what 'ee loike, Jarge, we won't never beat them Germans while we keep making our trenches in sich dangerous places!"

Righteous Wrath

OLD Gentleman (dictating an indignant letter): "Sir, my shorthand typist, being a lady, cannot take down what I think of you; I, being a gentleman, cannot say it; but you, being neither, can easily guess my thoughts."

Next!

THE story of the rival boot-makers, which appeared recently, is matched by a correspondent of an English paper with another story, equally old but equally worth repeating. It concerns two rival sausage-makers. Again, they lived on opposite sides of a certain street, and one day one of them placed over his shop the legend:

"We sell sausages to the gentry and nobility of the country."

The next day, over the way, appeared the sign:

"We sell sausages to the gentry and nobility of the whole country."

Not to be outdone, the rival put up what he evidently regarded as a final statement, namely:

"We sell sausages to the King."

Next day there appeared over the door of the first sausage-maker the simple expression of loyalty:

"God save the King."

Kindness

PRIVATE SIMPKINS had returned from the front, to find that his girl had been walking out with another young man, and naturally asked her to explain her frequent promenades in the town with the gentleman.

"Well, dear," she replied, "it was only kindness on his part. He just took me down every day to the library to see if you were killed."

Not There

"JUDGE," said Mrs. Staben to the magistrate who had recently come to board with her. "I'm particularly anxious to have you try this chicken soup."

"I have tried it," replied the magistrate, "and my decision is that the chicken has proved an alibi."

Extravagance!

AN English, Irish, and Scottish soldier were returning to camp after a stroll. They were footsore and tired, and a kindly farmer on his way home from market gave them a lift on the road.

The soldiers were very grateful and wished to reward the farmer for his kindness.

Said the Englishman: "Let's stand him a drink?"

"Sure," said Pat, "that is agin the law. Let's give him some bacty!"

"Hoot, ma laddies!" interjected the Scot. "Don't be extravagant. Let's shake hands with the mon and wish him good nicht."

Camouflage!

Tommy, who has heard of camouflage, trying to divert a spanking to a part protected by a baseball mask.

From "London Punch"

Mother—"Good gracious! That's not your new hat?"
Nancy—"Well, Mother, you know I said it wouldn't wear well."
Mother—"I remember no such thing."
Nancy—"Don't you remember I said—'First time that hat's sat on, it's done for?'"

Why Pay More?

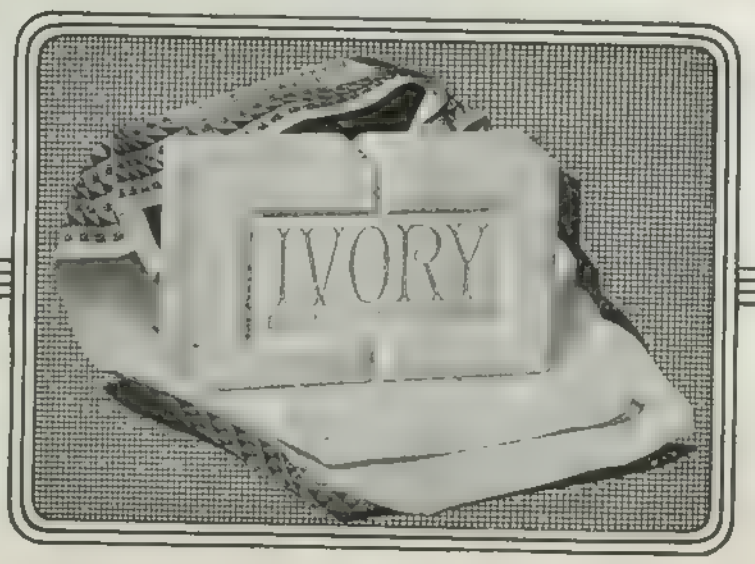
Ivory Soap could not be made better if it were made to your order at 5 dollars a cake. It is made of the choicest materials. It is made so carefully that it contains no free alkali or unsaponified oil. It is as good soap as you can buy, no matter what you pay.

IVORY SOAP

IT FLOATS

99 44/100 % PURE

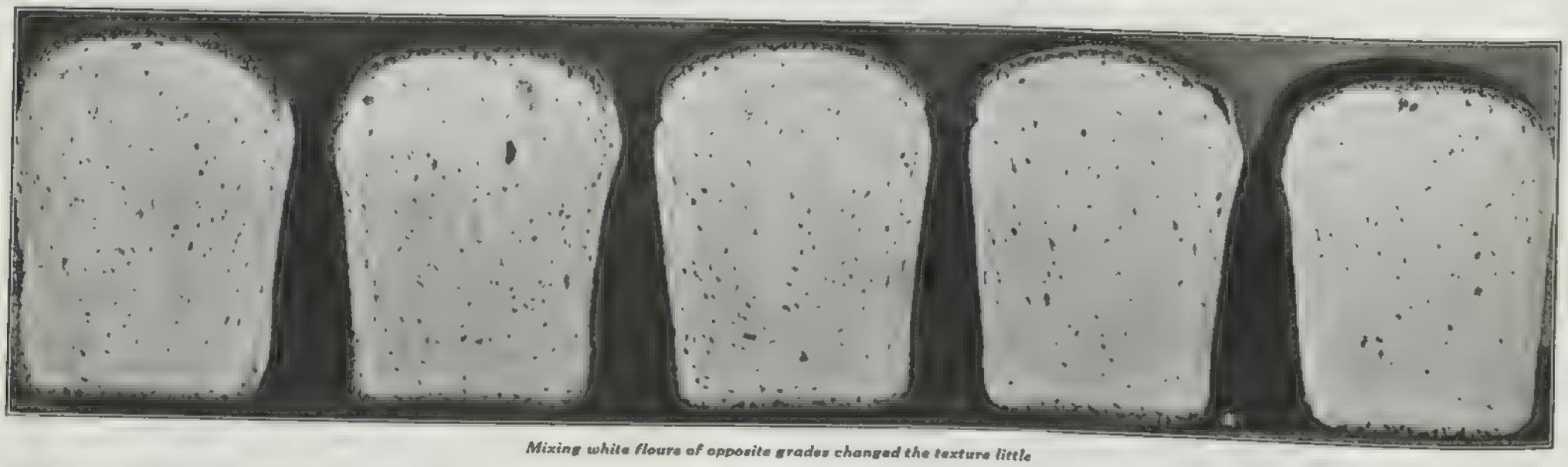
Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada



Making the Most of Available Flours

Adapting the New Grades to Practical Recipes

By KATHERINE M. CALDWELL, B.A.



Mixing white flours of opposite grades changed the texture little

WAR FLOUR for Canada has been a possibility for some time; it is now a fact. The Government has decreed that our flour must contain more of each grain of wheat that is milled—the meaning of the term, "higher extraction." Only a part of the wheat grain is converted into white flour, the remainder being sold as bran and as cattle feed. The new ruling calls for at least seventy-four pounds of flour from each one hundred pounds of wheat, instead of about seventy-two pounds, which has hitherto been the usual average. A mill that formerly turned out high, medium, and low grade flours must now run them all together.

Now, while this means that a little more of the wheat berry is used, it by no means ordains the milling of a graham or brown flour.. In appearance, the new flour is just a trifle darker—a more creamy tone. Rubbed between the fingers, there is little appreciable difference between it and the patent white flours to which we have become accustomed, although there is a little added coarseness to the grain of the new flour. In flavor, there is little difference, and the nutritive value remains much the same.

The necessity for this flour measure is its sole and sufficient reason. Canada has held the record amongst all the countries of the world for the highest per capita consumption of wheat. That is a distinction which we are by no means anxious to maintain, in these days of wheat-need across the sea. Our average consumption rate of nine bushels per capita each year should be reduced in 1918 to five and two-fifths bushels.

The "higher extraction" measure is intended to help effect this reduction. Two pounds more of flour from each hundred weight of wheat may not impress us from the standpoint of a single bag of flour. But based on the estimate of our wheat-crop of last year—215,000,000 bushels, or 12,900,000,000 pounds—we see a guarantee of 258,000,000 pounds more flour.

In Our Own Kitchen

THIS looks most reasonable and beneficent, thinks the patriotic woman. But—"just what does it mean when reduced to terms of *baking* and *me*—of a new flour and an old recipe?

This uncertainty is very general and has had in some instances the lamentable effect of enticing people to put in a supply of the old flour that is out of all proportion to their immediate needs.

A woman can scarcely commit a more glaring breach of loyalty to-day than by hoarding food. It is second only to the sin of wasting food.

In the case of flour it is as unnecessary as it is unpatriotic. As confidence in the new flour spreads, the few instances where uneasiness led to the laying in of large supplies are being revealed as foolish to the hoarders; should the rumoured government inspection be put into effect, exposure will add shame to the sense of personal inadequacy that failure to do their part will have instilled.

Old Grades and New

THERE will still be flours so blended that they will answer the various needs for home baking. Some brands were already maintaining a high extraction percentage, and will not be greatly affected—the so-called single-stream flour, where only one grade of flour was milled from selected wheat of a particular class.

There will also be the various flours adapted to special uses. Whether a flour be milled from hard wheat or soft, as a bread flour or a pastry flour, or whether it be produced from a blend of wheats, as an all-round flour, it will be regulated in just the same way. Instead of a miller making several grades of flour from the same class of wheat, he must now make only one grade from that class—a flour that will retain seventy-four per cent. of the wheat.

The actual quality of the material that goes into the flour, the careful selection and testing of the wheat, and the utmost science used in its conversion into flour—

A hand mill in your own home will provide war flours of many kinds

differ not at all from the old standards. Canadian patent flours have built up a very fine reputation abroad as well as at home, and the flour that is produced in accordance with necessary war-time standards is naturally going to be as good flour as expert millers can turn out.

Adapting To Our Own Uses

THE new flours will be richer in gluten, as one effect of milling more of the wheat. As gluten is the substance that gives the dough its stick-togetherness, a little less manipulation will be in order, to avoid giving a too-elastic texture or making the product "tough." Just a trifle less liquid has been advocated in some cases, as well as speeding up the mixing and handling; other millers advocate a slight increase in the liquids used, so this point will be governed by the character of the flour to which you have been accustomed.

For the most part, it seems advisable to use just a little more yeast than before, or in any case, to allow a longer time for the same to rise.

One's own cooking intelligence will quickly point out any slight change in the results one is accustomed to get. Every woman has her own little "ways." her own small variations of procedure, and will make her own adaptations in using the new grade flours and the "wheat-savers" such as cornmeal, rye, barley and oatmeal.

The illustration at the top of this page visualizes the difference in the size and texture of loaves made from various mixtures of wheat flours. The experiments were made with two grades of flour—a special low-grade flour and a high-patent flour (the best white flours we have been using). The two grades were mixed in varying proportions as follows:

The first loaf, following from left to right, is made entirely of high-patent flour; the second is three-quarters patent flour and one-quarter low-grade flour; the third is half-and-half; the fourth has only one-quarter high-patent flour and the fifth has none of it, but is made entirely of the low-grade product.

There is obviously not a great deal of difference to be observed in the texture of the loaves—all of which were made by exactly the same method, with no attempt to vary it to get the best results from the changed materials. Analysis showed just what we would expect—more moisture, ash and fat as the proportion of low-grade flour increased and less of the carbo-hydrates that are so high in the patent flour.

So it is with the new stream of flour from all our mills—there will be a little more ash and fat, a little less starch in them, far more of the bran is included, which is richer in all but the starch element. But the texture of our loaves will not differ greatly, especially after a trial or two has demonstrated the sameness and the difference to be observed.

Using Mixed Flours

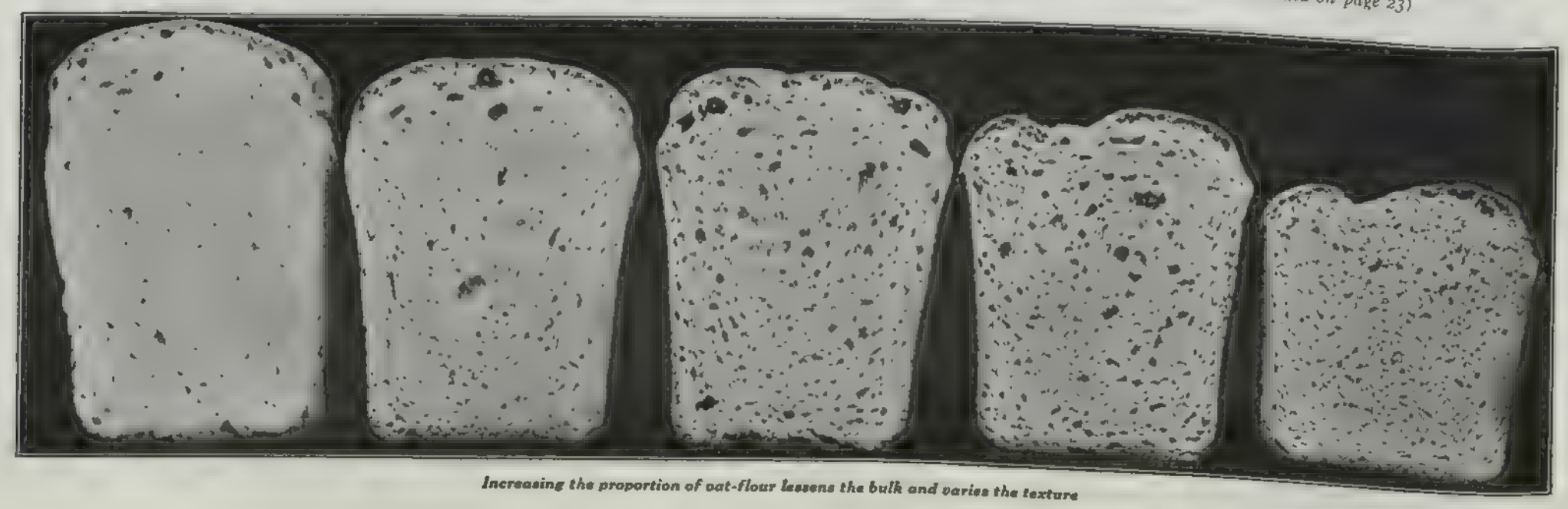
SINCE wheat conservation began, we have become increasingly familiar with corn and oatmeals, whole wheat, graham, rye and barley flours, bran, buckwheat, rice and potatoes as substitutes—in fact, these products are so fast making a new place for themselves that they may blot out the idea that they stand as substitutes for anything, fixing rather a new staple value of their own.

They may be used in proportions anywhere from 25 per cent. to 75 per cent. of white flour, but one-quarter to one-third substitute is most liked and offers an infinite variety of palatable breads for our consideration.

The illustration at the bottom of this page shows the apparent effect of mixing oat flour (or oatmeal ground very fine) with a high patent flour. The mixture of wheat and oats is a peculiarly happy one, as each complements the other so markedly—the oats being higher in ash, fats and protein, the wheat dominating in gluten and carbo-hydrate value (starch). The proportions used are different to those in the all-wheat breads first mentioned —the oats are increased 10 per cent. in each loaf, beginning with the second, so that the small loaf at the end contains forty per cent. oat flour to sixty per cent. wheat. It is smaller, owing to the diminishing amount of the wheat gluten present.

Judicious mixture, therefore, holds out all sorts of beckoning possibilities to the ingenious cook. More or less liquid as the flour may dictate; more or less yeast,

(*Continued on page 23*)



Increasing the proportion of oat-flour lessens the bulk and varies the texture

What Do You Know About a Bank Account?

By ELIZABETH CLARE

NOW that women find themselves graduating from the housekeeping-allowance class, and are in so many cases facing the responsibility of taking charge of their own and their husbands' property (entailing rents, insurance, taxes and mortgages), or the task of administering an estate or even an income, from the soldier-husband, many of them have awakened to the fact that they do not know the A B C's of a banking account.

You will find that the opening and running of a bank account are in themselves most easy matters and they greatly simplify all one's financial transactions thereafter. It gives you a desirable feeling of security to know that your funds are in safe keeping, and that you have formed an alliance, as it were, with an institution wise in the ways of finance and strengthened by steel vaults and the great sagacity of experience.

So first, choose your bank.

This is both easy and important. Go to a branch of one of the big, established, sound, national banking institutions - don't meddle with small private concerns that offer inducements in the way of higher interest or personal friendship.

The next thing to decide is whether the account shall be savings or current. If you have much business to transact, many cheques to draw each month, the latter is preferable. The savings account provides the gratification of accumulated interest which is added to the amount on deposit every six months; but it has the disadvantage of limited chequing rights—say five cheques a month—and does not grant the privilege of having your cheques returned at the end of every month. On the other hand, the current account need only show a respectable average balance and may be chequed on as much as desired. At the end of the month, if you sign a slip verifying the amount of your balance, you can get your cheques from the bank. Each one is your unquestionable receipt for money paid.

Most banks supply their customers with pass-books, but in the main offices it has been found advisable to issue "statements" of each individual account at the first of every month. For this reason, it is really more satisfactory to have one's accounts at a branch of a large bank.

Opening an Account

YOUR bank and department decided upon, it remains but to don your bonnet and shawl, take your deposit—whether it be in the form of cash, a cheque in your favor, or a money order—and refuse to be a bit awed as you pass through the bank's doors. You come to do business, not to ask a favor, risking a refusal. The bank is cordially disposed toward you—you are its valued customer.

If the branch is a fairly large one, there will be a manager, and several clerks. Approach the desk that bears the sign "Ledger" and signify your desire to open an account, stating whether savings or current, or asking advice on that point if you need it. You will, in return, be asked for your full name, your business and residence addresses, your occupation and a specimen of your signature, which is in future on file as the ledger-keeper's guide.

The amount of your deposit will be entered in a pass-book by the ledger keeper, and all subsequent withdrawals and deposits will be posted, whenever you present your book to be "made up."

To preserve a perfect record of all moneys put in the bank, it is advisable to keep a separate book one's self, and each time a deposit is made in the bank, the items of that deposit should be put in the little personal book under the proper date, with details of the deposit—whether cheques or cash made up the amount and, what was the source of the money, i.e., "allowance," "rent from cottage," etc. In the case of out-of-town cheques, exchange, generally calculated at the rate of 1/8 of 1 per cent. should be deducted—the bank will charge that percentage.

Probably the most important point in running a bank account is in assiduously keeping the indispensable stub up to date. Cheque books may be had in which the cheques are numbered, or unnumbered and in the latter case it is wise to number them one's self. In filling out the stub, see that the number corresponds with the number on the cheque—then duplicate the information of the cheque, viz., date, in whose favor, and the amount. On the stub, there is a space in which to fill the balance of money in the bank which you have not chequed against; then a space in which to put any deposit you may have made—then a space for the total of your credit. The next space is for the amount of the cheque being made and the balance which is to be carried forward to the next stub.

Filling Out the Cheque

AS for the cheque itself, the date must not be ahead of time—the word "bearer" which is on most cheques, should be crossed out and "order" written above, so that no one but the person in whose favor the cheque is drawn, may cash it without the proper endorsement. When the cheque is made out to "cash," this measure is not necessary, as the holder of the cheque may cash it without question.

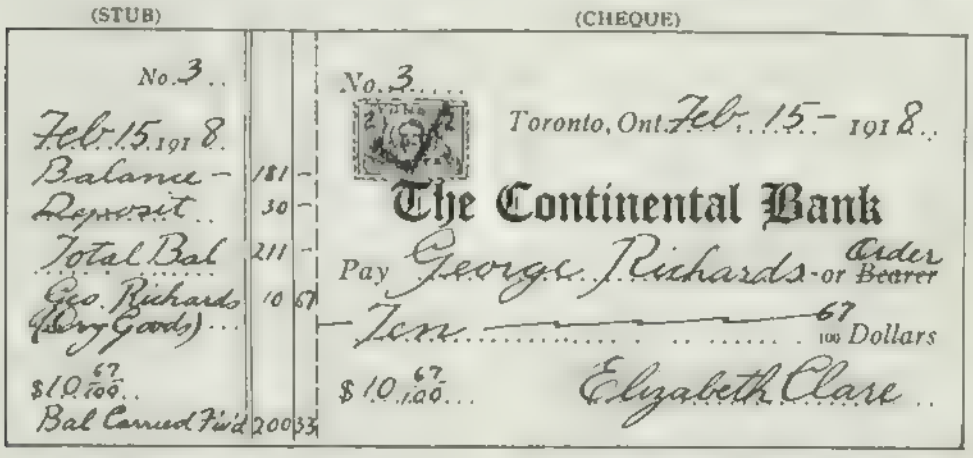
The amount of dollars should be clearly written out on the next line, the cents placed above the 100, and a line drawn from the edge of the cheque to where the amount begins, and from where it ends to the sign 100. Then the amount should be written numerically after the $ sign, and the number of cents placed above the 100. The cheque should lastly be signed in the same way as the specimen signature given to the bank. If any change is made in the cheque, it should be initialled.

Every cheque must be endorsed by the person in whose favor it is drawn, whether the cheque is being deposited or cashed; that is, the name of the payee should be written across the back of the cheque. Never endorse a cheque until you are ready to negotiate it, however, because if lost, it could then be cashed by anyone.

If you have occasion to cash a cheque in a strange branch, you must be identified by someone whom the bank knows. This measure, which the bank demands, protects the holder of the cheque and is really most reasonable, nor is it a reflection upon you to have the teller telephone the branch on which the cheque is drawn, to ascertain if it is good. He is simply following the usual routine of business, taking the proper precautions long established as necessary and advantageous.

If one finds it necessary to seek an accommodation from the bank, the loan must be secured by the endorsement of some one of assured financial standing, or by acceptable security, such as real estate, that is, unencumbered by mortgages, marketable bonds and some stocks. A note may be made to fall due one or more days after date and there are always "three days grace" added to the term of the note. Most banks prefer their notes to run for a month, then to be renewed for a reduced amount.

And lastly, don't forget that your banker will be glad to help you with information and advice. The manager of a bank has usually had an all-round experience and he has a well-developed sense of values. No matter how small your problem, he will probably find time to give you some advice—not, of course, for you to follow blindly, but to give you the added knowledge of the banker's view-point.



Strength

Life's greatest assets are Health and Strength and without these existence becomes intolerable.

The Human Body, under the best of conditions, is a fragile structure, easily susceptible to climatic conditions, over-heating, exertion, mental and physical emotions. This subject requires constant attention if health and strength are to be continually maintained. The most sensible method of preserving health is to consume food which produces it. The food which produces health is that which contains Carbo-Hydrates, Proteins and Fats. COCOA is a palatable liquid food containing, when mixed with milk, all these necessary substances in a form that is not injurious to the weakest digestion. For the easiest and most pleasurable way to obtain just the right kind of nourishment the body needs, drink Cocoa. For the best and quickest results drink Cowan's Perfection Cocoa.

COWAN'S COCOA—

"Perfection Brand" Purest and Best

Remember, for the best and surest results order this brand.

B-32

One Egg and One Extra Level Spoonful of EGG-O Baking Powder

EXPERT cooks have proven that this is the solution of the egg question. Careful tests have shown that there is no loss in the quality or deliciousness of food prepared the Egg-O way.

THE necessity for war-time economy makes it most desirable for every housewife to use Egg-O Baking Powder. Less Egg-O is required and the results are better.

HOME-MADE bread and cakes are vastly superior to the baker's, both in taste and food value. Every housewife knows this but many hesitate, fearing failure.

EGG-O is so sure that it practically eliminates the possibility of failure. If you don't bake regularly you will enjoy the Egg-O way. If you are an expert you will appreciate the quality of Egg-O Baking Powder.

GET a tin from your grocer with your next order. Buy the pound size or larger—it's much cheaper.

Send for our free recipe book.

The Egg-O Baking Powder Company, Limited

Hamilton - Ontario

DON'T YOU KNOW

that you can soon get rid of the agony of chapped hands by using Zam-Buk. Mrs. William Elstone, of Haliburton, Ont., writes:—

"Last winter my hands were very badly chapped. I used a lot of different so-called remedies, but my hands only seemed to get worse. Finally I tried the great herbal healer—Zam-Buk—which completely healed them."

Mrs. M. A. Bateson, of Souris, Man., writes:—"I have used Zam-Buk for chapped hands, and know of nothing to equal its wonderful soothing and healing powers."

Zam-Buk is also unequalled for chilblains, frost bites, cold cracks, and cold sores; as well as eczema, scalp sores, old wounds, ulcers, blood-poisoning, piles, burns and scalds, cuts and all skin injuries. 50c. a box. All druggists and stores, or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

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eliminate waste caused by improper temperatures in baking, use a
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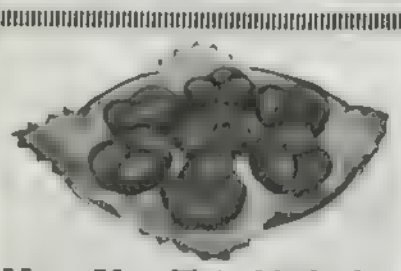
HOME OVEN THERMOMETER



Have You Tried Whole-Wheat Clover-Leaf Rolls?

JUST the thing for breakfast—a pleasing change from ordinary breakfast rolls. And whole-wheat, food experts assert, is more nutritious than white flour.

Serve these rolls for breakfast to-morrow. You'll like them so well that you will serve them often.

Try this easy recipe by Mrs. Ida C. B. Allen, Domestic Science Expert and Author of Mrs. Allen's Cook Book.

One cupful scalded milk.
One cupful tepid water.
Half compressed yeast cake.
One teaspoonful salt.
One tablespoonful molasses.
Six cupfuls whole-wheat flour.
Bread flour to knead.

Combine the milk and half cupful of water, add the salt and molasses, and when tepid, stir in the yeast dissolved in the remaining water. Beat in the whole-wheat flour and then add bread flour to knead. Knead until elastic, turn into a well-oiled bowl, rub over the top with warm water, cover and let stand over night in a warm place. In the morning shape into marble-sized balls. Put three together in each compartment of

"Wear-Ever"
Aluminum Muffin Pans

let rise till double in bulk and bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven.

The "Wear-Ever" Muffin Pan is a valued possession in many households because of the delightful "table surprises" it makes possible delicious muffins and pop-overs, tasty rolls and biscuits, dainty cakes etc. And it is valued equally because of the convenience and economy in time and fuel that it insures. When baking, it is not necessary to turn the pan. Aluminum heats quickly and evenly all over.

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Compulsory Rationing Not Immediate

Neither Does the Chairman of the New Food Control Board Believe in Fixing Prices

By ISABEL M. ROSS

WITH the appointment of the new Food Control Board, every Canadian woman naturally expects further practical developments in food matters in this country. Mr. Hanna broke the ice, as it were. Mr. Henry B. Thomson, Chairman of the new Board, has already shown that he intends to "carry on" in no mean degree. His name, although known from Winnipeg to the Pacific Coast, has not been familiar to the majority of the people of Eastern Canada. But his ability and his qualifications, he began to demonstrate from the first day of appointment to his new position.

It was due in no small measure to his capacity for handling difficult food problems that the recent acute sugar shortage was passed without serious hardship or advance in price. Sugar in this country did not run up to twenty cents or more per pound as it did in New York before the United States Food Administration was in a position to regulate the charge to dealers and to the public.

The new Chairman of the Board of Food Control is not the kind of man who sits down and gets grey hairs worrying over what people say or think about him. He hasn't time. Nor has he the inclination. He sees his goal and he makes straight for it. He is as deliberate in action as in gait. There is no beating round the bush. He takes his office very seriously. He puts in a long day and a busy day.

Mr. Thomson has the power of concentration to a marked degree. He believes in finishing one task before he starts another. There are no loose ends where his work is concerned. He has an assimilative mind and can readily get to the point no matter how enshrouded it may be in detail.

The big man from the west is essentially a man of action. Picture him at work. A huge figure, six feet four, long-limbed, big-boned. He has a powerful-looking head, an obdurate jaw, and big, dark eyes that are surprisingly direct and observant. His aspect is somewhat slumbrous as he glances over a letter. Then suddenly he looks you straight in the eye. There may be an Irish twinkle in his—or more likely a speculative look that bores like a gimlet. Neither expression bodes any quarter in a fight.

Every action is deliberate, from the way he swings his pen in forming a dashing signature to the manner in which he pushes back his chair and draws himself up to his six feet four. It is then that you are impressed with the size of the man. He slouches when he's up, as if a little tired of being head and shoulders over the rest of the world. He gives you the impression of tremendous force loosely reined in and liable to break forth in a torrent at any time.

Cares Not For Glory

MR. THOMSON has absolutely no use for pomp, affectation, or long-windedness. Personally he is a man of few words. He believes in people who do things. A title's but the "guinea stamp" to him—the "man's the man for a' that." He has a big booming voice and a brusque manner. He likes a good story and tells one well.

Mr. Thomson is an Irishman. There is no getting away from that. He came to Canada in 1893, however, so that he has had plenty of time to become a good Canadian. Not that he wants to down his Irish origin by any means. He has done all kinds of things and knows something about everything. He was as much at home in the Legislature as in the backwoods of British Columbia, and he has had a taste of both. Now he is tackling the business of food control as if it were the only work in the world for him.

Mr. Thomson has loomed large in Canadian Food Control for months past. His figure was a dominating one from the day he walked casually into the office and introduced himself as the man from B. C. Gradually he made himself felt in al quarters. He had not much to say, but what he said counted. He took stock of what was going on and was alive to the smallest detail. As personal representative of Mr. Hanna he fulfilled many important missions and he has now taken up the task which Mr. Hanna relinquished, with a wealth of information which will be invaluable in his work.

He knows how to handle men—how to get the most out of them. He is uncompromising, very determined, impervious to criticism, and distinctly aware of what he wants and of how he is going to get it

The new Chairman of the Board of Food Control is no platform orator. He gives an address in a quiet, measured and forceful manner. He is more determined than brilliant in his delivery. But he has his facts and he impresses his hearers as a man who knows his subject and as one who means business.

So much for Mr. Thomson as a man.

He is fully alive to the fact that his most able supporters in conserving for the men at the front are the women of Canada, and he does not discount them in reviewing the forces at his command.

His message to the women of Canada? "Tell them to be self-contained," he says. Mr. Thomson believes in going back to the ways of the mothers and grandmothers.

"Tell them to look around, to make use

James D. McGregor

Henry B. Thomson

of the material they have at hand—not to be striving for the unattainable. There's a war on. They must help to save and to produce food. Urge them to raise chickens, to keep pigs, to farm, and to garden, to make cheese and butter and to use maple sugar. When they do these things they are giving practical help. That is what is needed."

According to Mr. Thomson, there's no use dealing in "bunkum" at this stage. The first necessity is practical assistance—and it is here that he looks for much from the women.

No Compulsory Rationing

HE has already given some indication of the policy which he will pursue in the discharge of his duties. It is characteristic of the man that he stipulated for a free hand in the first place.

The question that has arisen on all sides since his appointment is: Are we now going to have compulsory rationing?

"We have had many letters from people advocating that Canada be put upon rations and that food be distributed in some equitable way," says Mr. Thomson. "Now, while card rationing systems may be workable in congested countries, where you have full control of the supplies—and there may be, in such cities as Montreal and Toronto, populations sufficiently congested—still, if card rationing were established it would have to be operated on a Dominion-wide basis and not merely in one or two districts. It would be very difficult to operate such a system the Dominion over. How about Saskatchewan, Alberta and Manitoba? How would you enforce the rationing system among the farming population? "Mr. Hanna's policy was to 'to put it up' to the people, and I think 90 per cent. of the people are absolutely 'right.' A certain number are sitting back waiting till the period comes when they expect to be forced to do what they ought to do, but the question is—what would it cost to force these few people? Is it worth it? It is a waste of energy to put drastic rationing regulations into force in Canada, at least, so far as I can see at the present time. If conditions get worse, it might come to that. But if Canada produces to the limit, I trust it won't be necessary."

James D. McGregor

Price-Fixing Useless

ANOTHER of the vexed questions in the public mind is that of price-fixing. Here are Mr. Thomson's views on the subject: "Fixing prices has failed wherever it has been tried. In New York last summer the Food Control Board fixed the price of milk. The result was that the State Administration had to take over the situation. In December, Hoover himself had to grapple with it, because, after September, when the price of milk was fixed, the farmers, finding the price insufficient, butchered 70,000 milk cows for beef. The result of that was that milk in New York has 'gone by the board.' Fixing profits is another matter.

"Public clamor is directed against food dealers," says Mr. Thomson. "It is a national tendency for the consumer to think the trouble revolves round his or her own corner grocery, but much of the cost that they complain about has been added by the efforts of retailers in competition with each other to grant the public's unreasonably insistent demands for what it calls 'service.' The consequence is—the expense of doing business keeps increasing and the public is paying for it."

IT is evident, therefore, that Mr. Thomson has no thought of immediate compulsory rationing. Whatever action he may take will be well considered, and definite in its purpose. There will be no shilly-shallying in the programme of the "Big Moose," as they call him out West. The women of Canada may safely put their trust in this very virile man on whose shoulders rests such tremendous responsibility at the present time.

The Other Members

THE other two members of Canada's Food Board are men of considerable repute. Hon. C. A. Dunning is well known throughout the west. He is an authority on farm questions, and has held responsible positions in organizations devoted to farm affairs. He has been prominently identified with the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association, was director in 1910, and vice-president in 1911 and 1914. He was also associated for a number of years with the Co-operative Elevator Co., and was a member of the Canadian Council of Agriculture from 1911 to 1916. Mr. Dunning was appointed provincial treasurer of Saskatchewan in October, 1917.

J. D. McGregor has carried on extensive farming operations in the west and is well known as a successful breeder of thoroughbred cattle. He has been closely identified with the work of the Canadian stock breeders' associations. Some time ago he was appointed Manitoba representative of the Canadian food controller, which position he still holds. Mr. McGregor has been deeply interested in the question of production, and was instrumental in initiating the hog production campaign.

Hon. C. A. Dunning

THE Food Department of Everywoman's World, under the able direction of Katherine M. Caldwell, B.A., will be considerably extended in the April issue. Every vital food topic of the moment will be treat'

—*The Editors*

In The Realm of Books

What's What in the Newest Literature

By NORAH M. HOLLAND

The Bolsheviki and the World War

By LEON TROTZKY
Musson Book Co.
Price, $1.50

DURING the past few months the general attitude of the Occidental mind, when considering the participation of Russia in the war, has been one of bleak astonishment. That "most eastern of western countries and most western of eastern ones" has always been a land of surprises to the rest of the western world, but never more so than at present.

Beginning with a series of most unexpected and astounding victories—victories which brought the Capital of the enemy almost within her grasp—at the very crest of her triumph "ruin and the rain that burns" crashed down upon her, sweeping her back within her own borders once more. Then, still reeling from the foeman's steel, she turned upon herself and was rent with all the horrors of revolution. Yet still her Allies hoped. They said, 'She will fling from her shoulders the weight of autocracy and turn to the fight once more, the stronger for her reverses." They watched party after party rise into power—and fall as quickly—while others in their turn proclaimed themselves the saviours of their country. Then at last, with sinking hearts, they beheld the land settle down to a measure of most inglorious peace under the rule of the Bolshevists, whose leader, Leon Trotzky, is the author of this book.

Leon Trotzky is not an anarchist; he is a socialist—an orthodox Marxian socialist. But he sees things solely from the revolutionary, international point of view. To him, the greatest thing in the world is the success of the revolution; not that in Russia only, but the victory of revolutionary principles throughout the world. To most men the Russian revolution was a mere incident, an interruption to the world war. Not so to Trotzky. To him the world war is an incident, a check to the revolution. Therefore the war must end—no matter at what cost to the nation. It is a regrettable incident that by his policy he has brought Russia to the verge of ruin—has laid her prostrate at the feet of the most autocratic power in existence—but so that the revolution has thereby advanced by one step, what matter? Vive la revolution! Such is the attitude of this remarkable man as gathered from his volume, "The Bolsheviki and the World War." In the whole volume there is no shadow of wavering, of doubt. It is a picture of a strong personality and, however little we may agree with his principles, it is impossible to withhold our interest in this statement of them.

Three's a Crowd

By WILLIAM CAINE
Thomas Allen
Price, $1.50

DOLL BRACKETT, the incredibly silly daughter of a rich and vulgar American mother, while travelling in Europe, meets and marries George Marsh, an English portrait painter. Things go well with the pair until the undue influence exerted by his mother-in-law over his wife becomes obnoxious to George, who protests strongly against it. Finally the matter comes to a test and although for a time the mother prevails, the ultimate victory is on the side of the husband, who uses it magnanimously and the story ends happily.

The Green Mirror

By HUGH WALPOLE
McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart

THE GREEN MIRROR" is a tale of English family life—of the middle class life that has been so impregnable in custom, unchanging, unassailable. It is a faithful picture of the influence of a slow, placid, strong-willed woman upon those who come in contact with her. Then other influences come—the intrusion of other lives and a newer outlook and, in spite of her struggles, the old order changeth. The book is well written, though slightly morbid and overweighted with detail. It would have been more effective had it been somewhat compressed.

The Food Problem

By VERNON KELLOGG and A. E. TAYLOR
The MacMillan Company
Price, $1.25

IN this volume, "The Food Problem," the authors endeavor to set forth the character and scope of this great question as it immediately concerns the continent of America and to indicate possible methods of solution. Many phases of the subject are discussed within its pages, and the book is equipped with a preface by Herbert Hoover, the United States Food Administrator. This volume should be a welcome one to those interested in this very vital question.

The U. P. Trail

By ZANE GREY
The Musson Book Co. Ltd.
Price, $1.50

THE history of the building of the Union Pacific Railroad presents many possibilities to the writer of fiction. That vast struggle with the forces of nature, with its hundreds of incidents of heroism and self-sacrifice, its gigantic labors and yet more gigantic frauds, its turbulence and riots, its savage fights and bloody deaths, will always stand out as a purple patch among the dull greys and browns of American constitutional history.

In this volume, "The U. P. Trail," Zane Grey has endeavored to make this period live again before us, through the connection with the railway of his hero, Warren Neale. But his theme has been too large for him, and, while he has produced a tale which many will read with interest, he has failed in giving to his book the sense of epic grandeur which belongs to this great achievement. Mr. Grey has done better work than this. However, to all who enjoy reading of wild adventures on the western frontier this tale will be welcome.

A War Nurse's Diary

MacMillan Company

FROM the house of MacMillan's comes "A War Nurse's Diary." The author, who has decided to remain anonymous, wrote the book while on leave in Canada after fifteen months grilling experience in and about Antwerp, at the time of the German bombardment of that town. She was one of the first to volunteer for service in a Belgian Relief Hospital, serving through the siege of Antwerp, helping to nurse hundreds of wounded, and, when the time for evacuation came, fleeing with them towards a place of refuge. She witnessed the tragedy of many Belgian towns and spent the last months of her service at an Emergency Hospital located near the famous town of Ypres. The Diary is illustrated by a number of photographs taken by the author.

The Deserter

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS
Musson Book Co.
Price, 50c.

THIS story, "The Deserter," by Richard Harding Davis, will be received with additional interest from the fact that it is the last story ever written by its talented author. The essentials of the story, we are assured, are all true, and in the introduction we are given a slight glimpse of the after history of "the deserter," who was one in intention only, not in fact. This tale is an interesting study of the psychology of a man, worn out by fatigue and hardship, to a point where he resolved to escape the discontinuance of such discomfort, yet deciding in the end to go back to duty.

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Pour boiling water over LUX flakes—pure essence of soap—allowing 3 or 4 tablespoonfuls for every gallon of water you use. Whip into a creamy lather—a few seconds is needed. Then put in the garment and stir it about. Let it soak until cool enough for your hands to squeeze the water out of the coat—the dirt just runs away. Rinse in two or three relays of tepid water, and hang to dry.

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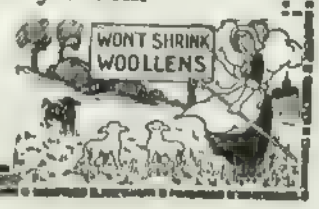

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Marjorie Daw.
1918.

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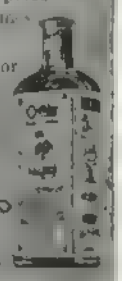

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Berry's Poultry Farm, Box 29 ,Clarinda,Iowa

Making the Most of Available Flours

(*Continued from page 18*)

as the time allowed for rising or the changing temperature of the season will demand; fruits, such as raisins, dates or currants, spices, nuts, as appetite will petition—these are balls for her juggling, with plenty of applause to reward success.

Bread—Compressed Yeast Method

TWO cups scalded milk, two tablespoons sugar, four teaspoons salt, two cups water, two tablespoonfuls shortening, one compressed yeast cake.

Dissolve yeast and sugar in half a cup of lukewarm water. To the rest of the lukewarm liquid add sufficient warm flour to make a batter that can be beaten without spattering, add yeast mixture and beat until smooth and silky. Cover and put in warm place free from draughts for from one and one-half to two hours. When light add shortening, salt and enough flour to make a dough that will not stick to hands or board. Knead until smooth and elastic. Place in warmed and greased dish to rise again until double in bulk, about two hours; shape to half fill well-greased bread-pans. Cover, let rise till double in bulk and bake in moderate oven for about half an hour.

The liquid used may be part milk (scalded) and part water. The latter may be potato water, i.e., water in which two or three potatoes have been boiled, removed and finely mashed and returned to the liquid.

The potato water may form the liquid for the ferment stage, and the mashed potatoes may be added when the sponge is made. Potatoes give that silkiness of texture so much desired.

If the dough is kept covered when rising it will not form a crust. If it seems inclined to form a crust, moisten with warm milk and water. A crust is to be avoided, as it makes a streak through the loaf if kneaded in at the early stages and an unsightly crust on the baked loaf if allowed to form in the last stages.

The second rising of the dough may be omitted although the extra rising makes the loaf a rather finer texture.

The bread mixer may be used to knead the dough after it is known exactly how much flour the liquid will need to make dough of the right stiffness.

Bread—Dry Yeast Method

LIQUID Yeast or Ferment—It is a convenience to have on hand a quantity of liquid yeast that may be kept for a fortnight in a moderately cool place. Bread may be started with it in the morning and finished before noon.

Blend two cups flour with a little cold water until smooth. Pour four quarts of boiling water over it, using a vessel large enough for twice that quantity. Stir flour and water together thoroughly and add one quart of finely mashed potatoes, one-half cup salt, and one and one-half cups sugar. Allow this mixture to become lukewarm and add two dry yeast cakes that have been soaked previously for a few minutes, in tepid water. Set mixture in warm—not hot—place, for a few hours, keeping it well covered.

After four or five hours this liquid yeast is usable, but better results are obtained after it has stood for at least double that time.

Bread Sponge—for Two Loaves

TO set the sponge with liquid yeast, warm two quarts of flour and knead quietly into it two pints of liquid yeast. Mix well, turn out on baking board and knead for a minute or two, until smooth and even. Cover and set in a moderately warm place, where there is no draught, until the sponge has doubled itself in bulk. If the liquid yeast has stood over night, an hour and a half should be sufficient. Knead again lightly and divide into two loaves. Put in greased pans, cover and allow to rise until doubled in bulk—about one hour.

If the liquid yeast has only stood a few hours, and bread is set at night, do not divide loaves till morning giving the sponge more time to rise.

Raisin Johnny Cake

ONE cup cornmeal, one-half cup flour, one level teaspoon salt, one heaping teaspoon baking powder, five tablespoons evaporated or condensed milk diluted with two-thirds cup water (if a whole cup of evaporated or condensed milk be used, without diluting, omit shortening, or one cup sweet milk may be substituted as liquid), one egg, one tablespoonful melted lard or other shortening, one cupful chopped seeded raisins.

Sift dry ingredients, add liquid, egg and shortening, beat thoroughly and fold in the raisins which have been dusted with flour. Bake in a hot oven.

(*Continued on page 31*)

Carnation Milk

Avoid Daily Milk Waste

Use Carnation Milk

THERE is usually a small amount of ordinary milk left over after the daily requirements have been taken care of. This milk spoils quickly. In the course of the year, this daily waste is often times very large. Carnation Milk will eliminate all loss and every patriotic housewife will realize that a saving in milk is as important as a saving in food in backing up the work of the food administration.

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LOOK FOR THE STARS

Our 1918 Catalogue should be in your hand by now. It is your patriotic duty to consult it at every opportunity. Our Government insists we must produce more. Start right, then, and be sure and sow good seed—RENNIE'S SEEDS. Look for the special star border bargains in our Catalogue—it will pay you to do so.

THE WILLIAM RENNIE COMPANY LIMITED
KING & MARKET STS TORONTO
ALSO AT MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER.

Let Us Send You a Box of Turnbull's "M" Bands for Your Baby

Every mother we know of who has tried them would not be without them for anything.

Turnbull's "M" Band is a little garment that is worn next to the skin. They are very finely knitted from the softest and cleanest Australian merino wool. Over each shoulder and meeting like a "V" front and back are two linen tapes. These tapes are attached to a linen tab front and back. These tabs are used for pinning the diaper to.

This method keeps the diaper firmly and snugly in place, making the baby comfortable all the time and preventing soiling clothes.

In addition, the fine soft wool next the baby's skin serves as an abdominal band, keeping the body warm and at an even temperature all the time.

Good dealers sell these, or we will send you a box by mail for $1.50—each box contains three garments.

Give age of baby when writing and send today.

The C. Turnbull Company of Galt, Limited
GALT - ONTARIO

The Best Washer You Ever Met!

Never gets tired or cross! Never "skimps." Handles light or heavy goods—blankets handkerchiefs—a full tub or a few articles equally well. Doesn't wear table cloths, or or tear the most delicate fabrics, and only takes half the time! Isn't that the kind of a washer to have in your home? Then go to your dealer's to-day and meet the—

Maxwell
"Home" Washer

—a ball-bearing washer—light, noiseless, easy-running—of handsomely-finished cypress. Specially-designed dasher makes it best for washing everything. Enclosed gears mean safety. Write us for booklet—FREE.

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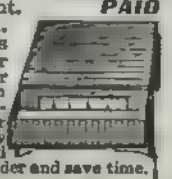
130-Egg Incubator and Brooder Both For $15.75

If ordered together we send both machines for only $15.75 and we pay all freight and duty charges to any R. R. station in Canada. We have branch warehouses in Winnipeg, Man. and Toronto, Ont. Orders shipped from nearest warehouse to your R. R. station. Hot water, double walls, dead-air space between, double glass doors, copper tanks and boilers, self-regulating. Nursery under egg tray. Especially adapted to Canadian climate. Incubator and Brooder shipped complete with thermometers, lamps, egg testers—ready to use when you get them. Ten year guarantee—30 days trial. Incubators finished in natural colors showing the high grade California Redwood lumber used—not painted to cover inferior material. If you will compare our machines with others, we feel sure of your order. Don't buy until you do this—you'll save money—it pays to investigate before you buy. Remember our price of $15.75 is for both Incubator and Brooder and covers freight and duty charges. Send for FREE catalog today, or send in your order and save time.

FREIGHT AND DUTY PAID



Write us today. Don't delay. **WISCONSIN INCUBATOR CO., Box 210, Racine, Wis., U. S. A.**

Register Here for Farm Labor

Women Desiring to Help on Farms and Farmers Needing Them may Make Use of this Bureau

LAST year saw women's first organized attempt at fruit-picking and "mixed" farming. As pioneers they accomplished more than had ever been anticipated, and at the same time gained an experience that will stand to their good this year, when even greater effort is required.

The Government assures us that five thousand women are needed on the farms in Canada this season if normal production is to be maintained. The figure would appear to be a large one if it were not backed by the knowledge that at least that many women are willing and anxious to help out in this way, if they are but given the opportunity.

The universities and other institutions of learning will be closing just about the time that these volunteers should be starting out. There lies before these many thousand scholars a long term of what may easily be either idleness or patriotic endeavor.

"But," some of the girls have been heard to ask—"tell us how. Where can we be placed; what remuneration will we get? We don't want to agitate for large salaries. but we must be clothed and fed."

To all of these, we reply:

The Government is handling the matter. Miss Winnifred Harvey has been appointed Director of Women's Farm Labor for the Ontario Government. Through her you may be placed where you are most needed.

For the convenience of those who cannot easily get in touch with Miss Harvey, we are supplying the coupon below. Fill it out properly and send it to us. We will pass it on to Miss Harvey for you.

(Name of Town or P.O.).....19...
Editor, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto, Ontario.

I am desirous of helping out in some phase of agricultural labor during the coming season. I have had some / no experience. Will you kindly pass my name on to Miss Harvey as a request for complete details. My services would be available from ... to ...

Name .....
Address .....

On the other hand, there are many farmers who are badly in need of assistance, but who are at a loss to secure it. One man was heard to say last Fall: "If only some of the women who wanted farm work had come to me, it would have helped out. As it was, I handled the bulk of the work myself. I didn't know where to apply for women help, and had no time to investigate."

We are aware that there may possibly be many in the same predicament this year. So we say to them—Fill out the coupon below and send it to us. Use our time. We will be glad to put it at your disposal.

(Name of Town or P.O.).....19.....
Editor, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto, Ontario.

I would be willing to place (state number.....) women on my farm this coming season. Will you kindly secure for me, from the Government, the necessary information? I would need them from ... to ...

Name .....
Address .....

The Wild Red Steed

(*Continued from page 5*)

King Laogaire put down his great goblet of red wine upon the board and looked for a moment at the twisted shoulders of the lad by his side. He thought of the strong men over whom he ruled and of the strong hand with which he held them, and that this boy, with his fragile body and dreaming eyes, must sit in the kingly seat and rule in his turn over those rough, wild spirits. "Go if you will, lad," he said "and good luck go with you."

But Ethne the Queen held the boy tight against her heart and gazed deep into his eyes, ere she, too, bade him go.

So Feargus, went forth, alone and unaided, to claim the promise of Aengus.

* * *

ALL through the long bright days of the spring time the wild red steed had roamed at will through the glens and valleys of Wicklow, or had stood upon the summit of Slieve Dearg, with the sea-wind sweeping round him, and watched King Laogaire's men as they went about their work below. Day after day he had wandered along the slopes of the mountain, between the slender stems of the silver birches and the whiplike saplings of the beech; across wide stretches of purple heather and prickly gorse bushes, golden with bloom, where the brown bees hummed, and white butterflies drifted lazily in the sunshine; past deep bog-pools, where ceanabhan and quaking marsh-grass fluttered in the wind, down to where the waters of the Liffey ran sparkling over their silver sands. Here he would drink deep draughts of the cool water or gallop along the margin of the river upon the hard sand that formed its shore. Then, rested and refreshed, he would seek a couch among the thick fern and bracken upon the slopes of the hill and stretch his mighty limbs in sleep.

So the summer went by until, upon the morning of Midsummer Eve, as he turned from his watchtower on the crown of Slieve Dearg and wended his way towards the valley, he set his hoof carelessly upon a loose stone. It rolled beneath him and he fell, his foreleg doubling under him, and when he tried to spring to his feet again, it was only to sink back with a groan. The leg was broken, and hung helpless, unable to bear his weight. Then, for the first time in his long life, fear touched that proud heart. He struggled to rise again and again, but the pain was too great, and at last he lay exhausted and motionless, waiting for death to come to him.

Through the long hours of the day he lay there, the hot midsummer sun burning down upon his head. All about him the unherbush was alive with sound and movement. Brown rabbits darted past, full of bustle and excitement; small grey birds flirted in and out of a neighbouring bush, twittering a gay crescendo of gossip; a great crimson butterfly alighted upon his shoulder, and remained there for a moment, languidly waving its broad fans, yet the wild red steed still lay with his eyes fixed upon the broad waters of the Liffey that ran so far below. Could he but know the coolness of those waters once more upon his parched tongue, he thought, death would be an easy thing to bear. A torturing thirst was upon him, but he could not hope to reach them. So he struggled no more, but waited in silence for the end.

Meanwhile, early upon that same morning, Feargus had passed through the great oaken gates of Dun Laogaire and had set out upon the long and toilsome journey to the summit of the mountain. For a time his way led over level ground, where the wild cherry shook out its tasselled branches above turf that was velvet green and springy beneath his feet. Birch, beech and hazel trees grew thickly and cast a pleasant shade over his pathway. Bright flowers bloomed on every side and birds sang sweetly in the branches. The whole air was full of odour and warmth and

(*Continued on page 28*)

The best of Easter breakfasts

You like to make Easter a festive day. You have flowers in your home, candies and Easter rabbits for the children, and to complete the gladness of the day you strive to serve especially tempting meals. Start with a breakfast of Swift's Premium Ham.

The succulent fat all crispy around the edges; the juicy, exquisitely flavored lean has a zest and a savor which plainly tell of the special care in its preparation. Only the careful, Premium cure and the fragrant smoke of slow hickory fires could carry to every morsel of this ham such delicacy, such delicious flavor.

This year make your Easter breakfast a memorable one. Serve Swift's Premium Ham. See how heartily your family will appreciate its unusual flavor and fineness.

Swift Canadian Co.
Limited

TORONTO WINNIPEG EDMONTON

Swift's Premium Ham

"Paderewski played in our own home last night"

Yes, on this very Piano, a Heintzman & Co. Player Piano,

we heard the great Virtuoso's own compositions, played by his own hands. And we heard this in the comfort and privacy of our own home.

And afterwards—

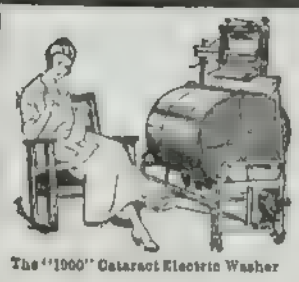
Mendelssohn, Mozart, Gounod, Chopin and all the greatest music of the greatest masters.

And that is how Paderewski plays for us—On Request!

Do You Want Him to Play for You?

If you do, write to Dept. E for our booklet, and learn how easy it is to acquire a Heintzman & Co. Player. If you have a Piano now, silent and unused, learn how readily it may be changed for a Player Piano.

Heintzman & Co. Limited
TORONTO



The "1900" Cataract Electric Washer

Wash by Electricity

IN many homes where help is employed, the maids who refused to do the washing the old way, are willing to look after it the "1900" Electric way. In other homes where a laundress was formerly employed, or where the clothes were sent outside to be washed, the housewife is now doing her own washing—so easily operated is the "1900" Cataract Washer.

The "1900" Cataract Washer was awarded the gold medal at the Panama Pacific Exposition, in competition with all the well-known washers. The frame is made of steel, with heavy iron base—the tub of heavy copper, plated on the inside and polished and lacquered. The most scientific of all washers in construction, the "1900" Washer keeps all the clothes in all the water all the time. The swing wringer permits of wringing and washing at the same time.

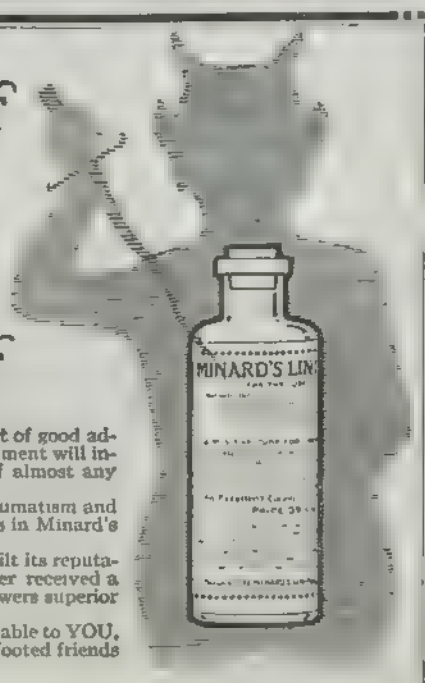
It costs **just two cents a week to do the washing** for an ordinary sized family, with the "1900" Cataract Washer. This Washer will pay for itself in a very few months—just think what it will save you.

Write for full particulars of our trial plan.

The "1900" line includes washers operated by Hand, Engine Power, Water or Electric Motor. State which style interests you.

Address me personally — L. D. MORRIS, "1900" Washer Company, 357 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Keep a bottle of
Minard's - Liniment
between yourself and pain.



This is the very best of good advice, for Minard's Liniment will instantly relieve pain of almost any kind.

Sprains and strains, colds and chills, coughs, rheumatism and bronchitis yield to the wonderfully healing elements in Minard's Liniment.

Accept no substitute. Minard's Liniment has built its reputation on merit, and is the only liniment which ever received a medal, awarded for strength, purity and healing powers superior to any other liniment in the world.

The healing qualities of Minard's liniment, so valuable to YOU, make it indispensable in the stable, where your four-footed friends will be immensely benefited by its use.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LIMITED, Yarmouth, N.S.

Gagtooth's Image

(*Continued from page 6*)

Cupid. At six o'clock in the evening, when the bell announced that work was over for the day, a similar little drama was enacted. After tea, the two were never separate for a moment. While the mother was perhaps busily engaged in the perusal of some worthless novel, the father would sit with his darling on his knee, listening to his childish prattle, and perhaps so far going out of himself as to tell the child a little story. It seemed tobe an understood thing that the mother should take no care or notice of the boy during her husband's presencein the house. Regularly, when the clock on the chimneypiece struck eight, Charlie would jump down from his father's knee and run across the room for his night-dress, returning to his father to have it put on. When this had been done he would kneel down and repeat a simple little prayer, in which One who loved little children like Charlie was invoked to bless father and mother and make him a good boy; after which his father would place him in his little crib, where he soon slept the sleep of happy childhood.

My own house was not far from theirs, and I was so fond of Charlie that it was no uncommon thing for me to drop in upon them for a few minutes, when returning from my office in the evening. Upon one occasion I noticed the child more particularly than usual while he was in the act of saying his prayers. His eyes were closed, his plump little hands were clasped, and his cherubic little face was turned upwards with an expression of infantile trustfulness and adoration which I shall never forget. I have never seen, nor do I ever expect to see, anything else half so beautiful. When he arose from his knees and came up to me to say "Good-night," I kissed his upturned little face with even greater fervor thanusual. After he had been put to bed I mentioned the matter to his father, and said something about my regret that the child's expression had not been caught by a sculptor and fixed in stone.

I had little idea of the effect my remarks were destined to produce. A few evenings afterwards he informed me, much to my surprise, that he had determined to act upon the idea which my words had suggested to his mind, andthat he had instructed Hebert Jackson,the marble-cutter, to go to work at a "stone likeness" of little Charlie, and to finish it up as soon as possible. He did not seem to understand that the proper performance of such a task required anything more than mere mechanical skill, and that an ordinary tomb-stone cutter was scarcely the sort of artist to do justice to it.

However, when the "stone-likeness" was finished and sent home, I confess I was astonished to see how well Jackson had succeeded. He had not, of course, caught the child's exact expression. It is probable, indeed, that he never saw the expression on Charlie's face, which had seemed so beautiful to me, and which had suggested to me the idea of its being "embodied in marble," as the professionals call it. But the image was at all events, according to order, a "likeness." The true lineaments were there, and I would have recognized it for a representation of my little friend at the first glance, wherever I might have seen it. In short, it was precisely one of those works of art which have no artistic value whatever for any one who is unacquainted with, or uninterested in, the subject represented; but knowing and loving little Charlie as I did, I confess that I used to contemplate Jackson's piece of workmanship with an admiration and enthusiasm which the contents of Italian galleries have failed to arouse in me.

WELL, the months flew by until some time in the spring of 1855, when the town was electrified by the sudden and totally unexpected failure of Messrs. Gowanlock and VanDuzer, who up to that time were currently reported to be one of the wealthiest and most thriving firms in the State. There was not the shadow of a hope of the firm being able to get upon its legs again. The partners surrendered everything almost to the last dollar, and shortly afterwards left Illinois for California.

Now, this failure, which more or less affected the entire population of Peoria, was especially disastrous to poor Tink. For past years he had been saving money, and as Messrs. Gowanlock and VanDuzer allowed interest at a liberal rate upon all deposits left in their hands by their workmen, all his surplus earnings remained untouched. The consequence was that the accumulations of years were swamped at one fell swoop, and he found himself reduced to poverty. And as though misfortune was not satisfied with visiting him thus heavily, the very day of the failure he was stricken down by typhoid fever: notthe typhoid fever known in Canada—which is bad enough—but the terrible putrid typhoid of the west, which is known nowhere else on the face of the globe,

(*Continued on page 40*)

Oil Polishes Come and Go -----but
LIQUID VENEER
Goes On FOREVER
Buffalo Specialty Company
Buffalo N.Y.U.S.A.—Bridgeburg Ont. Can.

Do You Use Music?
If so, you want these folios:-
"MAMMOTH FOLIO"
of Piano Music, 288 full-size pages of the World's **most famous compositions.**
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288 full-size pages of Best Secular and Sacred Solos and Duets, **a real song Treasury,** for [illegible]
Printed on Best Music Paper, from Engraved Plates and positively the finest of their kind ever offered
From all First Class Music Dealers or Publishers direct. 75 cents postpaid
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ESTABLISHED 1856
Confidence is the greatest factor that enters into the buying of seeds, since you are buying not a finished product, but only the means by which your garden may be [illegible] You [illegible] SIMMER'S SEEDS.
CATALOGUE FREE on application.
J. A. SIMMERS, LIMITED
Bulbs, SEEDS, Plants
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SEEDS

Be A Nurse
Earn $15 to $25 per week
Thousands are taking up this congenial [illegible] Offers unequaled opportunities. Any woman of [illegible] over can learn under our simple, perfected system.
LEARN AT HOME
Our system founded 1902 is endorsed by [illegible] Dr Pierson the founder, will personally direct you through [illegible] Send for 32 lesson pages and [illegible] catalog today—ALL FREE [illegible] Write now.
CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING, Est. 1902,
118-M Michigan Boulevard, South, Chicago

Keeps Skin Smooth, Firm, Fresh —Youthful Looking

To dispel the tell-tale lines of age, illness or worry—to overcome flabbiness and improve facial contour—there is nothing quite so good as plain
Powdered SAXOLITE
Effective for wrinkles, crowsfeet, enlarged pores, etc., because it "tightens" and tones the skin and underlying tissue. No harm to tenderest skin. Get an ounce package. [illegible] Now the simple [illegible] test one—see what just one application will do. Sold at all drug stores

To Hang Up Things
Pictures, Photos, Pennants, Draperies, etc., use the world-famous, strong and dainty
Moore Push-Pins
Glass Heads, Steel Points.
Moore Push-less Hangers, *the Hanger with a Twist,* for framed pictures, mirrors, etc.
13c At Stationery, Hardware, Drug & [illegible] Stores.
Samples and booklet Free.
Write Dept. B
MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

WE BUY
OLD FALSE TEETH
We now pay as high as $19.80 for false teeth sets broken or not. Send at once we return cash same day we receive package. We pay highest prices for gold jewelry, gold crowns bridges, platinum, silver. (Cut out ad.)
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World's Greatest System
Easy—Speedy—Practical. Boyd Syllabic System—latest revised. New Principle—no "shading"—no "ruled" lines—no "co'd" notes. 100 to 150 words a minute guaranteed. Learned at home in 30 days. Best System for Civil Service. Touch Typewriting FREE. Send today for Catalog and Special Offer.
CHICAGO HOME STUDY SCHOOLS,
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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
LET EJECTHAIR destroy yours FOREVER. NO PAIN, NO HARM, cannot fail. Cheapest and only guaranteed Treatment of its kind. Different to others which only remove the hair over-night. Send 15c for a sample.
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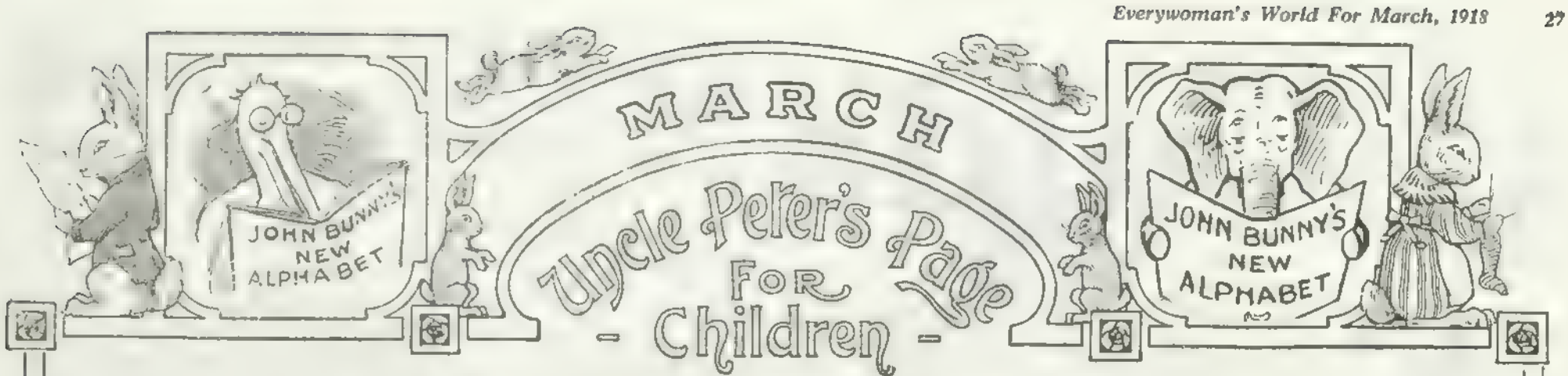

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John Bunny's Animal Alphabet

John Bunny, one night in the Spring
Called his Family round in a Ring
"Come children," he said,
"Before going to bed
A new kind of Song we will sing."

A was a big Alligator
Who lived away down by th' Equator,
He much enjoyed Beans
And turnips and greens,
But he could not afford a potato.

B was a Beaver, you know
By his house a big river did flow
But he cut down some trees
Made a bridge with great ease
And walked over that river just so.

C was a Cat, so I've heard
Who spent his time chasing a bird,
But the bird in great glee
Flew up into a tree
Which Pussy considered absurd.

D was a smart little Dog
Who thought he could jump like a Frog
So he tried it one day
But his hind legs gave way
And now he sits still as a log.

E was a Elephant great
Who went out to visit in state.
On account of the rain
He just missed his Train
So he and his Trunk had to wait.

F is the Fox, I am sure
All you Bunnies have met *him* before
He has very bad habits
Well known to all rabbits
So *I* need not say any more—!

G was a Gopher, who'd eat
Not a thing but the very best Wheat.
Said he "I won't pause
For the Food Control Laws
Though I surely am easy on meat!"

H is a Hedgehog. Though small
His spikes are respected by all,
When danger comes near
He will just disappear
By rolling himself in a Ball.

I is an Ibex, you'll see
That a kind of a wild goat is he.
His horns are quite long
But his neck is so strong
That no trouble to him they can be.

J was a Jackass whose brays,
A daily commotion did raise.
Such a nuisance he proved
That his neighbors all moved
(He's alone for the rest of his days)

K was a tall Kangaroo
Who ran very much faster than you.
In a couple of leaps
He could lose you" for keeps"
And rapidly vanish from view.

L was a Lion, whose roars
Kept all other creatures indoors.
Said he "My fine voice
Ought to make them rejoice
But I really don't get much applause."

M was a cute little Mink
Who went down to the river to drink,
Got his head in a noose
And he couldn't get loose
He is now a fur collar, I think!

N was a Nightingale brown
Whose singing had won great renown.
He never would fail
When he ran up a scale
To turn at the top, and run down.

O was an Owl, who you've heard
Is a specially wise old Bird.
The night is his playtime
He sleeps all the daytime.
Which you may consider absurd!

P was a Pelican sleek;
Who had a big pouch in his beak.
If he fished for a day
He could carry away
Enough fish to last him a week.

UNCLE PETER'S MONTHLY LETTER

My Dear Bunnies:

How quickly the months do roll round! It really is time to begin planning for the Spring right now, if you haven't got your plans already made.

I wonder how many of my Bunnies keep bees, or are interested in them. Bees are easy enough to handle when you know how, and it seems to me that bee-keeping should be a very profitable occupation for the older Bunnies this summer Uncle Peter is seriously thinking of keeping Bees this summer if possible, and is even now considering it in March, the March of the

Boisterous Buffeting Breezes

when

Busy Bashful Busthng Bunnies Burrow Bravely Beneath Bare Barren Banks, Building Broad Burrows Below, Between Branching Barricades Beside Budding Bramble Bushes, Banishing Badly Behaved Bold Birds, Baffling Bandit Badgers, Barring Base Boastful Badger Bands, Before Beginning Banqueting Bounteously By Beauteous Banks Bountifully Bearing Bright Berries—Beautifully Blooming Brilliantly Blazing Beloved Buttercups.

You see, I have quite enough Bees already to start the first hive. I haven't got the hive yet, but it's a good thing to have the Bees ready Beeforehand. So much for Bees, but before we leave this very sweet subject, Uncle Peter would say to each of you, Remember, Honey, that the Bee who gets the honey doesn't sit around the Hive. HE DOES SOMETHING. So, whether it's gardens, or bees, or any other form of useful activity, "Bee a Bee."

Your affectionate Bunny-Uncle.

Uncle Peter.

Q was a Quagga, of course;
He's a kind of South African Horse,
He has stripes, it is said
On his neck and his head
And can kick with considerable force.

R was a Rabbit, though we
Always call him a Bunny, you see.
He could always be found
In his house 'neath the ground
Except when he went out to tea.

S was a Squirrel, who spent
His time wisely wherever he went—
If you follow his plan
And provide while you can
I'm sure you will never repent.

T was a Tiger, whose fate
I am now just about to relate.
He swallowed a goat
But it stuck in his throat
It was the last "butter" he ate.

U was a Unicorn, who
Lived ages before me and you;
He had, it is said,
But one horn on his head
But I cannot believe it is true.

V was a Vixen, the Mother
Of Mr. Brown-Fox and his brother,
She taught them each trick
And they grew up so slick
That one was as bad as the other.

W is a Weasel, who'll seize
Yuor chickens, and never say "Please."
He's a very sharp nose
And wherever it goes
His body can follow with ease.

X is a Letter—the Same
I would like to leave out of this Game
For I'd think it absurd
If a Beast or a Bird
Had a X in the front of its Name.

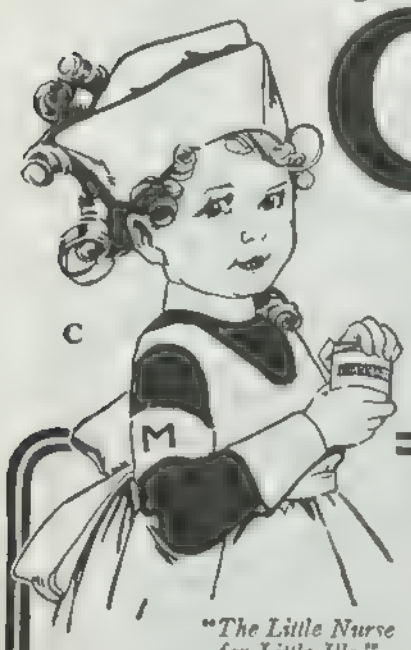
Y was a Yak, whom no doubt
You know very little about,
But I thought I had better
Not miss any letter,
That's Y I did not leave him out.

Z was a Zebra, who tried
To wash the stripes out of his hide.
He tried for a season
Then said "I have reason
To think I was very well dyed!"

I've come, as you see, in good time
To the end of my verses sublime
Can YOU do any better?
If so, write a letter
And send Uncle Peter your rhyme!

—and not only for

Colds



"The Little Nurse for Little Ills."

MANY people prevent those "mean little colds" from becoming worse simply by applying Mentholatum. It soothes the affected membranes and tissues—helps clear the air passages to the head—gives nature just the gentle assistance needed to relieve an incipient cold.

A HEALING CREAM

Mentholatum

Always made under this signature. A. M. Hyde

Just as competent a "little nurse" for cuts, burns, bruises and "101 other little home accidents." In tubes, 25c.; in jars, 25c., 50c., $1.00.

DO THIS: Write for small Testing Package, free, or send 10c. in stamps for Physician's size.

The Mentholatum Company
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The Wild Red Steed

(*Continued from page 24*)

music, and Feargus' heart grew light as he went. But presently the ground changed. The trees grew more sparsely and the turf was coarser and lost its velvety green. Soon he reached the foot of Slieve Dearg and the way led upward across a rugged tract of land, where prickly branches of gorse grew thickly among the rocks and the tough fronds of the bracken switched at him as he passed. Hour after hour he struggled upward. His hands were torn and scratched by thorn and brier and cut by the jagged edges of the rocks; again and again he slipped and fell, but each time he scrambled to his feet once more and went bravely on. Once, as he stepped upon a patch of what looked like smooth green turf, it gave way beneath him with a sucking sound and a spirt of muddy water about his feet, and only a quick leap saved him from being drawn into the depths of a bog-hole.

Up, up, up he went, with aching limbs and panting breath, until, as the afternoon shadows lengthened, he was nearing the summit. Then, right across his path, he saw something lying—something that stirred a little as he gazed, and opened eyes glazed with pain.

Feargus' heart gave a great throb. Could this be the noble form that he had so often seen standing out against the sky, with proud head uplifted to catch the salt sweet tang of the wind as it blew in from seaward? This broken thing be the wild creature that but yesterday he had envied for its strength and swiftness and beauty? He came slowly forward and stood looking down at the wild red steed with a passion of pity surging up in his heart.

The great horse stirred and moaned a little and Feargus saw that its lips and tongue were parched and dry. At the sight, he remembered the cool gleam of water among the rushes that he had passed but a moment before, and he turned and hastened down the hillside until he stood upon the margin of a brown bog pool that sparkled from its ring of sedge like a jewel in the sunshine. Kneeling beside it, he dipped his cap deep into the clear water, and carrying the dripping burden climbed the hill once more to where the wild red steed lay and, lifting the great head, poured the water down the parched throat.

Again and again he journeyed to the pool until at last the red steed's thirst was quenched and it lay still once more, its head upon the lad's knee. Hour after hour, Feargus sat there, while the sun sank behind the western hills in a glory of crimson and gold, that faded slowly into tints of pearl-grey and dove-colour. Then the shadows crept up from the valleys beneath, thickening and darkening as they came. The wild folk of the wood awakened. Owls hooted among the bushes; a sly red fox crept past, stealing a look at Feargus out of the tail of his eye. Far below, somewhere among the swaying tree-tops, a wild-cat screamed shrilly and the boy shuddered at the sound. But he still sat listening to the slow breathing of the great steed and thinking sorrowfully of the strength and swiftness that had departed from it, and of how he should nevermore see it standing clear against the evening sky with its red mane streaming in the wind.

Darker and darker it grew. It was nearing midnight. The wild red steed stirred and moaned a little and, with the movement, a sudden thought was born in Feargus' brain. He and he alone could restore, if he would, this wounded, broken creature to all its old-time powers. But such restoration could be accomplished only by a sacrifice of all his own hopes and wishes. Could he pay the price?

His thoughts went back to his father's dun and to his comrades shouting at their play upon the sea-beach. "Feargus—Feargus Cam," they called him, and he shivered a little at the memory of the hated name. No, the price was too high—to give up all his dreams of strength and health and valour now at the moment of fulfilment; he could not do it. And yet—

He scrambled to his feet, laying the red steed's head gently down upon the heather, and ran towards the summit, slipping and stumbling as he went.

(*Continued on page 32*)

Victoria—The City Beautiful

(*Continued from page 7*)

interests as are created by her forests and her mines, make for neither sluggish nor un-modern methods. Very thriving industries contribute to the "feeling of expansion" that has permeated even the commercial "bad times" that followed the outbreak of war. Her ship-building has received new impetus. Her flour and rice mills, her foundries and machine shops and her manufactories, have carried on in the measured fashion one would look for. Her shipping more nearly defies measure.

A natural harbour is just one of Victoria's gifts. The fact that it is small, not very deep and rather inconvenient in shape, matters little in that it need not be called upon for much more than the amenities of the shipping business. For Esquimalt, which lies but four miles from Victoria, offers an additional port and the Naval Dockyard, great repair-slips and shops, and the teeming life of a splendid harbor, speak their own appreciation. The name is significant—it comes from the Indian Is-whoy-malth, meaning "a place gradually shoaling."

In Times of War

NOWHERE is the fact that Victoria realizes itself as part of a nation at war so evident, as at her sea-front; for there the mobilized strength of her lumbeing, mining and building forces are swiftly giving tonnage to the nation. Victoria has sent her men, her money, her craftiest woodsmen and her doctors and nurses, in unstinted measure, across the continent and the Atlantic. And if you will turn in at the wide gates of the Royal Jubilee Hospital, in passing, you will see many of these men who are "home again," playing host to other war-scarred veterans from the east, for whom the fine climate of Vancouver Island has been thought desirable. Other hospitals, entirely military, have been established on the island for cases that are further convalescent, so that there is much honor-worn khaki in evidence at all times.

"Seeing Victoria"

WHEN the boats that travel the lovely triangle of the Vancouver-Victoria-Seattle route dock at the Island City, there are motors galore and guides unnumbered, who ask no greater joy than to show you the beauties of the city—for a consideration. The amateur Mr. Cook who takes your tour in hand will run you over roads that lie smoothly between hedges—for all the world like a bit of England's lovely Surrey—to other roads that stretch as smoothly, mile after mile, through spicy woods. He will tell you that the great trees you admire, with their thick, loose-looking bark, are the famous Douglas Firs. He will show you the old Craigflower schoolhouse built of this famous timber 'way back in 1851, by the Hudson's Bay Company, and still in an excellent state of preservation.

And your guide will show you modern buildings of great beauty—the Parliament Building, with its wonderfully beautiful facade, surmounted by the gilded figure of the gallant Captain Vancouver; the adjacent Library building, which will impress you with its grandeur and if you pass through the carved oak doors, its treasures will reveal themselves in a most fitting setting—lovely Carara marbles, novel columns supporting a lofty dome and walls whose panellings are worthy to surround it all.

The Museum, too, will claim you, for there you will meet "close to" the island's proudest beasts and birds and loveliest flowers.

You will be "personally conducted" through the well-housed, prettily-gardened Indian quarter and through Chinatown, where the quaint Oriental children play by the roadside as occidentally as you please, and an occasional turbaned Hindu will strike a note of squalid dignity as he strides by.

If you are fortunate in your choice of a guide, you will hear much of the history of "old Victoria" as he drives you from street to street, for there is a real significance to the names of the city's avenues. You will recognize Vancouver, of course, and Douglas and Quadra; Fort and Yale and Beacon Hill all speak of the Hudson's Bay Company days; Cowichan, Saanich and Nanaimo are of Indian origin, and even the early ships that helped make history for the Island are commemorated in the signs that read Discovery, Cadboro,

(*Continued on page 53*)

Call to Arms! Women of Canada!

Enlist With The Canadian Women's War League

To be the Amalgamation of All Women's Societies and the Medium whereby Every Woman in the Dominion may have a Voice in the Public Affairs of the Nation

EVER since the war began agitation that women throughout the Dominion join hands for the welfare of the nation, has arisen and then waned, without any results having been effected. In the Western Provinces, women were given the vote, and exercised it. Then followed the Next-of-Kin measure, granting restricted franchise. All this savored of politics. It is not with politics that we would deal now. Rather, it is with citizenship—it is with the power women hold without ballot, without representation in the Commons; hold because they are women.

Do we realize—we women of Canada, the opportunities we are letting slip by? Are we aware of the responsibilities that rest upon us—moral responsibilities such as men have never faced before? The problems that are contingent upon the war are new to men and women alike—they are new in their immensity, new in their effects. They must be met. Our men are called upon to fight, or they that stay behind, to "carry on." Women have worked admirably in nearly every channel, but that of *organized* reform, *organized* progress.

The time to begin is NOW. The period of reconstruction is upon us. It will be too late when the war is ended to *begin*.

This reconstruction rests with the women of the country. It affects your home and mine, your folk and my folk. It cannot be planned, cannot be worked out through a thousand and one women's societies, spread from coast to coast. But it CAN be handled if those thousand and one organizations join forces—not for *all* purposes, but for this ONE, this *supreme cause*. Each may still work for its individual cause, its individual good, as heretofore, but at least twice a month a joint meeting of all women's organizations in every town should provide for this GREATER GOOD.

The Canadian Women's War League must represent *every woman in Canada* or it repudiates its name. Its object must be the *Public Good* its method of attainment,—*energy, goodwill and commonsense*.

Mrs. Tom Jones must remember that whether or not the proper laws are passed in this period of reconstruction; whether her son, her daughter, get a "square deal"; whether her brother who has just returned from overseas incapacitated is reinstated in the proper channel of civil life, all depends upon her, upon the influence she exerts through the Canadian Women's War League, just as much as it depends upon her neighbor across the way whose cousin's uncle is a member of Parliament.

This Dominion-wide League must know no politics, no nationality, no religion—except indeed, that which is centred in the good that may be done for fellow-creatures. It must constitute itself too BIG, too broad for petty considerations. Its pass word must be UNITY and its goal ACHIEVEMENT, PROGRESS, MORAL REFORM.

"Impossible," you say? "Ideals too high!" Nonsense!

It is so ridiculously easy, we women have only to say the word and the organization is completed. Who will say it?

I want opinions, suggestions, advice. This is to be a huge democratic meeting wherein every last woman may have her say.

YOUR opinion may help in the rather difficult task of setting the ball rolling. It is a heavy one, but we mean to make it roll.

Discuss this newly formed Women's War League, at the next meeting of your own Club or Society. Ask your Secretary to write me the decision to which you come. In the meantime, look for the next issue—the April Number of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, for a report of progress and news of the next step to be taken.

—THE EDITOR.

Citizenship or Politics?--What Next?

Are we Content with our Ideals of Citizenship and Service, or do we Desire Better Ones?

By JEAN BLEWETT

A YOUNG soldier writing home the account of an attack his company had made upon the enemy's guns, says: "As we stood waiting the order to advance, or fall back, we weren't concerned greatly as to whether it was our last hour alive or not, nor as to that other matter we had often dreamed of, the distinguishing of ourselves and the winning of honors by special acts of heroism—nor was it, even, the old wish that the home folk would bear their loss bravely if—if—etc. No, *the* thought occupying our mind, crowding everything else to the wall, was simply: 'What next?' We didn't know what orders our signals would flash, but we did know that whatever they were we were ready!"

This *readiness* is peculiar to Canadians, and time after time the story of it comes from overseas, from St. Julien, Ypres, Flanders Field, from Vimy Ridge, Marne and myriad other storm centres. It is a characteristic of our men and of our women. Looking back to that fateful August day of 1914, one realizes that the wives and mothers of this country were the first to find themselves, and to find their work; and that all along the line *their* watchword has been "What next?"

Someone has said: "Doubtless God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but doubtless God never did"; and applying the thought to the subject in hand we say: Doubtless God might have made a better human creature than a good woman—but He never did.

Find her where we will, at lowly or at lofty task, it is ever the same, and the world ever better because of her presence in it. She is busy, busier, busiest, the woman of to-day. Busy in the country schoolhouse, teaching the young idea how to shoot, busy in the higher halls of learning, helping to mold the destiny of the men and women who will govern this Canada of ours in the years to come, busy in office, factory, store, in the learned professions, busy everywhere.

Busy in the home, the spot that has the first claim upon her time, her thought, her tenderness, the place which cannot exist without her. Just as a body is chill and lifeless without a soul, so is a home without the woman who is the soul of it. As one chivalrous writer puts it: "In other walks of life, woman is a luxury, in homemaking she is a dear necessity"—and we believe no reference to the present high cost of living is intended.

Depends on the Woman

EVERYWHERE we hear the assertion that this is woman's day and generation. But is it? It depends upon herself. New work calls her, new ways beckon her. To-day's weight of responsibility is surely molding her for the duties and expansions of that to-morrow when, the war won, a new world will demand the thought of her brain and the throb of her heart in the forming of its ideals and framing of its laws. The history of this war and the years immediately succeeding will strike a new note. We are getting back to first principles, "male and female created He them." Most of the histories have chronicled the doings and sayings of men—most historians have been men, remember. We get the man's outlook on the man's world. It is going to be vastly more interesting when we hear from both—the man, with precedent behind him, custom, old-time faith in his own ideas; and the woman at his side looking all the farther, seeing all the clearer, praying all the harder, working all the fairer because she has none of these things to back her up. All she has by way of equipment, her indomitable courage, her belief that "God's in his Heaven, all's (going to be) right with the world," she carries right with her, using it not as backing for herself, but as life power, soul power, to lift this old earth nearer to the stars than it could hope to reach without her.

"What next?"

Kipling thrilled a world and, so he himself declared, threw away the honor of being Poet Laureate, when he flung out the challenge to his countrymen:

"And what is your boasting worth
When we grudge a year of service to the
lordliest trade on earth?"

Service in this sense meaning preparation—making ready. Our women will not grudge all the time there is to perfecting themselves for the work in hand, the part they are to play. For them to be content with mediocrity in themselves would be the deathblow of reform. They tell of a famous Scotch officer who on one occasion, after his men had been bested through hurrying unprepared into an engagement, looked them over and said sorrowfully: "Cause of defeat, too gude a conceit o' yoursel's."

It is the cause of many defeats; our women will get away from it. To seek the best and pursue it—this is their privilege—pursue it unafraid, unashamed, unswerving

"What next?"

Co-operation Necessary

THE duty of the hour, whatever it is. Co-operation there must be. It is, to quote Mrs. Torrington, the pivot on which swings the success of every reform planned by women.

"Women will never make politicians," sneers a pessimist, "never!"

We hope he is right. We do not desire that our women should make politicians. This country has had enough of politics and of politicians. What it needs now is the patriotic zeal welded with honesty of purpose which thrusting aside all thought of self, works for the public good first, last, always.

We believe our women have it in them to do this. Their strength is in their heaven-born desire to serve, to do things, to housekeep the world. Their weakness is a circumscribed vision, a narrowness hard to overcome.

But it is being overcome. How many will be content to go back to the old outlook, the old ways of wasting time and money and strength? We have lived, and wrought, and suffered. Even now the Angel of Sorrow walks among us murmuring:

"Littleness and envy let them pass;
Vanity and social striving, let them pass;
Empty ambition and lust of power, let them pass;
Jealousy and meanness, let them pass;
Malice and uncharitableness, let them pass;
Pride, frivolity, extravagance, let them pass.
They are too insignificant to have part or lot with the woman of to-day."

Just as women get better and broader, so will they develop independence of thought. And this independence will be a sturdy growth in our midst. Like the tree spoken of in the Book, "Its leaves shall be for the healing of the nations," healing them of party prejudice, of lack of power, of servile dependence on other people's opinions.

Women do not want to begin their public activities by dropping into old ruts cut by party wheels. They do not desire to follow blindly the old leadings. The paths they need they can blaze for themselves. During the past elections we heard at nearly every club meeting the words "Grit" and "Tory" applied to women. Sometimes the names were given merely to distinguish certain groups, at others as terms of reproach. But, for whatever reason, they sounded out of place as applied to our women who with their sturdy common sense and their clear-sightedness have the courage of their convictions.

"What next?"

Having achieved the power of not only casting the ballot—this in itself is not so much—but of reasoning things out, finding the solution of her own difficulties, we ask hopefully, "What next?"

Never Love a Man Unless You Can Love His Mouth!

Professor Farmer says the Mouth is the Most Expressive Feature of the Face—a Reliable Indicator of both Natural and Acquired Traits. Have You ever Observed People's Mouths—or Your Own?

By ARTHUR BLACK FARMER, B.A.
Head of the Psychological Clinic, University of Toronto

(Entered at Ottawa in accordance with the Copyright Act)

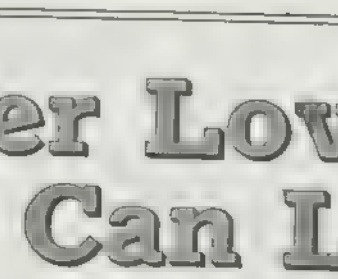
"NEVER love a woman," says an old maxim, "unless you can love her mouth."

"The same rule," adds a modern physiognomist, "applies to a man."

Did it ever occur to you that more than one half of the impression you receive of the disposition of any person from his face you receive from the mouth?

The eyebrows may move a little to express surprise, concentration, or dislike. The eyes themselves may express somewhat of feeling by opening or closing. But the mouth—how flexible, how sensitive to every shade of thought or feeling!

What is more logical or natural than that the mouth should be the chief expressive feature of the face? Not only is the mouth used in the gratification of the animal appetite for food, but it also is used in that most sacred expression of the affection, the kiss of lover or parent, and last but not least, it is the organ by which words are formed to express every thought and feeling that can be translated into language. Do we not all instinctively look to the lips for indications of appetite, affection, intellect and will?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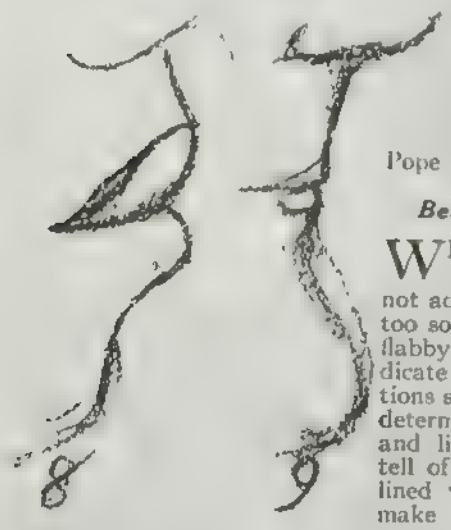
2

Just study the mouths shown on this page—some of them copied from "Who's Who," and some from criminal records—then take a look at your friends and finally at the mirror and see where you stand. Maybe that mouth you have been so proud of is developing an ugly trait or two. If it is, now is the time to start to correct it. Or perhaps you will find that the mouth you have thought a defect is not so bad after all.

So many people, for example, are ashamed of a large mouth. I have no prejudice against a large mouth myself. As I look around upon the busts and portraits of famous men and women, I find few if any whose mouths would be classed as small. A few small mouths are to be found in "Who's Who," men whose chief claim to distinction is the amassing of a little money for themsleves, but I far prefer the large generous mouth of an Abraham Lincoln or the kindly mouth of the late Pope Leo.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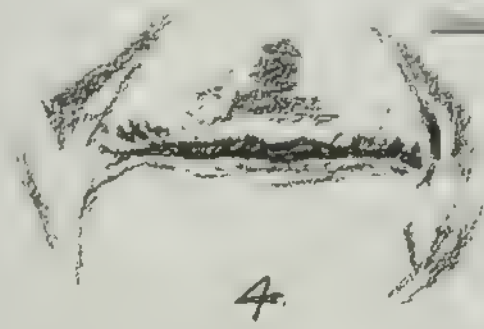
Beware of Flabby Lips

WHILE I like a good sized mouth, however, I cannot admire one whose lips are too soft or flabby. The loose flabby lips while they may indicate strength of the affections show lack of self control, determination, and ambition, and like the loose-hung jaw, tell of a weak and undisciplined will. Once I tried to make a salesman out of a young man whose one unfavorable indication was his flabby, soft lips. Now an outside salesman, just because there is no whistle to blow and no time clock to be punched when it is time to start work; just because he works by himself with no one to watch him hour by hour, needs to be master of himself. He needs to be able to start himself in the morning and drive himself from one call to another, whether he altogether feels like work or not. This the soft mouthed young man could not do and I was forced to give him up as hopeless for an outside position.

How different a type is mouth No. 1! These compressed, firm lips are evidence of the extreme self control and dominating ambition; the will trained to hold every feeling and impulse in leash, which have carried this man from a clerkship to the position of head of one of our largest corporations while most men of his age are still trying to enjoy their youth in sports and pastimes. It is not altogether a loveable mouth. The social feelings have been too much repressed. Yet it is a good mouth, a strong mouth, a mouth to be admired if not loved.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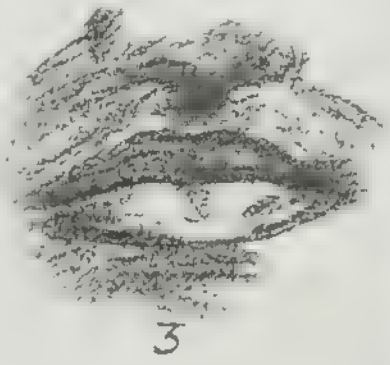
Mouth No. 2 has much of the self-control shown in No. 1, but there is another characteristic that renders this mouth repulsive. The outer corners are turned down. No. 1 may have starved his affections, but his affections are still wholesome. No. 2's mouth is the record of tragedy, of love not only weakened perhaps by restraint, but reversed, changed to dislike and repulsion. The disappointment may have come first and the emotional repression afterwards, or the reverse, but the downward droop to the corners of the mouth remains the sign of a tragedy of the heart.

I recall a curious case illustrating how this sign of of domestic tragedy may mark the second generation. The mouth that first attracted my attention was that of a little girl, perhaps three years of age, a beautiful child except for this droop to the corners of the mouth. The mother's mouth bore the same sign. I was at a loss to reconcile the mouth of the child with its perfection in other respects, for perfect and beautiful children are not frequently born to unloving parents. Later I learned the story—how shortly before the little girl was born the father was guilty of flagrant and open unfaithfulness, which led to separation.

Coarseness and sensuality are the characteristics of No. 3. It is not altogether depraved, yet already the turn of the outer corners is downward. Such a person is too much governed by all his appetites, and lacking in ambition and refinement.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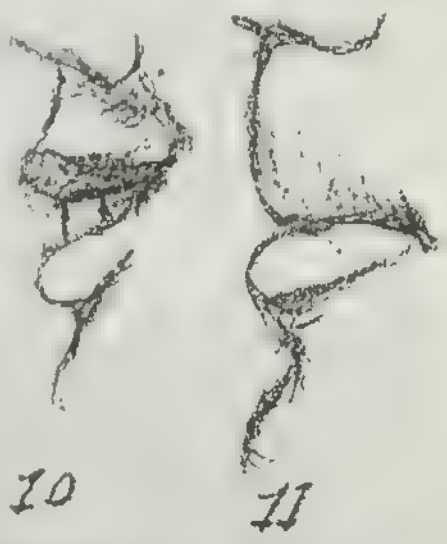
What a contrast again have we in No. 7! This is copied from a painting of Joan of Arc. See how perfectly modelled and proportioned. Here we have affections strong, but desire to love balanced by desire to be loved and both controlled, though not too much repressed, by will and conscience. There is flexibility, delicacy, and above all that simple sincerity of innocence and strength.

The profiles 8, 9, 10, and 11 illustrate a few more interesting characteristics of the mouth.

Protruding lips as shown in No. 8 do not necessarily mean a low order of intellect. I have known people of remarkable brilliance with just such lips. The full lip surface here does however indicate strong appetites and the lack of fineness and flexibility show a certain lack of sensitiveness, of refinement and ambition.

The prominence of the lips also indicates teeth inclined to protrude, a type often associated with a tendency to hyperacidity and tooth decay. The opposite characteristic is shown in No. 9, a type usually enjoying better digestion, and of a more patient, deliberate, self controlled disposition.


10 11

THE characteristic expression of love of admiration is shown in No. 10—in this case the expression is of one not particularly sensitive, but whose vanity has been pleased. The character expressed in this mouth is rather weak.

An opposite character is illustrated in No. 11. The length and convexity of the upper lip express self reliance, obstinacy, determination and domination. Such a man is accustomed to have his own way and cares little who is hurt or what others may think provided he gets it. He will decide quickly and feel himself to be infallible when his decision is made. You know men—and maybe women—with just such mouths and such dispositions.

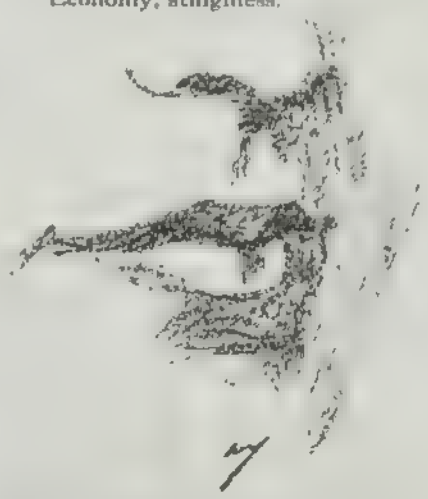
Some people believe in watching a person's eyes. It is a good plan, some of the time. Many physiognomists prefer to watch the mouth. It is a wonderful tell tale. Both in repose and in action it is a constant revelation. If the mouth is hidden by a moustache as many an evil mouth is, give yourself the benefit of the doubt, and remember the warning: 'Never love a man—or a woman—unless you can love his or her mouth."

Now just to be fair, take a look at the mirror. Could you love your own mouth? If not, you can begin to-day to make it a little more attractive. It is worth while, for of all people it is most important that you be good friends with yourself.

EVERY one of Professor Farmer's articles has a direct application to YOU. Under the heading "Watch Your Children Develop," he has written for the April issue of Everywoman's World a study of human metamorphosis that will concern not only parents but all who are interested in their own development. Don't miss it.—The Editors.

Tales Told by the Lips

Very thick lips—Strong affections and appetites.
Very thin lips—Coldness, unsociability.
Compressed lips—Self restraint.
Thick upper lip—Desire to be loved.
Thick lower lip—Desire to love.
Radiating "purse string" lines Economy, stinginess.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Flexible lips—Ambition, thoroughness
Loose, flabby lips—Weak will.
Short upper lip—Sensitiveness, thoroughness, indecision.
Long convex upper lip—Decision, domination.
Lower lip drooping at both sides of the middle—Lying.
Mouth drooping at the corners—Reversed love

5

6

The Economical Mouth

IN No. 4 we have an interesting study, a mouth produced by a lifetime of most rigid economy, economy which, by the way, has resulted in the accumulation of an immense fortune. Even the smile into which this mouth was drawn when the picture was taken, could not remove the radiating "purse-string" wrinkles formed by years of close economy. How often such a mouth pleads poverty in refusing a contribution to a worthy cause or an expenditure for reasonable personal comfort or enjoyment, even though the bank account is already greater than even the next generation will be able to spend!

Although taken from criminal records, No. 5 is a weak rather than a vicious mouth. That soft, too thick upper lip shows a very strong desire to be loved, and a lack of the habit of self control—a character too easily led through the affections. Such was the fate of this young man. A clever and unscrupulous woman led him into crime and to the penitentiary.

Also from criminal records, though in some respects of an opposite type is No. 6. Here the under lip is full and loose, the upper deficient. This indicates the positive side of the love element, the desire to love and to express passion regardless of any response or reciprocation on the part of the object of his affections. This type of man will force his attentions upon a woman regardless of how much she may despise or repel him, something No. 5 could never do. Note also the droop of the under lip on both sides of the middle. This indication has been called the mark of the habitual liar, and my own observation confirms the judgment. Beware of such a mouth.

Making the Most of Available Flours

(*Continued from page 23*)

Date Muffins

TWO cups flour, one-half teaspoon salt, two teaspoons baking powder, one tablespoonful brown or white sugar, one egg, one cup condensed or evaporated milk or one cup sweet milk, and one tablespoon shortening.

Sift dry ingredients together, beat in very quickly and lightly the egg and milk, and fold in one cup chopped dates. Bake in greased muffin rings in a hot oven. No icing is needed.

Steamed Brown Bread

ONE cup white flour, two cups graham flour, two cups cornmeal, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon baking powder, one cup molasses, three-quarters cup evaporated milk, three quarters cup water.

Sift dry ingredients, add molasses and milk and water, well mixed together. One and one-half cups sweet milk may be substituted as liquid. Beat thoroughly, put into a well-greased mold and steam three or four hours.

Barley Cakes

THREE cups barley flour, two cups white flour, one cup shortening, one cup brown sugar; one cup boiling water, four teaspoons baking powder.

Cream shortening, add sugar, mix flour and dry ingredients, add sugar, add boiling water, cool, roll one-quarter inch thick, cut, bake in hot oven twenty minutes.

Barley Pone

ONE cup freshly cooked hominy grits, one cup barley meal, two cups milk, three tablespoonfuls butter, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, two eggs.

Pour into baking dish. Bake forty-five minutes.

Rice Bread

TWO quarts flour, one quart moist cooked rice, one yeast cake, water if necessary to make dough. (Omit if liquid yeast is used otherwise allow one-half cup lukewarm water to dissolve yeast cake), two tablespoons sugar, one tablespoon salt, two tablespoons shortening.

Put boiled rice through a colander and when lukewarm add sugar, one cupful of the flour and the yeast. Set aside until very light, then work in the shortening, the remainder of the flour, salt and any water needed. Keep dough quite stiff; when sponge has doubled in bulk cut into loaves, and allow to rise to two and one-half times their original size. Bake in a moderate oven about one hour.

Cornmeal and Oatmeal Breads

COOK cornmeal or oatmeal to make a medium thick porridge. Add to sponge, then use enough white flour to enable one to knead the bread. Make all working as brisk and light as possible. The proportions of the meals and white flour may be varied widely to suit individual tastes.

Delicious fruit breads may be made by the addition of chopped dates or raisins to the cornmeal or oatmeal sponge.

Buckwheat Cakes

TWO cups buckwheat flour, one cup flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoon salt, two tablespoons syrup, two and one-half cups milk, one cup water.

Sift dry ingredients, stir in liquids and beat well. Cook on a hot, well-greased griddle and serve with maple or corn syrup.

The Hidden Hope

(*Continued from page 11*)

After a pause:

"And you never told me! You just did kind things instead!"

"The dull precincts of a newspaper office are hardly—well, possibly your friend Thackeray could reconcile them to . . . . As for me, I fear my instincts are too cave-mannish."

There was a palpitating silence.

"I suppose," he began, presently, "that now you have learned of my—impudence, you will resign."

A trace of bitterness had crept into his tone.

Miss Harriman pretended to consider. In reality her heart was in a tumult.

"I suppose so," she agreed. "Unless—"

"Yes?" he prompted, after an eternity of waiting.

"Unless you forgive me for last night and also consent to leave these verses as they stand."

"Addressed to—Vera? Do you mean it?"

"Yes, please. And— is there a *very* large lump on the back of your head?"

. . . . .

And the buzzer on the desk buzzed on. It hadn't the ghost of a chance with Cupid.

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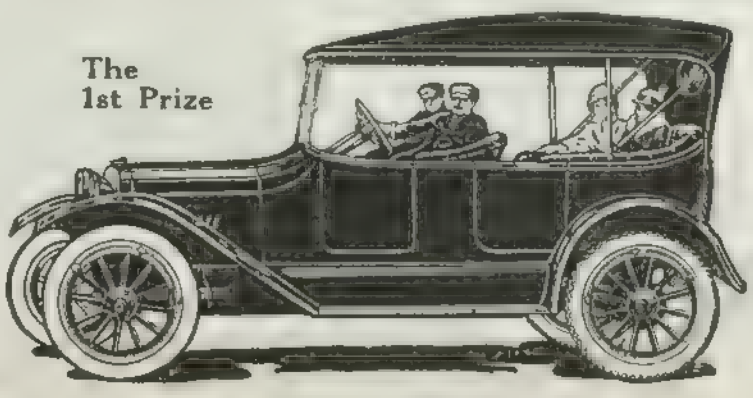
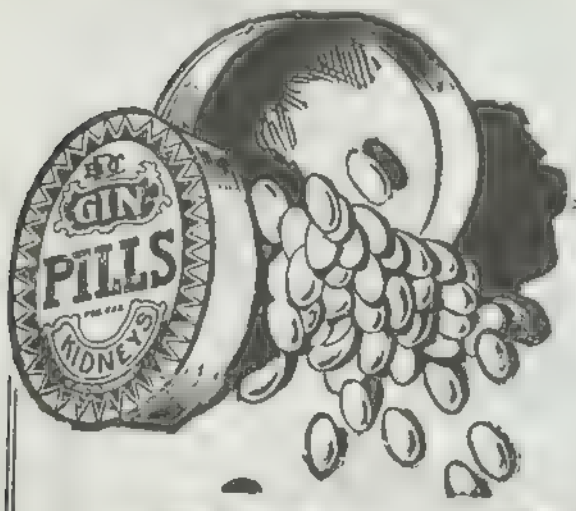
Full Details Page 51

The 1st Prize





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The Wild Red Steed

(*Continued from page 28*)

ON the crown of the mountain the three great rocks stood, stolid masses of black against the softer darkness of the sky. The lad slipped between them, just as the moon, having reached the highest point of her nightly journeying, broke through the clouds and poured a silver glory of light upon the crests of the hills. He stood for a moment in the centre of the radiance, a little, ungainly figure, his white face upturned to the broad dark arch of sky above him. Then he lifted up his voice and cried aloud.

"O Aengus, Master of Dreams," he cried, "let you be hearing me now and keeping your promise, for it is alone I am and heavy with sorrow. Let you be giving back to the wild red steed all his old-time powers. Make him once more as he was when first I saw him standing against the sunset on the summit of Slieve Dearg. O let you be keeping your promise now, the way I will not be remembering my own trouble and repenting of my wish."

Even as he finished speaking, the moon slipped behind the clouds again, leaving the world in darkness. For a few moments Feargus stood, half hoping, half dreading to hear some answer to his appeal, but all was silent around him. As he stood there, the memory of the hopes he had cherished since first the Man of the Hills had told his tale, came back upon him like the waves of some mighty flood, and hiding his face in his hands he sank to the ground in a passion of weeping.

How long he lay there he never knew, but he was roused at last by the touch of something cold against his cheek, and starting to his feet, he saw the wild red steed standing beside him, looking into his face with dark soft eyes. Above him the stars were paling fast, and already the east was white with the coming day. The dark masses of cloud had broken and were scudding across the sky before the breath of the dawn-wind which had arisen and now blew damp and cool along the hillside. Feargus shivered a little at its chill touch and, turning, moved slowly down the mountain, the red steed following closely in his footsteps.

Down he went, slowly and wearily, along the ways he had climbed with such high hopes surging within him. They were gone now and by his own action, yet deep within his heart he knew that he had no repentance for his wish. "Feargus Cam" he might be to the end of his days, but for the beautiful wild creature that he had looked upon and loved there was strength and swiftness unending. So the lad held his head high in spite of his weariness.

He had turned a bend of the path, when suddenly the Man of the Hills stepped from behind a thick clump of bushes and stood before him.

"A good morrow to you, Feargus MacLaogaire," he said, with a lurking smile in the depths of his dark eyes. "And is it home you are going with your wish unfulfilled? Did the promise of Aengus not hold for you, O King's Son?"

Feargus met his smile with steady eyes.

"The promise held, O Man of the Hills," he replied. "My wish was granted."

"Then you asked not for yourself?" The twinkling eyes under the shock of red hair scanned the boy's face keenly.

"I asked not for myself," Feargus made answer briefly, and the wild red steed dropped its head upon his shoulder as he spoke, with a little whinnying sound.

"And does there be no repentance upon you, Prince Feargus, the way you will be crooked all your days?" asked the strange figure in his path and Feargus flung back his head.

"A King's Son repents not of his gifts," he said proudly. "And now, health and farewell to you, Seannachie, for it is long is the way before me still to the gates of the Dun of Laogaire, and it is great weariness is upon me."

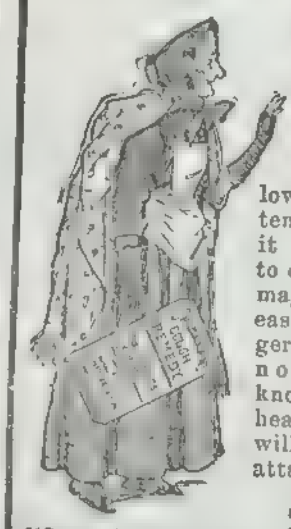
But the Man of the Hills laid a friendly hand upon his arm.

"Let you put away your weariness, O Feargus MacLaogaire," he said, "and be listening to me now. You have set aside the desire of your own heart to help one of the Kindred of the Sidhe, and we of the hills pay our debts. Mount now and ride, until you reach the foot of Carraig Dhu. There lies Tobar na Crann, the well by whose side grows the hazel tree of enchantment. Wait until you see the first rays of the sun strike upon the face of the waters, then kneel and drink three draughts from the well and break a bough from the tree that bends above it to fasten in your cap. So ride you home, and the luck of the Sidhe go with you."

As he finished speaking, he stepped swiftly into the bushes and was gone. Feargus turned to obey his command, a wild new hope growing in his heart, and lo! the red steed who had never before bowed his head to mortal man stood still, whinnying and arching his proud neck, until the boy had mounted. Then he set off through the woods at a long steady gallop.

(*Continued on page 49*)

Granny's Talk to Young Mothers



"Granny" Chamberlain

"Few young mothers realize the extent to which a cold lowers the system and makes it susceptible to disease. The majority of diseases arise from germs, but it is not widely known that a healthy system will repel their attacks.

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Yours for Health,
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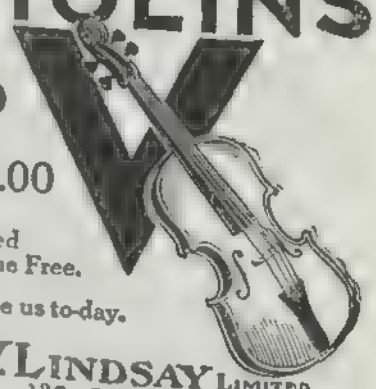
VIOLINS



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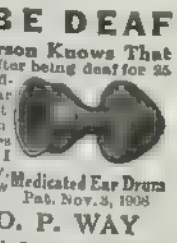

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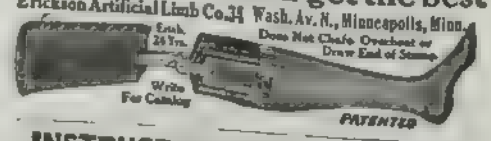

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Our Greatest National Scourge

By CHARLES HASTINGS, M.D.

Medical Officer of Health, Toronto

OF the various lessons to be learned from the present war, there is probably none more valuable than that of the part played by venereal diseases in determining the strength of a nation. History has taught us that nothing but a calamity, or an impending calamity, will arouse mankind individually or collectively to a sense of their duty to their fellow men. We find, however, in all nations a sprinkling of public-spirited men with true vision. This is very well demonstrated in the attitude taken by Sir Malcolm Morris in referring to this subject some years before the outbreak of war, when he said:

"There must no longer be silence. The nation has been asleep while the enemy has been sowing its tares. It was a monstrous analogy that the State should enforce the investigation of many other infectious diseases and take charge of the insane and inspect workshops and factories, and in a thousand other ways stretch out a long arm to safeguard the health of the community and not more than lift a finger to protect the community from this devastating pestilence which is more ruthless than the Destroying Angel who slew the first born, smote daily the baby unborn."

Lord Morley, about the same time, gave evidence of a similar vision and awakening, when he said:

"There is sheer moral cowardice in shrinking from a large serious inquiry into the extent, the cause and possible control of this hideous scourge."

Following these statements was the appointment of the British Royal Commission to investigate the extent of venereal diseases in Great Britain. When this Commission was appointed, the Right Honorable Mr. Asquith announced that it was the intention of the Government to institute an enquiry into the "pestilence which walketh in darkness." The "stamp of silence," said Mr. Asquith, "has ended. Clean thinking and common sense have won their victory over prudery."

The foregoing goes to show that even before the war there was an awakening, but it is reasonable to predict that these efforts would have been practically fruitless, had not the revelations of the war followed rapidly in their trail. Therefore, inasmuch as public sentiment is essential to the effective administration of any reform, it is obviously necessary to enlighten the public as regards the disastrous results of these diseases to the home, to the community and to the nation. It is the opinion of those who have made a careful study of the problem in all its phases, that venereal diseases constitute the most important of all factors in the degeneration and depopulation of the world. The intelligent, the ignorant, the innocent and the guilty are paying a penalty for an ignorant, ill-considered, false modesty in terms of morbidity and morality, that probably surpasses that of all other communicable diseases combined.

The enormous medical, social and economic significance of venereal diseases has never been properly appreciated by any nation. This is largely due to the fact that the diseases that result from venereal infection are enumerated under names that give no clue to the lay mind as to what the real source of the diseased condition was. The terms, pus tubes, inflammation of the ovaries, inflammation of the tubes, cerebral hemorrhage, locomotor ataxia, genital paralysis of the insane, the blind, the partially blind, deafness, suicides, disrupted homes, and other conditions, reveal nothing to the lay mind. They constitute but a camouflage, but in the light of modern knowledge we know that at least 90% of the aforesaid conditions are the result of gonorrhea or syphilis, or both.

Dr. Kelly, of Johns-Hopkins, has pointed out that a large proportion, probably from 17% to 25%, of the childless marriages are due to the husbands being incapacitated as a result of previous attacks of gonorrhea, and also that the enormous number of one-child families is in consequence of the wife becoming infected during her first pregnancy. One of the most appalling features in connection with the ravages of these diseases is the fact that so often the innocent fall victims. Dr. Pollock, in Dr. Kelly's Clinic in Johns-Hopkins, refers to two hundred cases of little girls suffering from gonorrhea and syphilis, and claims that there were over five hundred of these little ones so infected in Baltimore every year. There is at the present time a good portion of one ward in the General Hospital, in Toronto, being set apart for the treatment of children thus infected. The Chicago Vice Commission reported that 600 infected children under twelve years of age passed through the wards of one Chicago Hospital in twenty-seven months.

Twenty Millions Affected

IT has been estimated that there are approximately from ten to twenty millions of the people of this continent affected with syphilis. The records of different nations in the world reveal practically the same experience, it only being a matter of degree. Neiser states that in Germany fully 75% of the adult male population contract gonorrhea and over 15% have syphilis. In certain vocations the percentage of both diseases is very much higher.

Recent observations of the result of the Wasserman test made at the General Hospital, Toronto, revealed the fact that approximately 12% of all the public ward cases gave evidence of syphilitic infection, so that we in Canada are not escaping; and the effect of syphilis and gonorrhea in the lower working efficiency of our population, to say nothing of the increased mortality, it would be difficult to estimate. It would be difficult to over-emphasize the great danger to national efficiency from

Dr. Hastings, M.O.H., for Toronto

"THE great danger to adolescent boys and girls is that they do not know the danger," said Doctor Hastings when we asked him to deal with this subject. "How can they be expected to avoid instinctively dangers of which they have not been told? The only way to guard against them is by education—education first of the parents, and through them education of the children. Only when they are thoroughly awakened to the conditions that exist to day, will the parents tell their children the facts that they should know."

In the adjoining article, Dr. Hastings gives a comprehensive statement of the facts relating to the nature and prevalence of veneral diseases, believing that only by widespread knowledge can our boys and girls be safeguarded and our nation be freed from the social scourge that threatens her very life.

these diseases, and yet they are not being controlled, and until recently little concertive action had been taken.

However, we can now begin to see the dawn of a revolution in regard to the control of these diseases. There is abundant evidence to show that approximately eighty per cent. of the deaths from inflammation of the pelvic organs peculiar to women are the result of gonorrheal infection.

It has been said that over sixty per cent. of all the work done by the specialists in diseases of women is the result of this disease, and in addition to this, fifty per cent. or more of these infected women are rendered absolutely and irreparably sterile and many are condemned to a lifelong invalidism. There are thousands of pure married women infected, and in many instances their aspirations, which centre in motherhood and children, are swept away.

In addition to this, it is estimated that eighty per cent. of the ophthalmia neonatorum, or the inflammation of the eyes, occurring within two or three days after birth, which oft-times blots out the eyes of babies, and twenty to twenty-five per cent. of all blindness from all causes, is due to gonorrheal infection. Syphilis, on the other hand, is oft-times transmitted to the offspring by the mother while she is carrying the child, but fortunately sixty per cent to eighty per cent. of all children infected with this disease in the prenatal state die before being born. Unfortunately, however only too many come into the world with the marks of death upon them and those that finally survive are the subjects of degenerative changes and organic defects which may be transmitted to the third generation.

PROBABLY the most recent, and one of the most valuable contributions to our knowledge of the extent of these diseases on this continent is that by Dr. Quayle, presented in an address to the Association of Life Insurance Presidents in New York City in December last. Dr. Quayle pointed out in his address that we are menaced by two great infectious diseases, as has been revealed by the examination of our recruits and draftees. The first of these diseases is syphilis and the second tuberculosis. As he was emphasizing more particularly the menace of syphilis, he merely touched on the dangers of tuberculosis, the examination having revealed the fact that there were twelve to fifteen times as many rejected as being infected with venereal diseases as there were of those affected by tuberculosis.

As Dr. Quayle pointed out, syphilis (a word which people seem to be afraid of pronouncing, known as blood-taint, vice-disease, and sexual disease) we hear of very little, but it causes more deaths annually than any other infectious disease. This would be fully demonstrated if the diagnosis were made in all cases.

Some of the most competent authorities on syphilis maintain that there are twenty millions of these cases in the United States to-day.

He further stated that one of his professional friends in the Army recently made the following statement: "Twenty per cent. of the young adult male population of the class from which the army is recruited, namely, from twenty-one to thirty-one, have been found to be syphilitic by the Wasserman test, and even this test does not show nearly all the cases of syphilis." These recruits had been under physical examinations which were so severe that approximately eighty-three per cent. of all applicants were rejected. As Dr. Quayle fittingly expressed it, "What chance has the unborn child where one or both of its parents is syphilitic?"

Ignorance on the subject of syphilis amongst the laity, and some members of the medical profession, is the greatest single factor in the increase of syphilis to-day.

As long as we call it vice disease, blood taint, and other disgraceful names, we are standing in our own light and preventing the syphilitic from receiving the sympathy and the medical treatment that is necessary for the safety of the individual, for society, and for the unborn children.

It must be borne in mind that syphilis may be inherited, or contracted as innocently as measles or scarlet fever, by having abraded surfaces ever so small in the skin or mucus membrane of the infectuous secretions of one suffering from this disease. This being true, why treat the syphilitic as a moral leper?

Fournier, the great authority on syphilis in France, says that in fifty per cent. of his cases of syphilis in women, they were absolutely unaware of ever having had the infection, and these cases were all primary and acquired cases.

It must be borne in mind that so far as the investigations in Canada are concerned, there has been found a larger percentage of syphilitics amongst civilians than in the army.

It must be apparent that we can only hope for the control of these diseases by pulling aside the veil, removing all the mysteries, treating them as communicable and preventable diseases, regardless of their source.

We have every reason to believe that in the near future we are going to get legislation that will enable us to control these diseases, and as the educational methods advance, as the public becomes more enlightened, diseases, like tuberculosis, typhiod fever, and many other communicable diseases, may be wiped out. As Flexner has expressed it, "civilization is stripped for a life and death contest with tuberculosis, alcohol and other plagues." It is on the verge of a similar struggle with the crasser forms of commercialized vice, and in consequence sooner or later it must fling down the gauntlet to the whole horrible thing.

This will be a real contest that will tax the courage, the self-denial, the faith and the resources of humanity, to their utmost. We are in the midst of this contest now, and are soliciting recruits.

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Do You Know How To Buy?

The Advantages and Disadvantages of Purchasing Wholesale

By EDYTHE G. BLACK

IT is a well-known fact that of the monies of any household fully eighty per cent. must go through the hands of the women of that household. Theirs is the task of regulating the expenses of the family so as to keep them within due limits and at the same time to supply the maximum of comfort and efficiency with the minimum of cost. To them belongs the filling of all the household needs, not only of food but of clothing, warmth and comfort, and in these days of high prices and scarcity of many commodities hitherto readily available, their task becomes a difficult and onerus one.

To be able to accomplish this task successfully a woman of the present day must have at her finger-ends a knowledge of many sciences that in the past would have been considered as altogether outside of her sphere, and among these a practical knowledge of the science of marketing is not the least in importance.

Now, by "marketing" is not meant the simple act of ordering, by telephone or otherwise, the supplies that she may consider necessary for the maintenance of the household without much consideration as to season, price or quality of the goods ordered, but the careful comparison of places and methods of purchase, in order that such purchases may be made to the best advantage and with a due regard to the saving both of time and money.

One of the chief problems of the present day is whether to buy from middlemen or, as far as possible, from producers. In the beginning, the purpose of the middleman was an excellent one. He saved time and trouble to both producer and consumer and so rendered an important service to both. If the producer were to take time to find a customer for his produce his power of production would be decreased by so much. It was at times impossible for the consumer to find ready to hand one who produced the articles of which he stood in need. Here was the middleman's opportunity. To the producer he said: "Here I am, ready to find you a customer who will purchase all that you have to sell. You need spend neither time nor trouble in the matter. Go on with your work of production and leave the rest to me."

To the customer he said: "See, here are the very articles that you want brought within your easy reach without any trouble whatever on your part." To both he showed that all this was performed at the cost of a very small percentage on the original value of the article.

In this saving of time and trouble lay his usefulness and for such services he was indubitably entitled to payment. So long as he was content with a fair rate of profit for his pains there was no cause for complaint, but as time went on the middleman gradually assumed control of the market and was enabled to levy a heavy toll upon goods passing through his hands. Furthermore, an elaborate system of reduplication gradually came into existence until, at the present day the usual course of purchase in large centres is about as follows:

1. The Producer. 2. The Importer. 3. The Wholesale Dealer. 4. The Retail Dealer. 5. The purchaser—the goods thus passing through the hands of at least three middlemen, each of whom adds to the original price such quota of profits as he deems a fitting return for his labors, and finally reaching the consumer with a marked deterioration in quality and an equally marked enhancement in price.

In order to prevent this and to eliminate as many links in this chain of transfer as possible, it is expedient that, where feasible, producer and consumer should deal directly with each other.

This end is, perhaps, best obtained by the establishment of markets in all the large centres of population where producer and consumer may meet and where purchases may be made, thus abolishing altogether the necessity for the middleman and with him his higher scale of prices and inferior goods. By purchasing at such markets, the housekeeper may be certain of the good condition and quality of the goods that she buys as well as of the fact that she is paying but a single tax upon her purchases instead of being mulcted of two, or perhaps more, commissions upon such supplies.

Under conditions at present existing in many places, however, such a solution of the problem is impossible, and the question resolves itself into two branches—the method of wholesale purchase, or that of retail, each of which has its own advantages and disadvantages. Let us consider first the method of buying by wholesale.

In most cases the advantage in price is with the wholesale purchaser, as he eliminates one link in the chain of profiteering and by buying in large quantities secures a further reduction in price. There are several varieties of wholesale purchase, the first and perhaps the best being to buy directly and in large quantities from the producer. This, where possible, is the most advantageous of all methods of purchase as it secures not only lower prices, but better goods. Often, however, this method of marketing is rendered impossible by difficulties of transport, etc., in which case a second method remains to be considered, namely:

Purchase directly from the importer, thus adding one link to the chain of hands through which the goods must pass.

If this also is impossible there remains the power of purchase from the wholesale house to which the importer sells his goods.

Wholesale Buying

WHOLESALE buying tends to reduction in price, the difference generally being from ten to twenty-five per cent. It saves time, labor and thought and generally offers a far better choice of goods. It has, however, its disadvantages, among these being the need of increased storage room and of larger sums of ready money.

Among the advantages of retail buying are the facts that very little storage room is needed and not so much ready money. A great many foods and perishable goods have to be bought in small quantities and there is not liable to be so much waste as is the case with goods bought in bulk. In the case of package goods there is an advantage in cleanliness, although they may be slightly higher in price. More money, however, is always paid when supplies are purchased in small quantities.

It is possible at times to combine wholesale and retail buying in the following manner:

1. By buying in large quantities from retail houses, the retail dealer will often sell at wholesale prices or a very slight advance on the goods. This, however, is open to the same objection as direct wholesale buying, namely, the need of storage space.

2. Many large wholesale houses have a retail department from which goods can be secured.

3. There are some places that do their own importing and retailing. These are apt to be more moderate in their prices than are those retail shops that purchase from the wholesale houses.

It must be remembered in marketing that the cost of food is not only its money value. Food purchased at small cost is cheap only when it maintains bodily efficiency and carries out its purpose, which is to transmute itself into energy sufficient to enable the person eating to carry on his daily duties in the best possible manner. Therefore money paid for any article which does not in some way contribute its quota to the production of this energy, is money wasted, no matter how little the said article may cost.

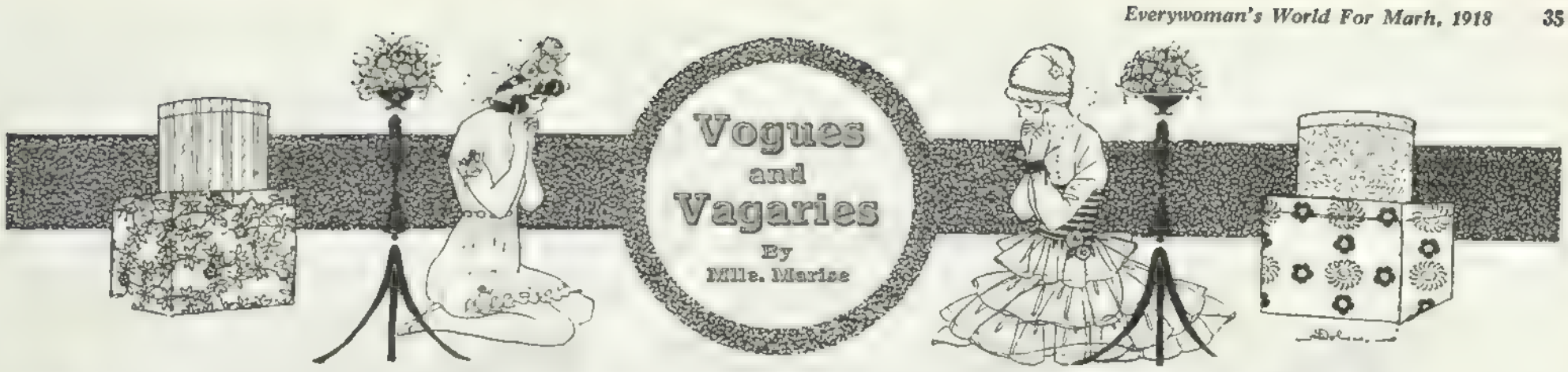
There are many factors which may influence the price of commodities, among them being the law of supply and demand. So too, Government regulations—tariffs, duties, etc., may affect the price of materials.

Besides these general factors determining the cost of foods or materials, there are often others which affect only particular localities; for instance, in a case where there is little demand for a certain class of produce, prices become lower.

From the foregoing it may be seen that many considerations enter into the science of marketing. The housewife who is thoroughly mistress of all these is certain to know how her money may be laid out to the best advantage and with the most pleasing results and her household will rise up and call her blessed.

With the war, new considerations of economy have entered the lists, with which she must be prepared to grapple, but in the main the woman of the present day is meeting her difficulties successfully and at the end of the struggle she will emerge with greater efficiency and wider outlook than in the past.

All success to her in her endeavors!



THIS is a woman's era—let individuality be unconfined," declared the Paris designers, putting their heads together over the spring openings. The fate of the tailored suit, that indispensable member of woman's wardrobe of ante-bellum days, hung in the balance. Rumors of its downfall from its exalted state of early spring-time supremacy fell like an icy blast down the back of the premeditated war-time wardrobe plans of the average woman with an eye for comfort and smartmess.

The slim, straight, tight, one-piece frock and the three-quarter length, buttonless, sometimes-slip-over-top coat will be the "O. C." of the Fashion unit, couturiers predicted and the powers that be in the manufacturing and dressmaking realms backed their endorsation of the Wool-will-win-the-war theory by limiting three yards of fifty-four inch material to top coat construction.

But in a war for democracy there are many odd turns, with here and there a pleasant surprise. So with the stimulus of imposed limitations upon the wise little designer, the tailored suit, requiring not less than 2½ to 4 yards of material was wafted in upon the first breeze of spring.

So it's a case of "pays your money and takes your choice," but follow the straight and narrow way from collar to hem. Paris advises, and then places quantities of diversified designs at our disposal, including those of Oriental suasion, favored by Paquin and Premet Louis XV. and then Beer follows a fifty-fifty basis and leaves the choosing to us.

The Eton jacket, interrupted in its downward course by a perky white vest of pique stealing out from beneath the curved or straight front, represented the advance guard of the spring-time fashions, followed by skirts bringing all their fulness before them—if there's any to be brought, but one mustn't expect too much when one yard to one and one half yards in width is all the law allows. But restrict the new skirt too much, and it is bound to show some opposition, such as wilfully hiking itself up two or three inches in the middle front and letting the back go hang—a little longer.

So much for the woman built after Venus on anatomical lines or the theory of parallels. The designers, impartial in their bestowals, sent along some tailored semi-fitted coat-suits which hang all their hopes of smartness upon a narrow belt, a single pocket, a mere button or even a tassel. The more insignificant the fastening the better, and many belts have a way of swathing the figure this season, giving a fitted in effect to the frock or coat and growing out from one side of the bodice trail off in saucy sash fashion.

Serge, gabardine and homespun in navy blue, sand and cinnamon brown are particularly popular predictions for suitings. But to be strictly in accord with the spirit of the times, one must be covert-cloth-clad. Untrimmed and unadorned, save for buttons of brown bone, leather or brass, the military influence might be given the preference in cut and style.

The top coat, quite a matter of importance to the practical woman at all seasons, and particularly indispensable for Canada's windy March, walked off with high honors. They follow an uninterrupted line of least resistance from their narrow shoulders (yes, narrow shoulders apply to all coats) down their invisibly buttoned front to their slightly flared hems. Sometimes yokes intervene and belts go fore and aft, just by way of change—for one must have variety.

IF there is wool without, there is bound to be cotton or silk within; likewise, if the color without is light, the lining must be dark by way of pleasing contrast.

Bulloz, struck by the novelty of the idea, immediately set a good example by combining geranium red velours with navy blue surrah as lining, and then placed his good name above it, to seal the bargain. Surrah, in all shades, pongee, cotton crepe or heavy habutai make very practical serviceable and inexpensive linings, stamped with just the right touch of vogue.

Soft velours, in brilliant colors, homespuns, tweeds, cheviots, flannel, broadcloth, taffeta or satin make the new top coats just what they are, "chic." Collars have a big say in the general tout ensemble, and one often sees a top coat start off bravely with a shawl collar of angora. Frocks of jersey have been known to blossom out with collars of wool lace, an old time fashion revived from the days of Betsy Ross, or thereabouts. A bit of angora or wool, be it ever so humble, will be an added attraction on everything from georgette crepe blouses to satin dresses.

Collars reach the very height of one's ideals of organdie, bound in narrow bias bands of satin, couched in worsted or sprinkled with china beads. Suit collars may be high or small and draped.

Since wool conserving and clothes economizing is recognizably being done in the best of families, the idea has been seized like a new novel in every sphere of life, and the closer one adheres to the new rules successfully, the nearer one comes to being fashionably patriotic.

Our dictators of fashion cut their patterns accordingly and furnished us with the ever popular style of material combinations, bringing remnants into the hey-day of their glory to do their bit for womankind, and miraculously one appropriate design after another sprang up from the firmament of fashion. The new bit of georgette crepe combined with last year's crepe de chine dress offers innumerable possibilities.

In the lighter weight fabrics, etamine, another old friend, was recalled to the field for this duty, and a happy alliance with taffeta, satin or heavy habutai it made, when forming one of those long tunics so popular at present.

Combinations of georgette crepe and homespun in shades of tan and brown are modish to say the least, and tan checked tweed placed in relief against a background of brown wool might be used for the first spring street dress.

Satins in sombre shades of midnight blue, tete de negre or bordeaux will play a big part in a woman's life for the next three or four months, from the crown of her first spring chapeau to the hem of her one-piece redingote. One-piece dresses are still "it" in serge, satin, foulard, jersey or the new silk gingham. Usually austere in their slimness, they bear the marks of the militaire spirit of the times, with buttons of silver, gold and steel and braids to correspond. High collars and tight sleeves tend to accentuate the lines of dignity, but a feminizing influence manages to assert itself by introducing a soft collar of satin or georgette crepe.

Foulards and habutai are two excellent, inexpensive materials for pretty soft and cool spring dresses, and combined with soutache braid or a touch of Chinese or Indian embroidery, the simplest of frocks can be made "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

THE latter half of the first draft call for spring hats is sounding, and recruits of lizere, Milan hemp, and tagel are flocking in to the colors of red, blue (nattier and navy), tete de negre, plum, tan and olive drab. Hats in spring-time are much like ourtelves; one never knows what one will do next. Hence the unexpected turn of a brim into reverse or its sudden rise to absurd heights in the back.

The Turkish influence which adapts itself well to the usage of swirled maline and straw as substitute for costher feathers, is still popular. The mushroom and straight sailor with here (but not there) a slight bend or break in the line are holding their own again in combinations of satin, georgette crepe, cotton crepe, taffeta, foulard or felt, with straw.

The polk bonnet, like a posy from an old fashioned garden, comes back to us with memories of the long ago. But beware! She is destined for only a chosen few and those who resemble not the belles of 1860 in alluring wiles and quaint smiles, befriend her not.

If we skimp our suits of wool, there is a little excuse for falling to the temptation of using it on our hats. Rosettes or flowers of the same in various brilliant colors placed around the crown of a small mushroom shaped purple lizere are most effective.

These inexpensive, attractive effects are easily accomplished by the home milliner, who will have ample opportunity to show her skill on summer hats of organdie, muslin, dotted Swiss, linen or tissue, in shades of rose, yellow, beige and green.

When skimping one's self means greater provision for the Tommies, doughboys and poilus in or out of the fields of Flanders, woman will resort to all sorts of subterfuges, accept her lot with joy and sleep content in the knowledge that her loss of wool is some one else's gain.

The usual quota of sports clothes will accompany the late spring and early summer days. Suits will lean towards the Norfolk lines, with here and there a deviation in pocketted belt or lack of pockets, for with the modern knitting bag or catch-all, built on trunk proportions, hands find little time for hiding elsewhere. Then, too, if all extra accessories on men's clothes are taboo, surely woman must have a finger in the pie of patriotism—and what's a pocket more or less?

Homespuns, cheviots, tweeds and flannel in all shades of tan, brown, navy or Copenhagen blues, olive green, cold grey or Joffre, lend themselves well to sport suit lines as though to the manner made. Dresses of white wool jersey, couched, collared and cuffed in colored worsted to be worn later on the tennis court would send any score jumping to the "love" game.

Wherever woman is, there is the knitting-bag also. Yesterday a good-looking knitting-bag was a possession—to-day it is merely a requirement of the costume. For morning, noon and night are bags varying for the hour in fabric and color. When the day begins and the knitting-bag is taken from its peg, one will find that it nearly always accords with the sports hat which its fair owner has donned. Of chintz, silk, or perhaps from straw, it may be fashioned, but there it is on hand to dangle through the morning in all its brilliancy. Now and then jealousy surges through the shirred soul of a haughty bag—a sock is being knitted and, instead of reposing in its gracious folds, is stuffed into the pocket of a sports coat. However, such calamities occur but seldom, so the knitting-bag has no fear of democracy usurping her autocratic sway over fair femininity.

SILKS and springtime go hand in hand—the one is here and the other is fast approaching. To have a frock on hand to welcome spring's coming is the wish of every woman, but what silk to select is the question. There is Roshanara crepe for the tailored dress, and Ondule for the one of greater extravagance, both materials by their heaviness lending themselves admirably to tailored lines. When the days grow warmer, pongees will say "how do you do" again. While of the same family, they are characteristic in only new ways with the silk with which we are already acquainted. For example, there is Ruff-A-Nuff that is a cousin many times removed, while Amphora is more closely related. Pussy Willow once more magnetizes with its texture and attractiveness of print, and this season has gone so far as to be printed in dress patterns.

THE note of patriotism sounds in every channel. When prices are a little too high, material scarce, Canadian women have learned to shrug their shoulders, with their French sisters "across the pond" and remark: *C'est la guerre.* And if *la guerre* has done nothing else, it has inspired a measure of thrift, of economy in the matter of clothes as well as other necessaries.

It rests with Canadian women to use their ingenuity in exercising this economy to make the best possible use of the least possible materials.

The April issue of Everywoman's World will contain a page of "First Lessons In Knitting" for the benefit of the younger set who are but starting in to do thetr bit.

Fashion Artiste Will Tell You How To "Make-Over"

Write Miss Helen Cornelius, care of Everywoman's World, and she will solve your clothes problems.

Woman has taken a stand; no longer will she be dictated to, especially in matters as personal as dress. Hard pressed with mighty worldly problems, where economy plays a large part, a little advice now and then from those willing to help her solve her feminine problems is not averse in an age of stress and labor.

APPRECIATING this and the value of economy to every Canadian woman as a patiotic duty, be she plutocrat or plebe, Everywoman's World stands ready to give a helping hand. If your last year's frock has possibilities of regeneration after slight renovation; if the small remnant of brocade, velvet, silk, etc., seems to be a white elephant on your hands; if your last summer's evening frocks, so becoming and so much admired, need a refreshing touch; if your straw hat of several summers looks almost hopeless, but retains just a spark of life, to be rekindled by just the right touch—write to us and we will advise you through our columns how, when and where to apply the right remedy.

Many such enquiries have come to us lately from our subscribers, leading us to believe that perhaps many more desire the imformation, but do not know it is available. Hence the inauguration of this department.

Spring Designs that are Expressive of Youthful Charm

Home Pattern 9827—Misses' or Small Women's Coat. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1260—Misses' or Small Women's Box-plaited Skirt. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents.

Home Patterns 9827-1260—Suit in size 16 requires 5½ yards 36-inch material with ½ yard 22-inch contrasting.

Home Pattern 9885—Misses' or Small Women's Coat. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents.

Home Pattern 9886—Misses' or Small Women's Four-gored Skirt. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents.

Home Patterns 9885-9886—Suit in size 16 requires 6 yards 44-inch material, with 3 yards fringe.

Home Pattern 9915—Misses' or Small Women's Empire Coat. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 4½ yards 44-inch material, with ½ yard 36-inch contrasting goods. Coat in either of two lengths. Collar may be rolled high or low. Price, 15 cents.

Home Pattern 9861—Misses' or Small Women's Long Coat. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 4½ yards 54-inch material, with 1⅜ yards 36-inch contrasting goods. Collar may be rolled high or low. A very practical model for general wear. Price, 15 cents.

Home Pattern 9787—Misses' or Small Women's Coat. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents.

Home Pattern 9883—Misses' or Small Women's Two-gored Skirt. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents.

Home Patterns 9787-9883—Suit in size 16 requires 4 yards 44-inch material, with ⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting goods.

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The Latest Trend of Fashion is Embodied in These Garments

Home Pattern 1195—Ladies' or Misses' Long Coat. Sizes 34, 38 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 4½ yards 54-inch material with 1½ yards 36-inch contrasting goods. Some years ago, only women of luxury possessed a motor coat, but in these days a coat of this type seems almost a necessity for the average woman. An excellent model for this purpose can be copied from this number 1195. This particular model may be cut in either of two lengths. It is made with long kimono sleeves that are finished with deep cuffs. Any of the heavy mixtures, of which there is such a wide variety, may be used for its development. The collar and cuffs of contrasting material furnish the necessary trimming. Price, 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1300—Ladies' or Misses' Long Coat. Sizes 34, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 7 yards 36-inch material, with 1¼ yards 36-inch contrasting goods. This coat is particularly attractive when developed in satin, as can easily be seen by bestowing a second glance at the illustration. It is equally attractive and is suitable for general wear, when developed in serge or any of the novelty check materials. It may be made in either of two lengths. Price, 15 cents.

Home Pattern 9826—Ladies' Coat. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1093—Ladies' Two-Gored Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents.

Home Patterns 9826-1093—Suit in sizes 36 and 26 requires 4¾ yards 54-inch material, with ⅝ yard 42-inch contrasting goods and 9 yards braid.

The coat of this suit is decidedly attractive and entirely different from all others...The pointed lower edge is quite an unusual feature. The skirt completing the suit is a two-gord model gathered at back. If desired this skirt may be made with a front and back yoke. Skirt in size 26 measures 2⅝ yards at lower edge.

Home Pattern 1177—Ladies' Semi-Fitted Coat. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1152—Ladies' Two-Gored Gathered Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents.

Home Pattern 1177-1152—Suit in sizes 36 and 26 requires, 6½ yards 44-inch material, with ¼ yard 18-inch velvet for collar, and 4 yards braid.

Coat is here illustrated in 31 inch length, but if the wearer has a fancy for a longer coat, it may be made to her liking, as its original length is 40 inches, but perforations permit of shortening it. The two-gored gathered skirt is cut with slightly raised waistline and is given individual style by its novel side pockets. Size 26 measures 2¼ yards at lower edge.

Home Pattern 9668—Ladies' Long Coat. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5 yards 42-inch material, with ¾ yard 36-inch contrasting goods. This is an excellent type of coat for general wear, and an interesting feature about it is, that it is particularly easy to make. Price, 15 cents.

The price of each pattern is 15 cents; this includes prepayment of postage. We guarantee safe delivery. Send money by Dominion Express Order or any way that is convenient to you—the mails are safe. These Patterns are the easiest of all to use, and the styles are always up-to-date. Every pattern is guaranteed to fit perfectly, and a guide chart accompanies each pattern. Orders are filled the same day as they are received. When ordering, it is important that you write very plainly; that you give your name and address; the number and size of pattern wanted; and enclose 15 cents for each. Patterns for any design illustrated on this page may be obtained from any dealer handling Home Patterns, and from our Pattern Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto, Ont.

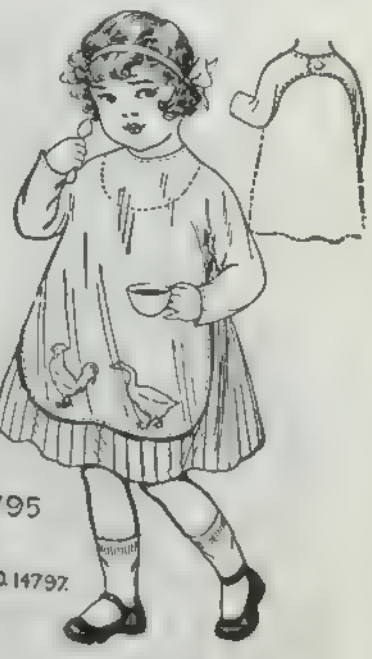
Embroideries for Big and Little Folks

Home Pattern 14724—A pattern containing 6 dainty designs suitable for French knot embroidery. 15 cents. One design is shown adapted to child's sacque No. **6915**. Sizes ½, 1, 2, 3. 10 cents

Home Pattern 14772—Infant's Bonnet, one piece; pattern includes bibs and water bag-cover. 15 cents.

Home Pattern 14089—Wreaths and Sprays. 10 cents. Adorns child's dress **9987**, sizes 3 and 5 years. 15 cents.

Home Pattern 14772—Hot Water Bag-cover. To be fashioned of cashmere or flannel. This design is included with 3 others in the pattern. 15 cents.



Home Pattern 14797—Five Animal Designs 4 transfers of each, 15 cents. Developed in outline stitch these designs furnish an amusing decoration to the feeding apron **No. 9795**, 15 cents.

Home Pattern 14024—Lingerie design, 6 sprays, 15 cents. Four of these pretty sprays have been adapted to the novel and comfortable lounging pajamas No. 9812, cut in sizes 34, 38 and 42 inches bust measure 15 cents

Home Pattern 14687—Sprays and wide beading section. 10 cents. A charming effect is obtained with this embroidery in combination with the Empire robe **9731**, sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches. 15 cents.

Home Pattern 14355—Fancy scallop, 2¼ inches wide, 6 yards, 4 corners. 10 cents. The scallop may be easily adapted to the bolero of negligee **9534**, cut in sizes 32, 36 and 40 inches. 15 cents.

Home Pattern 14828—Baby Pillow-slip. 15 cents.

Home Pattern 14829—Infant's Carriage Robe, corresponds in design with pillow-slip No. 14828.

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The Little Things that Count

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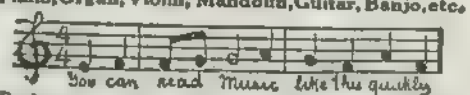

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will provide Roses for every garden in Canada. These will GROW and BLOOM

Imagine the pleasure of walking into your own garden and cutting great loads of beautiful fragrant flowers like these.

ROSES that bloom every month of the season from early spring to late fall. Hardy Everbloomers, the greatest of all garden kinds, selected especially for our subscribers, each one noted for its hardy, vigorous habit of growth, liberal blooming qualities, symmetrical form and bright clean foliage. They are strong, well rooted one year old bushes, covered with clean bright foliage, and all except the climbing variety should bloom this summer. They are guaranteed to reach you in healthy growing condition and to assist in your efforts to start a rose garden of which you can be proud, we will forward with each collection, printed instructions on their planting and culture.

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Every one can succeed with them. They will thrive in any good garden soil, if some care is used in planting, although like all plant life they respond more liberally if fertile and congenial surroundings with some attention is furnished. The beauty they will add to your home will exceed by far all the care they require. ¶ Perhaps this very moment, you can see in your mind's eye these fresh, fragrant beauties growing along the garden walk, clambering over fences, twining around porch pillars and over the doorways. Make it a reality this summer by planting these modern and improved sorts and the almost unbroken continuity of the beautiful fragrant blossoms produced the entire season will be a summer long delight. ¶ Once you establish a Rose Garden, its fascination will keep your interest enlisted and no achievement will bring greater elation than that with which you will cut the first bouquet from these rose bushes in your own yard.

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There Are Six Sturdy Young Bushes in Each Collection

The colors range from deep red through shades of pink, white and yellow

1 Etoile De France This rose has been selected from the almost unlimited number of hardy red roses, because, in our estimation, it seems the acme of perfection—a rose possessing every distinctive attribute which adds to beauty and appeal. A giant in hardiness and sturdiness, the bush grows upright, covered with beautiful, bronzy, green foliage which is not subject to insect attack. The growth is so luxuriant and lusty that great masses of the most beautiful roses imaginable are borne all summer. The fragrance is delightful, the color exquisite, a clear, rich, velvety crimson. This is one of the finest of all garden roses.

2 My Maryland A rare combination of a poetic name and exquisite beauty has made this new variety a dangerous rival of all the most famous pink beauties. A great outdoor rose of extreme hardiness, rapidly producing a sturdy, shapely plant, which in itself is a distinct ornament to any garden. The large rich green foliage is not the least of its charms, clothing the long stiff stems with cool verdant beauty. All summer through the large, perfectly double, magnificent flowers are borne, flowers of indescribable charm, composed of thick heavy petals, unsurpassed in elegance of form.

3 White Cochet A most magnificent snow-white rose; possessing all the good qualities of vigorous growth, profuse blooming and beauty of flower. It is a fine variety for bedding purposes, thriving under almost any condition of soil or treatment, growing into a great, lusty bush, which increases in beauty with the passing years. It is absolutely hardy in every part of the country giving perfect satisfaction and producing hundreds of superb flowers throughout the growing season. The buds are large full and firm elegantly pointed, showing depth and richness as they expand; the magnificent, pure white flowers open perfectly double and possess a distinct exquisite fragrance.

4 Sunburst No pen picture can do justice to this wonderful new everblooming rose. It is one of the most beautiful varieties ever introduced and we know full well that all who plant it will share with us in our genuine enthusiasm over it. We want every lover of beautiful roses to plant sunburst, for there is not another like it, either in color, growth or beauty and wherever seen it has created a veritable sensation. Sunburst is the ideal garden rose, strong and vigorous in growth, healthy in every condition, thriving in practically any soil under the most adverse conditions to a perfection seen in no other rose. The splendid flowers borne on strong, upright stems produced in amazing profusion.

5 Radiance Radiance is the crowning masterpiece and hailed by flower-lovers everywhere as one of the greatest rose creations of modern times. Grace of form, charm of flower and color with vigor of growth, are the three characteristics. Flowers are of an immense size, produced in amazing profusion. The buds are beautifully formed, always opening well, the rose showing double to the center. The color, the most wonderful ever seen in a rose, an exquisite blending of carmine shades with opal and coppery reflections is indescribable.

6 Climbing American Beauty Truly a perpetual source of wonder and the most valuable addition to the popular class of Rambler Roses that has been produced for some time. It is perfectly hardy, having great vigor and sturdiness combined with grace. Special attention should be called to the magnificent foliage produced by this variety, it is fine dark and glossy remaining intact to unseasonable weather and withstanding all diseases which causes the foliage to rust and look shabby. The marvelous production of bloom is really sensational, each individual rose being perfect in form and very double, the color being deep, intense scarlet crimson, which retains its vivid brilliancy as long as the flower lasts.

How to Get Your Collection

Offer No. 1. Renew your subscription to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD at the regular rate of only $1.50 per year, postage paid, sending only twelve two cent stamps to cover cost of importing, packing and mailing your bushes and we will send the complete collection of six Rose Bushes to you all postage paid. This is the most liberal offer ever made to the women of Canada.

Offer No. 2. Send your own renewal to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD together with one new subscription from a new reader and we will send you two complete collections—twelve Rose Bushes, all postage paid. The friend who subscribes through you may also have the full collection of six Bushes by sending only twelve two cent stamps extra. By sending her subscription with your own you will get twelve beautiful Rose Bushes without a penny of expense.

An Opportunity to get a Beautiful Rose Garden

Offer No. 3. For each additional subscription (either new or renewal) secured by you we will send you two additional complete Rose collections (twelve bushes) all delivery charges paid. We will on request send you sample copies and supplies free in order that you may get subscriptions among your friends and neighbors and take advantage of this offer. You can easily obtain half a dozen subscriptions and get twelve collections of bushes or more.

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Your Rose Bushes will be shipped in accordance with proper planting season in your section. Full Cultural Directions accompany each Collection.

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I understand that the Rose Bushes will be sent in accordance with proper planting season in my district.

The Proper Training of Children

By Inspector W. A. GUNTON

Of the Department of Neglected and Dependent Children, Ontario Government

THIS was an oft used expression by my father. "Hold your horses!" carried with it the idea of self-government. This surely is an ideal to be aimed at by parents, in the training of their children. Start early and never cease in your efforts to make the child a self-controlled individual.

If this is to be accomplished, there must be at times an opportunity given for the child to have his own way in deciding his course of action. For instance, the boy asks permission to attend a place of amusement, in the evening. You know his homework is unprepared. You know he needs regular sleep. But he insists. Point out to him the uncomfortable position he will find himself in to-morrow, with no homework done, with a drowsy feeling all day, and as a result, many unhappy hours. Ask him whether the pleasures of the night will not be more than spoiled by the experiences of next day.

Then say, "I am not going to give or refuse permission. You must decide for yourself. If you think you should go, do so; if not, remain at home." Should he decide to go, do not prevent him. He will not forget what was said about to-morrow, and it will do him more good than if you simply refused his request. He may, however, remain at home, and as a result of having conquered himself, will be happy all evening and for days after. Then again the memory of this victory will give the boy a certain commendable pride and self confidence, which will strengthen him for some new victory over self.

These opportunities should be frequent, especially as the child grows older. When he reaches the age of fourteen or fifteen, if he has responded well to your direction, tell him he need no longer ask permission to go places, but may simply tell you where he is going. Such a day will be a red-letter day in his life. He will rejoice in this freedom. He will boast of it to his chums, and moreover he will be very careful where he goes for fear this favor may be withdrawn. The thoughtful person will readily see the moral effect of this. When the child leaves home or loses his parents he will not be let loose to run riot! He will simply go on doing the right thing because willingly he has been doing so for some time. He has formed habits of self-control.

Most of the very sad spectacles of young people not knowing how to behave when away from their parents are the result of being ruled with an iron hand, without the chance to learn self-control. The child should be taught that "he that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." Teach him also that self-control is the secret of the power of controlling others. Teach him that self-government is the only sure road to the highest success in any calling in life.

It is related of the Duke of Wellington, that in the Peninsular campaign, he was once sitting at breakfast with Picton and other officers just before an important engagement. Orderlies were riding up to the tent every few minutes with news of the steady approach of the enemy. The Duke did and said nothing, but knitting his brows seemed to be in deep thought. Presently he turned to his companion and asked: "Was your egg well cooked, Picton, because my egg was abominable." The Iron Duke was not careless of the issue of the battle to be fought. He had made all arrangements long before, and he knew exactly how the enemy would advance and what he should do to counteract him. If in later life your child is to exercise his cool self-control, he must learn to think out the great fundamental principles of right living so that when emergency comes he knows just what to do, thus avoiding the confusion, annoyance and weakness resulting from indecision and lack of self control.

Should the Will be Broken?

Very important and far reaching is this question. Some parents think that the child should be "broken in" after the old style of "breaking in" of colts. Is this necessary? Is it wise? May we, in answering, ask a further question. Why is a child possessed of a will? Why is he given reasoning faculties, if not to make life more successful? Would it not be a good policy to follow the Divine Plan? To control man He does not break his will nor even force it. He uses motives to bring the will of man into accord with His will. I conclude then that the only wise course for parents is to use inducements which will appeal to the child's mind and thus bring his will into accord with their will, and so gain obedience. Each time the child's will is forced it is weakened so that in time a slight pressure will cause him to give up. Thus is open a wide field for all kinds of temptations and with them a ready yielding. Then, too, when a difficult task is presented to such a child whose will has been weakened, he gives up in despair instead of saying, "I can and I will do it," and with resolution going on to success. But some parent asks what inducements should be held out. Here again, study the Divine methods and apply them. The child, like the man, has a certain set of desires, appetites and passions. Some one or more of these must be appealed to if we would influence him. Surely the Creator should know best how to control the creature. I therefore conclude that we act the part of wise men when we follow His plan. Just here is where the great law of the relative control of feeling and reason may be used practically.

Weaklings abound, both male and female, largely because they have so oft been compelled to yield blindly to another that like the horse with bit and bridle, they think they must turn this way or that at the slightest pressure from another. They may when alone resolve most solemnly never again to yield to another and do the wrong act, but when the pressure comes they feel they must yield. They are conscious of little strength to resist. This is largely due to the "breaking in" policy of many well intentioned parents and teachers. Then, when the logical end is reached and the drunkard reels down the street, when the fallen woman languishes in a prison cell or when the criminal dons his prison garb, hands are raised in holy horror, and these are all despised. But I agree with Dr. Gilmour, Patrol Officer for Ontario, who says: "More criminals are weak than wicked." Weak because their fine will power has been stolen from them by those who thought they did a kindness. The Almighty never forces a man. He puts before him promises, prizes, rewards and threats. He appeals to his better self. He is infinitely patient. He warns of the danger of a wrong course. He even condescends to beseech with weeping; but He never compels, excepting by the compelling power of motives. The judgment is convinced and the heart is won. This is the only safe and true method with man or child if we are to build up a strong, progressive, highly intelligent and moral manhood and womanhood.

A Secret

Few need to be told that the new born babe is scarcely more than a bundle of feelings, and that for some time it is influenced and controlled wholly by feeling.

From the above facts of mental science the following lessons are learned in child training. First, to control a small child his feelings must be touched, either by corporal punishment or by conveying the adult's feelings of sorrow, pain and disapproval by words or acts to the child. He may not understand the meaning of your words any more than the scolded or praised dog does, but like the dog he will get your feelings and will thus be influenced. Secondly, that when the child nears maturity his reason must be appealed to more and more if you would control him. Thirdly, that the most interesting and at the same time most critical period is between the ages of twelve and sixteen. At this time reason and feeling should both be appealed to if success in controlling is to be the result.

Next Month's Article

IN April Mr. Gunton will continue treatment of the child's reasoning powers—whether or not he should be allowed to reason things out for himself or subjected to blind obedience. The article is one every mother should read.

—THE EDITORS.

"By Using Royal Baking Powder You Can Make a Big Saving in Eggs"

Leave out one-half or more of the eggs, and in place of each egg omitted use an additional teaspoon of

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Try this method with all your baking recipes. You will find it a most satisfactory way of economizing.

Also try the following recipes which save wheat flour as urged by the Food Administration.

Oatmeal Biscuits

1¼ cups flour
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
NO EGGS
⅔ cup water
1½ cups cooked oatmeal or rolled oats
6 tablespoons shortening

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar together. Add oatmeal, melted shortening and enough water to make a soft dough. Roll out thin on floured board; cut with biscuit cutter and bake in greased pan in moderate oven about 20 minutes.

Prune Cake

½ cup shortening
1½ cups brown sugar or 1 cup corn syrup
½ cup milk
1 cup rye flour
¾ cup white flour
NO EGGS
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ lb. prunes (washed, stoned and cut into pieces)

Cream shortening; add sugar, or syrup, and milk. Mix well and add the flour which has been sifted with the spices and baking powder. Add the prunes and mix well. Put into greased loaf pan and bake in hot oven 30 to 35 minutes.

Send for our new economy book "55 Ways to Save Eggs." Mailed free to any address.

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Big Ben of Westclox

BIG BEN is a household word because he's a clock of his word. He runs on time, he rings on time, he helps folks live on time.

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That's why folks call *Westclox* success clocks. Look for *Westclox* on the dial of the alarm you buy.

Your dealer has them. Big Ben is $4.00. Or, sent prepaid, the same price, if your dealer doesn't stock him.

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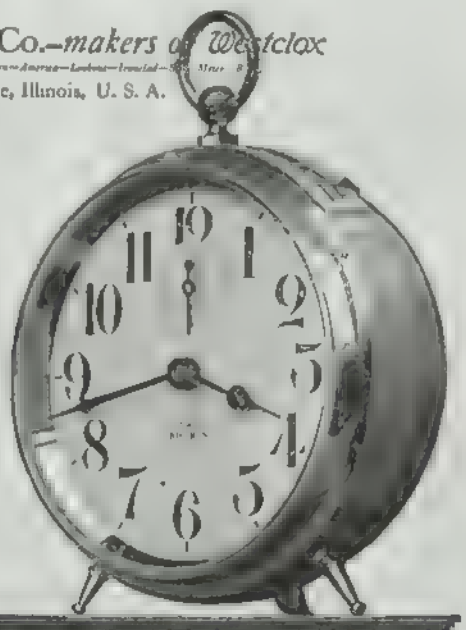

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IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS.—Ladies' Linen Hemstitched, from $1.32 per dozen. Ladies' Embroidered Handkerchiefs, from $1.80 per dozen. Gentlemen's Linen Hemstitched, from $2.14 per dozen. Khaki Handkerchiefs $0.50 to 1.68 per dozen.

IRISH COLLARS AND SHIRTS—Our celebrated Linen-faced Castle Collars in every size and shape, $1.56 per dozen. White Shirts, for dress or day wear, from $1.38 each. Oxford or Zephyr Shirts, from $1.18 each. Mercerised Twill, from $0.94 each. Cellular, $1.08. Medium Weight Flannel, $1.42 and $1.66. Ceylon Summer Weight Flannel, $1.18. Heavy Winter Weight, all wool, $2.28 each. Size 14½ to 16½ inches in stock.

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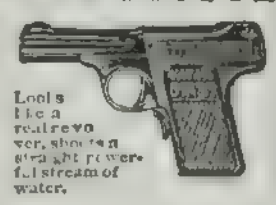
FREE DANDY BICYCLE AND GREAT WATER PISTOL

Boys send us your name and address to-day and you can get a Real Daisy Water Pistol and our great Flying Champion Bicycle in return for a little easy pleasant work. This is the finest bicycle any boy could own. It has a 22 inch frame, coaster brake, non-skid tires, roller chain, and all the most up-to-date improvements—just the slickest, spickest bicycle you've ever seen. And the Daisy Water Pistol beats all. Just what you've always wanted. It looks like a real automatic revolver, but shoots a straight, powerful stream of water that will chase dogs or cats, & provide a barrel of fun.



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No Money in Advance.—Just send your name and address to-day and get a free sample package of "Dainteea", our delicious new whipped cream candy coated breath perfume that we want everybody in the land to try. With the free sample we send you just 30 handsome packages that we want you to introduce among your friends at only 10c. a package. The sample package will make it easy for you. Just open it and offer your friends to try a couple of "Dainteas". They will like them so much that everyone will buy a package or two at once. A couple of little "Dainties" will purify the mouth and perfume the breath. Everybody just loves them. No trouble at all to sell.

Return our $3.00 when the breathlets are sold, and we will promptly send you, all charges prepaid, the dandy Daisy Water Pistol, and the grand bicycle you can also get without selling any more goods by just showing your fine prize to your friends and getting only six of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did. Write to-day boys and you can soon own these fine rewards.

Address—THE REGAL MANUFACTURING CO. Dept. N 4 TORONTO, ONT.

The Magpie's Nest

(*Continued from page 16*)

translated itself into a very prosaic fact that stayed with her during the daylight hours. Her position could not be kept open for her indefinitely; it was probably already filled. She did not wish to inquire, knowing herself still unequal to the resumption of its duties. Her money was dwindling very rapidly.

"Time is a great solvent," she remembered Mary saying. She must, must hold out; she must get well. "If a person could hold her breath long enough," she reflected, almost amused, "she need never drown. That's what I have to do."

But Nick could not see any of this. He brought a supply of cheerfulness, like a gust of summer air, with him each evening; and it lasted as long as he stayed. His entry was the event of her day. She knew his step, and the very way he turned the door-knob. And he too could see, before the door opened, the turn of her head, the lift of her languid eyelids, and her hands outstretched in greeting. Then she would look so bright and gay, he was half-deceived into forgetting that it was fever lent the lustre to her eyes and the color to her cheeks. That gaiety was what shut his lips on the one thing he most wanted to say to her.

She seemed so perfectly satisfied with things as they were! It was largely a tribute to his own vitality. There are people who by their bearing and outlook give pleasure to the beholder as unconsciously as a wild animal, or a tree in leaf, or any other plastic form of nature. While he was with her she lived his life; he was her eyes, her ears, her world. If he could have glimpsed her when she was alone, fretting a pencil with her weak fingers, knitting her brow in baffled weariness over some unfinished piece of work, a gust of protective pity would have swept away his uncertainty.

It was not that he minded eating his words. But her calmness seemed uncanny. He had always been sure that women were somehow "different," intrinsically. He thought, like many men, that the edicts of civilization, the forms of morality, were based on the inner requirements of women alone. That women insisted on that system for its own sake, and loved the letter of the law fanatically. He did not realize that if a bow is bent too far it breaks, and civilization produces its anarchs as surely as solitude. In short, people must live. That explained poor Hope; she would live. Action, even unto violence, was necessary to her. Besides, she had bargained with Fate to be content; and she had bargained with her own pride to seem content. But how was he to know that? Men admit their own mortality, their human weakness, but they want women to be minor goddesses, who can be what they will be. What a woman does is her own fault, or her own choice. So it is, if life is to have any meaning; but one must consider what alternative was offered. She may be only doing the best she can, with great bewilderment.

So he hesitated, failing to find the right word and the right moment.

THE equal unreason and omniscience of his goddesses were made plainer to him by Grace. Grace had come back to town just a little too late for his "exclusive party," and gone away again. She oscillated between New York and Philadelphia throughout the winter. Now she was back again. Her temper was not improved, and she spared him none of it. She acted, in short, as if the sight of him exasperated her almost beyond endurance, and at the same time she insisted on his attendance. Her insistence did her little good. Nick did not mind her candid recitals of his shortcomings, but he had not time to listen. Hope got all his spare time, and he was becoming really anxious about her. He could see her going downhill, getting weaker and thinner daily, though she denied both facts. Rather fatuously, he was thinking that if Grace only knew, she would sympathise with his anxiety.

"Certainly what?" Grace's voice came to him acidly. "I don't really mind your not listening, Nick; but please don't interrupt the thread of my thoughts with such utterly inept remarks."

"Did I say 'certainly?'" he asked guiltily. "What should I have said. I only meant that I agree with you; you've got twice as much sense as I have, Grace."

"Do you consider that a compliment?" she enquired, unmollified. "Now have you the least idea what I was talking about?"

He threw himself on her mercy.

"Not the least," he said shamelessly. "Be a dear, and tell me. I've got such a lot on my mind."

"Oh, go away," she cried. "Go to—whoever does interest you." He took his hat obediently, and she said, "Sit down. If you want my drawing-room to meditate in, you are quite welcome. But as I haven't seen you for weeks, I thought you might care to talk awhile."

"I do," he said, propitiative. "You haven't told me yet what's going on in Philadelphia."

"I've been trying to for the last half-hour," she said. "What have you been doing?"

"Why, nothing much," he replied doubtfully. "Just dubbing along, I suppose."

"You might tell me," she veered suddenly to a pretty coaxing tone. "Is it a scrape? You have got something on your mind. Nick,—you're in love!"

"Me?" He looked at her with seeming candour. Should he tell her? Couldn't she help him? A woman might persuade Hope to let herself be taken out of town, perhaps to go South! But Grace would naturally want to know everything. He couldn't, until Hope was able to speak for herself. "No, I'll tell you what I was thinking of. I've got an offer, from the Rutherford people, to go to Chicago. It might mean something big for me; and then again, I'm doing pretty well with the Cornwall. I can't make up my mind, that's all. Now if you can decide that for me—"

She was watching him, sidelong, with a veiled, intense scrutiny. He was telling the truth, which always makes matters a great deal more difficult. She had to confess herself at a loss, and he departed, as soon as he decently could. He had not seen Hope for nearly a day. The subway did not go fast enough. He pictured her lying there asleep over her book, waking to smile at him.

That was a mistake, but even lovers cannot be clairvoyant. Hope went out that afternoon, though it was a labor of Hercules to attire herself for the street. She nearly tumbled over her nose, she told him afterward, in the simple process of buttoning her gaiters. A veil was quite beyond her strength. And then the elevator was not running, as so often happened. It took her ten minutes to creep downstairs.

The editor she sought was out. She had hoped for something from that visit: she had studied the preferences of his periodical two weeks in advance. A fresh wave of weariness and dejection swept over her; she sank back into her chair in the waiting-room. No, she could not go further that day. But on the way home she might adopt a temporary expedient. When she got home, she would write to Mary.

Edgerton's bracelet brought less than she expected, being unused to the ways and rates of pawnbrokers. So she took off her little amethyst necklet and put that in. Then she held on to the edge of the counter while the money was being paid over.

The stairs stretched before her once more. They looked higher than the Rockies. But, after sitting on the lowest step a long time, she essayed them. If the building had boasted a hall-porter, she would have asked help. It was an old building, and had no such luxury. The elevator boy was taking an opportune holiday.

One flight. She paused for breath, put out her hand to steady against the wall, and it treacherously failed her. Afterwards, she fancied she had not found strength to cry out, and merely fell, in a resigned sort of way, to the bottom again, like the problematic frog in the hypothetical well. And by the time she reached the bottom she knew nothing.

It was less than ten minutes before Nick came and found her. He lifted her in his arms and ran all the way up the three flights. She was so very light. His heart seemed to be stopped while he was doing it, and if she were dead, he felt sure it would never start again.

"Did I break my neck?" was her first preposterous question, reviving just as he laid her down.

Mrs. Hassard, hovering distractedly on the verge of things, gave vent to a half hysterical giggle, and Nick choked and hid his face against Hope's hair. She tried to pat his head comfortingly, and gave a little squeak of pain.

"Where does it hurt?" Nick asked, and slipped his fingers gently along her arm.

"Up here." She tried to move her chin to indicate the point of difficulty. "What's up there—my collarbone?" He unfastened her collar, and found the pale red bruise, already slightly swollen. Mrs. Hassard had telephoned for a doctor.

IT was her collar-bone, the doctor said—broken. No, not her arm; that was only very badly wrenched. Nothing else

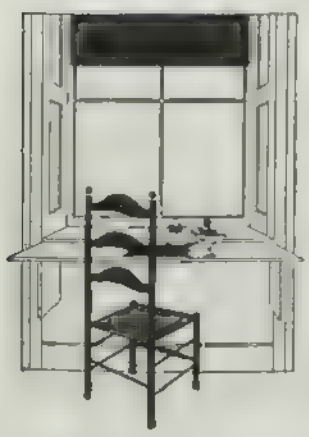
(*Continued on page 46*)

Making Deep Windows Attractive

Unsightly Radiators and Dust-Inviting Corners May be Pleasingly Metamorphosed

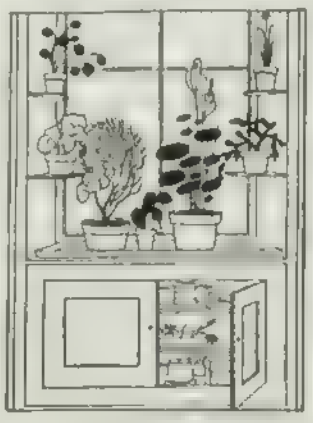
An attractive treatment of deep windows in a Hall

YOU may have in your home a deep window that has long been an eye-sore. A little thought will convert it into a thing of beauty.

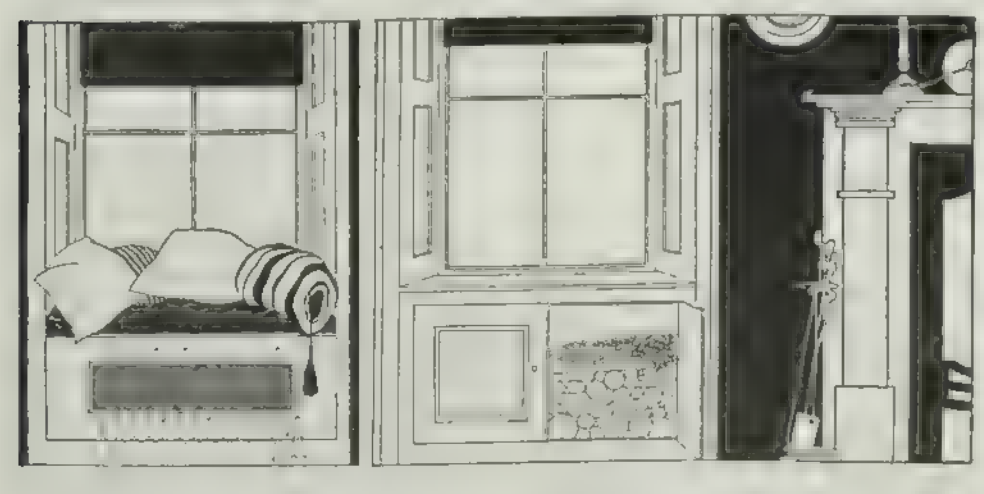


IN sketch to the right, shelves on the sides for plants, a tin tray for working, and shelves below for tools made indoor gardening easy.

UNDER the sill, in sketch on left, have an extra sill that will pull out and be supported on braces below, much in the manner of the old-fashioned desk. A pleasant writing corner is created.



THERE is no more attractive cozy-corner, flower stand or writing nook than a deep window properly equipped.



THE space below deep windows of this type can be used for a diversity of purposes, the purpose, of course, depending on the room and the position of the window. To the right is a wood box built in proximity to a fireplace. This can be made with doors to open out, as shown here, or with a lid in the seat that lifts up. The seat can be cushioned. The usual method of using up space shown in the recess to the left, is to box in the radiator, leaving a grill for the escape of heat, and cushioning the lid. A window seat is created and an unsightly radiator covered.

Economical Food Desserts

INEXPENSIVE because each Tablet with milk makes six individual dishes of dessert, and ten Tablets cost only 12 cents.

A *food* because *made with milk*; and Junket actually makes milk *more easily and completely* digestible.

Junket
MADE *with* MILK

Delicious, easy to make. Affords a wide variety of dainty, attractive desserts that everybody will enjoy. May be frozen into exceptionally wholesome ice cream.

Enjoy your milk in the form of Junket—you will like it and it will be better for you. Sold by grocers everywhere.

Send 3c. and your dealer's name for Recipe Booklet and Samples (enough for 12 dishes) or 12c. for full package.

Chr. Hansen's Canadian Laboratory
Dept. B. Toronto, Ont.

"Nosnah" is Junket prepared with sugar, and in four flavors. Made in a jiffy. Try a package, 10c.

I am making money *at home* easily and pleasantly

I want to tell you

HOW YOU CAN TOO

THERE were so many things I wanted! Things for the kiddies, for the home, for myself. But there was no way to get them without *more money*.

Of course, I didn't want to go out to work, and somehow, I couldn't bring myself to canvassing. I believed my duty to Fred and the children, as well as to myself, demanded that I should not neglect my home in order to make extra money.

Of course, I did not see how it was possible to give proper attention to the family and to earn money too. Then I heard of the Auto Knitter and what a great thing it was for women like me.

NOW how different it all seems! I have an Auto Knitter and I am making quite a little money *at home*. The Auto Knitter knits woolen socks and other useful things. It is *so* easy to run. It makes no noise, no dirt, everything is simple and nice. Mary and Tom like to run it for the fun of the thing—and every pair of socks they knit means just that much more money earned.

Yes, I do sell some socks to my neighbors—and make a fine profit on them. But I don't have to rely on these sales because the Auto Knitter Company gladly buys up every pair of socks I knit and pays me for them promptly.

There is no trouble in it at all. It is very easy to learn how to use the machine—and after a little practice many knit about 20 times as fast with the machine as by hand.

YES, it *is* a fine way to make the extra money I need for little pleasures and luxuries, and I recommend it to all women who want to earn money at home in an easy and congenial way. All information about the matter is given in an interesting booklet which is sent free. I strongly urge you to get the booklet because it will open up to you a chance to get easily so many things you have been longing for!"

Write to the Auto Knitter Hosiery (Can. Co., Limited, Dept. 102G., 163 College St., Toronto, for their booklet on "Making money at home with an Auto Knitter."

RED CROSS WORKERS! You can make twenty pairs of socks in the time it now takes to knit one, by using the Auto Knitter. Many in use by Red Cross organizations in Canada, United States and Great Britain. Uses less wool than hand knitting. Simple and easy to operate. Write for full information.

FOR HEADACHES AND NEURALGIA

Throbbing headaches and burning neuralgic pains yield readily to the soothing, beneficial influence of menthol combined with "Vaseline" Jelly.

This cooling preparation is convenient to apply. Lightly massaged over the aching parts

Vaseline
Reg U. S. Pat. Off.
Mentholated
PETROLEUM JELLY

brings refreshing relief, and the "Vaseline" Jelly keeps the skin soft and smooth.

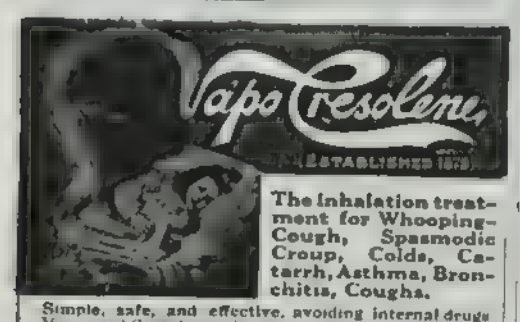
"Vaseline" Mentholated is a valuable accessory to your dressing table or your medicine cabinet.

Sold in handy tin tubes only, at all Chemists and General Stores.

Avoid all substitutes for "Vaseline" Products. Insist on original packages bearing the name "Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, Consolidated."

Write for illustrated booklet on "Vaseline" Products and their many uses.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. COMPANY
(Consolidated)
1880 Chabot Avenue Montreal



The Inhalation treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs.

Simple, safe, and effective, avoiding internal drugs. Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a **neglected cold is a dangerous cold.**

Mrs Ballington Booth says: **"No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."**

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a **boon** by Asthma sufferers.

For the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria, Cresolene is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities.

It is a protection to those exposed. Cresolene's best recommendation is its 38 years of successful use.

Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet. Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat. Composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps.

The Vapo Cresolene Co. 62 Cortlandt St., N.Y.
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Can.

When the Sap Stirs

Approaching are the Hoar Frost Mornings that Awake Joy in the Hearts of Prospective Sugar Parties

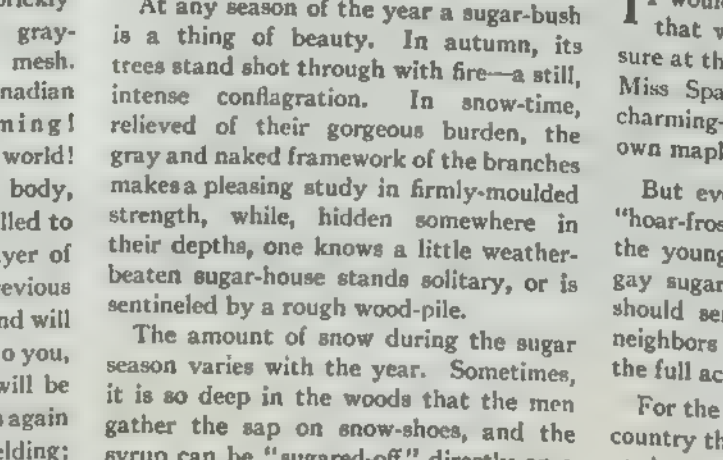
By MARY SPAFFORD

THERE is a saying among the people of rural Canada, that when the middle of January is reached, "the back of the winter is broken," and as the year advances toward spring, the question which interests lookers-on, as well as participants, is whether prevailing signs forecast a good sugar season.

Generally speaking, "sugaring" lies within the boundaries of March and May. Sap has been known to run in a record-breaking February, and old settlers can probably recall a stray "sugaring-off" in some belated May, but such events are aliens in the normal calendar of a Canadian sugar-bush.

The length of the sugar-season also varies, according to the year, but whenever fitful sunshine, gusty winds, and gently-compelling rains tantalize the maple buds to burst, like Aaron's Rod, into miracles of tender green, "sugaring" is over.

From the first of March to the first of May, the weather is varied, and unaccountable. There are the hoar-frost mornings, when the trees are fuzzy with prickly cobweb stuff, and the snow is gray-gummed with a dazzling frozen mesh. There are our inimitable Canadian spring mornings,—typical, charming! There's nothing like them in the world! They ravish your soul out of your body, in ecstacy. The air is a tonic, distilled to intoxication point. The surface layer of snow, slightly thawed during the previous day, has frozen during the night, and will bear your weight. Places are open to you, on these radiant mornings, which will be inaccessible, when the ardent sun has again pressed the chaste snow to its yielding; and for a few exhilarating hours, you can



Lunch Time on a Convenient Snow Bank, when Sugaring-Off is the Order of the Day

When the Sap Stirs in the Maples and the Streams begin to Awake from their Winter Lethargy

pass an unceremonious "time 'o day" with the tops of apple trees, or cultivate a walking acquaintance with the submerged tops of fence pickets.

There are backsliding days, when the air is thick with stinging frost particles, and there are relenting days, when the sun sends a shy warmth stealing down a bare-limbed hill-side. But the royal sugar weather comes when nights of frost are followed by mornings so crisp and rare, that those who tramp the crusted, sun-dazzled floor of the snow are intoxicated as by an elixir.

On such spring days does the sap leap from its long inaction, and pulsate imperiously through the blood-cells of the maples. Sap resembles sweetened water. With children it ranks as a delicacy, but the majority of people prefer it in the advanced stages of sugar or syrup.

Quite Worth While

THE pecuniary advantage of running a sugar-bush is not believed to be great, but in the farmer's calendar of work, this period falls betwixt and between the appropriate demands of the other seasons, and with an easy conscience, he turns his attention to the minor profits represented in his sugar-bush. The number of trees comprising a sugar-bush ranges from five hundred to two or three thousand, and by a rough calculation, one and one-half, to three pounds of sugar represent a maple's yearly yield.

At any season of the year a sugar-bush is a thing of beauty. In autumn, its trees stand shot through with fire—a still, intense conflagration. In snow-time, relieved of their gorgeous burden, the gray and naked framework of the branches makes a pleasing study in firmly-moulded strength, while, hidden somewhere in their depths, one knows a little weather-beaten sugar-house stands solitary, or is sentineled by a rough wood-pile.

The amount of snow during the sugar season varies with the year. Sometimes, it is so deep in the woods that the men gather the sap on snow-shoes, and the syrup can be "sugared-off" directly on a snow bank, instead of the traditional bucket or tin pan packed with snow. Again, it may chance that only by scouring crevices and hollows can snow be procured for a "sugaring-off."

What a halo surrounds the sugar seasons of our school days! Then it was, that the place long held by apples, in the running of school economics was usurped by little cakes of maple sugar. Then, too, it happened that the lucky boy or girl whose father owned a sugar-place, suddenly awoke to an overpowering affluence in the matter of friends. There must be some subtle connection between the sweetness of maple sugar, and the dispositions of sugar-makers, for it is an unwritten law in the etiquette of sugar-bushes that free access shall be granted to all who care to come, and the school boys flock like bees to the nearest sugar bushes, while the cordial invitation: "Come again, boys! Come again!" is reiterated (and accepted), until one wonders how bare expenses can be met.

Sugar Parties

ALTHOUGH sugar parties are sometimes held in the farm house, when the sap is boiled down in the kitchen, and music or games vary the programme, still the woods form the fitting background for the sugar-party proper. The sap seethes in the big boiler inside the sugar-house, deepening in color until it reaches two successive stages known as "syruping-off," and "sugaring-off." The boys whittle industriously upon little wooden forks, or paddles, destined to find a vocation in conveying "sweets to the sweet." Tin pans are packed with snow to form a resisting white floor for the golden trail of the syrup which is to be spread upon it from the steaming boiler. Doughnuts, and pickles are often passed at a sugar party, as an accessory to the warm sugar; also salt codfish, to whet the flagging appetite.

Who can describe maple wax to those who have never known the delight? Hard-boiled, it snaps in iced brittle strands, when wrested from its snow bed. Soft-boiled, it is a chilled, velvety confection. In either case, it is permeated by the rich subtle flavor of the maples.

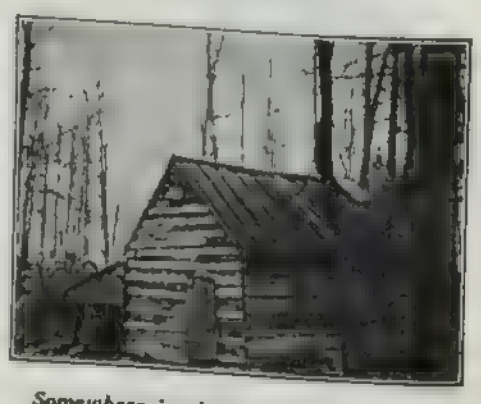
And as we walk homeward, under the high, wild skies of March, the voice of a crow sounds callow through the air, winging his way from old-time haunt to haunt; now near, now faint with distance. Melting pools become lakes of molten gold beneath a sunset sky, and the sun drops behind stark tree trunks to the purple edge of a world.

Mobilizing Our Maples

IT would be but a faintly-Canadian heart that would not beat to a faster measure at the thought of a morning such as Miss Spafford makes so vivid and so charming—a morning shared with our own maples.

But even apart from the lure of the "hoar-frost mornings," from the joy of the young day's brilliance and the keen, gay sugar-party, there is a motive that should send forth every Canadian who neighbors a maple-wood—equipped with the full accoutrements of the sap-gatherer.

For the maple trees have a gift for the country this year that should be appreciated as never before. Our big need is for production of everything edible.



Somewhere in the heart of the Maple Woods a little weather-beaten sugar house stands solitary

Already the maples are producing for us one of the staples we need so much. The sweetness they are storing means more than pleasant flavors, welcome confections. *It means an alternative for sugar!*

Every pint of syrup, every pound of sugar that our maples give us this spring, will help with "the sweetening of the nation" in this telling year of the war.

So if you can help to gather this oddly-timed harvest, look to your pails and your cauldrons—be ready when the earliest herald cries "sap's running!" Most of all, be sure that there is no contribution in your district overlooked—that there is no gift of sweet, valuable saps silently offered, that does not meet with a graceful welcome, a cordial acceptance.

—THE EDITORS.

Do not fail to get the April issue of Everywoman's World—it's our Easter and Automobile Number. It will contain a plenitude of interesting stories and articles.

Selling Salvation

Continued from page 9

How to Market

NOW we have the problem of getting "Sawdusto" into the homes of the people. We might all start out to peddle the product, but that would be a 2 by 4 method and would never cover the whole of Canada. Being all very wealthy men, we can easily subscribe $100,000 apiece. How much would that be? Of that amount we could afford, say 1/3 for advertising expenses after allowing for our factory, raw products and other expenditures.

Well, we lay a plan. On the 25th of November in every newspaper and magazine in Canada, the people will read about "Sawdusto." They will see it pictured on the bill boards, on the hotel bills of fare; their grocer will display it in his windows; they will get a sample package at their homes.

To effect all this, salesmen must be selected to interview the dealers and to get their co-operation. One man will be put over these men. He will be sales manager and he must get the sales or get out. He will figure out their trips, their salaries, their expenses, their sales, and will supply them with bracing letters that will keep them going full steam.

Then we go to an advertising agency with a box of "Sawdusto' and tell them its chief points of interest. They will write the copy for our advertisement, forward it to the leading newspapers and magazines, check it over carefully, and watch the results. Or it may be for us to open our own advertising department, and employ an experienced copy writer to boost "Sawdusto."

The General manager would be responsible for results. He would hold each department manager responsible for results. The department manager would in turn look to his assistants for results, and finally every clerk, salesman, stenographer, book-keeper and office boy would be held responsible for results.

Similar planning is needed by the church to-day, as she stands in a different position from that of three or four centuries ago.

Billy Sunday was asked by the Toronto Delegation, who were visiting Buffalo: "Supposing we put in the organization you have, could we not get the same results without Billy." He replied that a revival must swing around a personality, that had always been the case and always would be.

While what he says must be true to a certain degree, yet I believe a great deal can be accomplished without the evangelist, but adopting his methods.

Successful Advertising

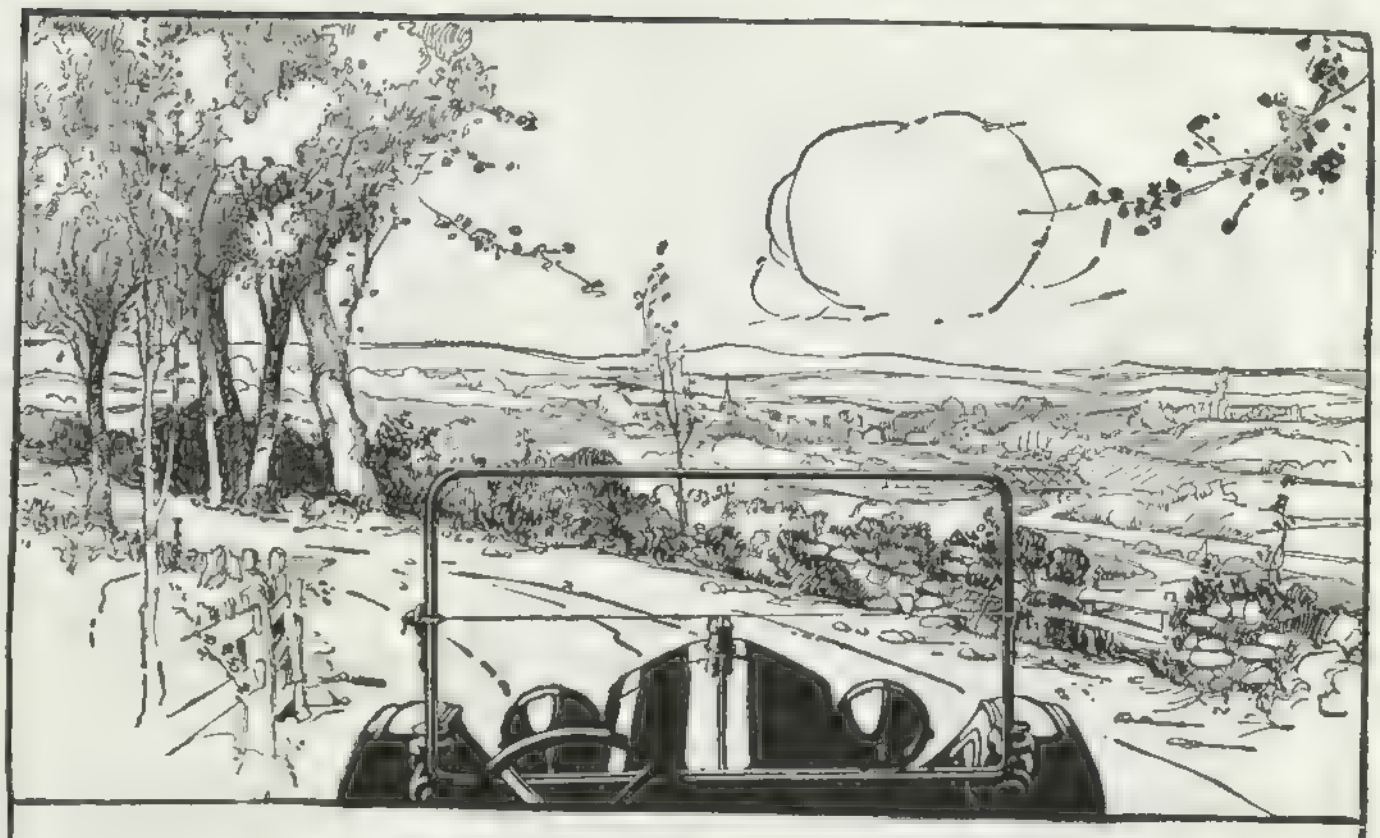
THE great object of all advertising is to get people to talk about a certain thing. There are various ways of accomplishing this besides those that I have outlined. In a revival meeting the conversion of some well known citizen or some notorious character will often do more for the success of the meetings than all the money spent in printed matter. Certainly the conversion of people is the best advertisement that a church can possibly have. It is on the principle of "A satisfied customer is our best advertisement."

Open air preaching could be organized and systematically carried out in different parts of the city by such ministers and laymen that would volunteer for this service. In that way the church would reach those who will not go within her doors. It is too bad that we leave all the open air work to the Salvation Army or some such organization. This work is really interesting and is productive of wonderful results, even though they cannot be seen at the time.

Do you not think that such a campaign could be entered into with every promise of success, even without an evangelist? Suppose a church employed some trained organizer like George Warburton who organized the Committee of One Hundred to undertake such a campaign in the various cities, do you not think it could be worked without a great evangelistic? It looks as if it would not have the objection commonly raised about evangelists, that they stir up interest while they are there, and that after they are gone, the interest subsides, and in some churches cases are even worse off than before. At least I think it would be well worth while trying.

The first thing that should be done in preparing for an evangelistic campaign is to call all the heads of the various organizations connected with the church together to talk over the matter of the campaign. In fact, after the necessity and importance of the work has been brought before them by the minister, or some layman, it would be well to turn the meeting into a prayer and testimony meeting, that the whole arrangement may be born and steeped in prayer, and guided by the Spirit of God.

(*Continued on page 46*)



Get Behind the Wheel of a Ford and Drive

TRY it just once! Ask your friend to let you "pilot" his car on an open stretch. You'll like it, and will be surprised how easily the Ford is handled and driven.

If you have never felt the thrill of driving your own car, there is something good in store for you. It is vastly different from just riding –being a passenger. And especially so if you drive a Ford.

Young boys, girls, women and even grandfathers thousands of them—are driving Ford cars and enjoying it. A Ford stops and starts in traffic with exceptional ease and smoothness, while on country roads and hills its strength and power show to advantage.

Buy a Ford and you will want to be behind "the wheel" constantly.

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Runabout -	$475
Touring - -	$495
Coupe -	$770
Sedan - -	$970
One-Ton Truck	$750

F. O. B. FORD, ONT.

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited
Ford, Ontario

BABY'S OWN SOAP

For Nursery Use

you cannot take chances on Soap. Four generations of Canadians have enjoyed the creamy, fragrant skin healing lather of Baby's Own Soap—the Standard in Canada for nursery use, on account of its known purity.

Baby's Own is Best for Baby—Best for You.

ALBERT SOAPS, LIMITED, Mfrs., - MONTREAL

3-13

DUSTBANE

Makes housecleaning just half as hard, for it keeps the dust down and assists the broom to leave a bright, clean, shiny, surface. Use it in your home.

Has Pipes Like an Organ

Model "Organola" $250

Built into the cabinet of our "Organola" Model of the "Phonola" are tone control pipes which include every note in the scale. Like an organ they separate the different sounds and give clearness and volume to the music.

The sweet low notes and overtones of an orchestra that you miss on the ordinary machine are rendered distinctly on the "Phonola Organola." The high notes of the soprano are heard without a tingle. The violin sounds like a real violin. Every instrument, every voice, is true to life.

If you are looking for the utmost in phonographs, you will find it in the "Organola" model of the

"Phonola" REGISTERED

Other models of the "Phonola" from $18 to $250. They play all makes of disc records.

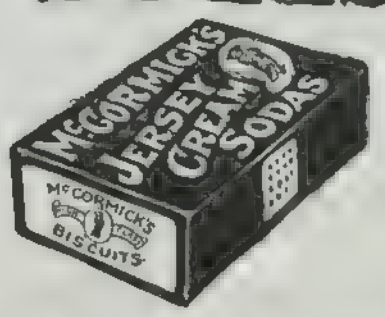
DEALERS. The "Phonola" line offers exceptional opportunities. If your town is unrepresented, write us

The Pollock Manufacturing Co., Limited
Kitchener, Canada 38

McCormick's

JERSEY CREAM

Sodas



Are Made in a New, Snow-White, Sunshine Factory—the Largest, Most Modern and Most Sanitary Factory of Its Kind in Canada

Cleanliness is the watchword at McCormick's—the building is pure white, both inside and out, and is kept immaculately clean, thoroughly sanitary and perfectly ventilated throughout. And all employees—both men and women—are dressed in spotless white uniforms.

McCormick's Jersey Cream Sodas are packed in air-tight, waxed-paper lined boxes, and will reach your table in all their original purity and crispness. Order a package to-day.

Sold Fresh Everywhere in Different Sized Packages. 73

SAFEGUARD YOUR FUTURE. Attend

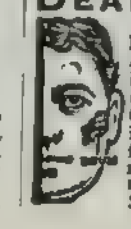
ELLIOTT Business College

Yonge and Charles Streets, Toronto

Shorthand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping, Banking, Higher Accounting, Penmanship, &c., taught quickly and correctly. Our graduates are in keen demand. Enter any time. Write for Catalogue. Open all year.

W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY



I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 80 years. My invisible Anti-septic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing. A. O. LEONARD
Suite 202, 70 5th Ave., New York City

The Magpie's Nest

(*Continued from page 42*)

much but a few contusions; bad ones, yes, but bruises couldn't kill.

So, by and bye, trussed like a chicken, she lay flat on her back and listened to a lecture. The doctor sat taking her pulse and scowling at her benevolently. He was an old man, who considered patients a lot of refractory and interesting children.

"Nerves? Fever?" he said accusingly. "Yes! Ha! And what have you been doing for them? I know—worrying—And galloping about the city like a lunatic, on a day like this." She tried to explain that galloping was not an accurate description of her gait, but he listened not at all. "Let me tell you one thing, young lady, you may have done the best thing for yourself, though it's not a method I'd recommend generally. You'll keep quiet now. Yes, if we have to get a straight jacket. And you'll probably get well in consequence." He rose and seized his instrument case. "Stop worrying!" he barked suddenly, turning at the door. "I'll drop in to-morrow." He vanished.

"Nice old man," said Hope. "Well, unless the house burns down, there's not much left to worry about. Everything's happened."

But Nick was looking at her queerly. Mrs. Hassard had taken herself off.

"Will you really stop worrying?" he said, in a low voice. "And leave everything to me till you are better—everything?"

She was filled with aches and pains and fatigue, and she leaned back on him mentally, at last, as on a pillow.

"Yes," she assented. "How long am I to be getting well?"

"Only a few days," he said mendaciously. "Now I've broken orders. You were not to talk, to drink this, and to go to sleep immediately."

She drank, something faintly bitter and pungent, and he sat covering her hand with his. After awhile she felt pain and happiness alike slipping out of her weak grasp as consciousness faded, and so she slept.

Waking to entire helplessness is a strange sensation. It lends itself to speculation, to odd twists of thought and feeling, and philosophical, resigned meditation. Hope wanted a drink, but she could not reach for one, and the day seemed very young, so she did not wish to call.

"I must think of something else," she told herself. "I wonder what it means that I am here—like this—now? Well, where am I, anyway? I can think about Seattle. Is my mind in Seattle, or is Seattle in my mind? So where am I? Isn't my mind me? What is me? My hand, there; if it is me why can't I lift it and wave it around? It just won't; and it's absurd to say that I could disobey myself. There's a catch in logic there—Come in, Nick, how did you get here so early?"

It was Nick; he had tea and toast and other things, yet he failed to look ridiculous.

"I stayed here," he explained briefly. Then he fed her with a spoon, and smoothed her pillows in the approved manner of nurses. She did not seem to object.

"How do you feel?" he asked inevitably.

"Not very much," she said. "I'm trying thought suggestion on me, but I find it doesn't extend to the bandages; they remain perfectly immoveable. I am a child of light," she recited solemnly, "Pain does not exist; there is no evil, nor no stairs, and especially no elevator; I do not exist myself—" She burst out laughing, and he put down the plate he was holding, and slipped his arm under her head cautiously, kneeling beside the cot.

"You sweet," he said h. kily. "Won't you laugh again? Hope, your hair smells like flowers."

"My collar-bone smells like arnica," she said, and saw with surprise that he was nodding with sleep. He was white and haggard. "Nick! What is the matter?"

"Nothing," he was very alert again. "Only I didn't sleep last night. I was thinking—Hope, you can't move now; I've got you; I'm going to keep you if I can. Will you marry me?"

He had said it at last.

"What?" she said faintly. "Like this—all in pieces and tied together again, useless and ugly. Besides, you don't want to marry anyone."

"Anyone but you," he corrected her firmly. "I was afraid you'd remember that fool break. Can't you forget it? You're the loveliest thing in the world, and I can't do without you. You will, say you will, sweetheart; you're not tired of me, are you?"

"Oh," she said brokenly, confronted at last with the real logic of events, the punishment of the unthinking, which she had once truly acknowledged as the most severe of punishments. "Oh, Nick—I can't!" And, as he was silent in sick astonishment, she went on stumblingly: "I made you believe a lie. Because I didn't want to talk about it. My husband isn't dead—or anything. It's three years since I saw him. I was such a fool too."

"But you don't—you don't care for him?"

"No—no!"

"Would you marry me if you could?" He was wondering if he might rescind that refusal to the Rutherford people. He had refused on Hope's account. Now he wanted to accept for the same reason.

"Yes," she said hesitantly. "I never thought of it before; we said——"

"As if that mattered!" He smoothed her hair. "Don't you care; it will be all right. I can see what we must do."

(*To be Continued*)

Selling Salvation!

(*Continued from page 45*)

THERE is nothing that adds to the attractiveness of a revival meeting like good singing. It is not necessary to have the best soloist but it is certainly advisable to have live chorus singing which should be led by a large choir. Since you cannot always figure on the regular church choir being present, you must go farther afield and organize a special revival choir. It is sometimes wise to organize two choirs and they may come on alternate nights. If the Evangelist does not conduct his own singing or if the meeting is being conducted without an evangelist, someone who has a strong voice and a winning personality as well as a consecrated spirit should be selected to conduct the singing.

One additional feature, however, is the arranging of delegations. Look around for different organized bodies of men and women and have them come to the meeting as an organization. Lodges, schools, factories, Y.P.S. shops—encourage them to come in a body and have certain sections reserved for them. Thus you get people who would not be reached in any other way.

People wonder at the size of the meetings addressed by Billy Sunday and forget sometimes that three-quarters of his crowd is composed of delegations that are organized in this way. You have a delegation that not only helps to fill the auditorium, but which often brings those who could not be induced any other way to come near the meetings. When their friends are going there they feel that it is a different thing and do not mind going along with them. Thus the evangelist has a chance to reach those who do not ordinarily go to the church.

I have talked about methods and means of advancing the work of God. I realize that much of what I have said may not be practicable without local application. The time is ripe for a revival. We stand to-day at the cross roads of history. We cannot tell what lies ahead and the days are fraught with great possibilities. If we would win the world for Christ we must be "up and doing." We have found that loose methods will not work in the army. The old voluntary system has been thrown out and conscription put in its place. Old ways of making munitions have been supplemented by carefully thought out scientifically planned organizations of to-day. War has at least taught the world the necessity for efficiency. To-day the church faces conditions never faced before. Theatres are spending vast sums of money to attract crowds. Movies are spending millions to produce the most interesting and fascinating plays that man can conceive. These organizations are catering to the public and the public is the people, and the people all have souls.

We may not all agree on certain theological questions, theories or doctrines; but we must admit that there is one bedrock fact that we cannot overlook and that is the fact of conversion. Anyone who steps into the Hadley Mission or the MacCauley Mission in New York and hears the wonderful testimonies of the men who have been down and out, but have been lifted up on to a higher plane, must certainly be convinced of the fact that there is a power that raised those dead in trespasses and sins to newness of life.

The Nation Depends on Your Teeth!

By a Prominent Specialist

WHEN I tell you that the loss of a tooth from the jaws of a person in California is a matter which affects the prosperity of a person in New York, you will probably think I am crazy or jesting. But I am not!

The prosperity of a nation depends on the efficiency of the producers in the nation. At their highest degree of efficiency, with every producer doing his work to the limit of his working ability, the nation would be enjoying the greatest material prosperity possible. No nation ever has reached this point, because the efficiency of all its producers is never at the maximum.

Many things lower the efficiency of producers, but nothing contributes more to this than their physical condition.

The loss of a tooth impairs health, decreases a person's ability as a producer, and is a distinct loss to the nation.

Any departure from the perfect physical condition lowers the efficiency of a person. No matter how valuable producers persons may be, when they are sick in bed they become non-producers. When a person is, at his or her best, only a partial producer, unable to do as much work as the average for that kind of work, it does not take much physical deterioration to make their production nil. Yet as such they are clothed, fed and warmed at the expense of producers. Criminals, the insane, the aged, children, the crippled, deformed, are all non-producers and maintained, naturally, by the work of producers.

More bodily ills are due to what we eat, how much we eat, and how we eat it than to any other cause. All the long train of digestive disorders from plain "stomach-ache" to appendicitis, all diseases of faulty cell life in the body, such as cancers, ovorrhea, alveolaris, rheumatism, gout, and a host of others, in fact, the great majority of all human diseases may be traced to the same fundamental starting point: what you eat and how you eat it.

Digestion of food begins in the mouth. That this part of digestion may be accomplished properly, the food must be thoroughly chewed. The food cannot be thoroughly chewed unless the teeth are in good condition, and every tooth lost or diseased diminishes the ability of that person to chew the food thoroughly.

If the food is not properly chewed, digestion is not perfect.

If digestion is not perfect, assimilation is not perfect.

If assimilation is not perfect, the person is not in perfect health.

A person not in perfect health has decreased in ability as a producer.

A partial producer decreases the material wealth of the nation.

Therefore the loss of a tooth is more than a loss to the individual from whose mouth the tooth was removed. It is a distinct loss to the nation. Which is what I started out to prove to you!

Home Made Fuel

Did you ever try making briquettes? People in European countries, particularly in Switzerland, have been utilizing waste paper in this manner for some time. It is surprising, too, how useful these briquettes are and how easily they are made. Instead of throwing away out-of-date newspapers and pieces of wrapping paper that have served their purpose, why not save them and make them do double duty,—not the same kind over again, of course, but something different? Acting as fuel is the something different.

To use waste paper as fuel, it must be made over into briquettes. The directions are simple. First, tear or cut the paper into small pieces—cardboard may be used also—and put it into a tub. Pour boiling water over it next and let it soak over night, or until it is very soft. Then drain off any surplus water, as much water as possible, in fact, and, taking up a handful of the paper pulp at a time, squeeze all the water out and mold it into a small ball, like a pop-corn ball. These briquettes, as the French and Swiss people call them, must then be thoroughly dried, either in the sun or in a hot oven—not hot enough to burn them, however. Those who have made them, say that there is very little time and labor involved in the making, and that they may be stored away in a dry place and kept until needed. They get their name from those little briquettes of coal which anyone who has ever lived in France doubtless remembers well as commonly burned in fireplaces.

The Country Store

IN the evening, when the day's work is done, men like to stroll over to the village store to discuss the war, politics, or whatever may be of local interest.

It is under these circumstances that the health of the family is referred to and experiences are interchanged in regard to medicines that have proven particularly effective.

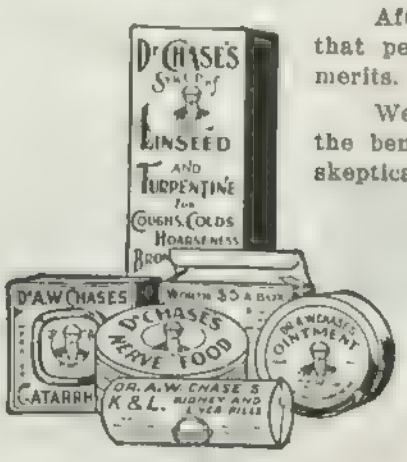
After Dr. Chase had introduced his medicines to the druggists he found that many who wrote to him for treatment lived many miles from doctor or druggist, and had to depend on the country store for their medicines. Thus it came about that Dr. Chase's medicines were placed in general stores, and you can now obtain them wherever medicines are sold.

Instead of trying to imagine what the man in the picture is saying about Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, we shall publish a letter from Mr. James Carr, who attributes his good health and that of his large family to the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

18 Miles From Drug Store.

Mr. James Carr, Maynooth, Ont., writes: "About nineteen years ago I received an envelope containing two of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I was doctoring at the time with two doctors and, as they did me no good, I used the pills, and by the time I had finished one box I was cured of the pain in the back and shoulders.

"We have great confidence in Dr. Chase's medicines. I have a family of ten children and have never had a doctor in the house for any of them. We live eighteen miles from a drug store, and find that these pills cure nearly all the ordinary ills by regulating the liver, kidneys and bowels. That we are all well and sound I attribute to their use, and I have recommended them to hundreds and given away many a box because I believe there is no medicine so good."



After long experience with Dr. Chase's Medicines we have found that people who try them are soon convinced of their exceptional merits.

We have published thousands of letters to give you an idea of the benefits others have obtained by their use, but if you are still skeptical we shall be glad to send you our

Free Combination Package

One 25-cent box Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.
One sample box Dr. Chase's Ointment.
One copy Dr. Chase's Recipes.

You will kindly mention the name of this paper and enclose a 2-cent stamp to pay postage to Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Dr. Chase Bldg., Toronto.

4

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It is not how much you eat, but how much you assimilate, that does you good.

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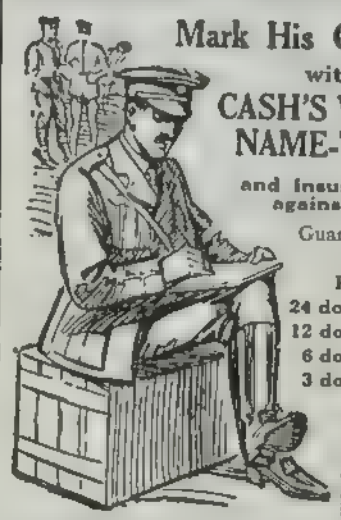

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The Experiment Kitchen

Little Things To Lessen Labor

By KATHERINE M. CALDWELL, B.A.

IRISH BRIDGET is a busy colleen right at home these days, and Scottish Annie finds that the British Isles at war can keep her very active indeed. Even Swedish Thelma isn't crossing the Atlantic these days, to put a more or less capable hand to the work in Canada's kitchen—with a confiding smile and a murmured "Ya" to everything that's said to her.

And so we have not been able to look across the sea for recruits for our ever-needed kitchen army, with the result that the two-maid house has in many cases come to one maid-of-all work and the home that at one time had a "general" is to-day leading a life of domestic independence.

This, in spite of the fact that the mistress of the house never had more calls upon her time—more arts and crafts of housekeeping to master, more claims at home and abroad.

The ways in which she meets the doubled duties are as varied as women's ways may be. Just one of them, is by improving her equipment—by giving herself an easier way or a quicker way, wherever that is possible.

One task, none too agreeable at best, may be lessened by the use of a dishpan that is a real protection for the sink, saving it from much of the staining that is so trying to the woman who desires, above all things, an immaculate cleanliness.

Instead of the familiar round pan, with its outward flaring rim, the dishpan in Fig. 5 is rectangular, just like the sink. It fits in nicely—does not reach vainly for the sink bottom, its diameter too great for the width of the sink. Squarely below both hot and cold taps, it can be filled easily. When the water needs to be replaced, there is no necessity for removing dishes from the pan or awkwardly "dumping" it, because there is a little removable, sliding drawer in the bottom which you draw out, opening an outlet for the water in the pan. A strainer catches all particles and the water runs directly down the drain, keeping the sink quite sweet and clean.

The dish-pan is sturdily fashioned of heavy copper-steel, tinned brightly. It has no crevices to collect deposits from the dishes, and its smooth surface is easily kept shining. Small rubber feet prevent the sink from being scratched.

Such a pan pleases the possessor of a white porcelain sink because of the protection it offers the whiteness; it is equally appreciated by the woman who has an old-fashioned dark sink, whose metal surfaces, scarred by the years, are difficult to keep in the sanitary condition she desires.

Replacing the Waitress

A DEVICE to make service at the table simpler, especially where it largely devolves upon the mistress of ceremonies, is sometimes called a "silent servitor."

It looks a little like an enlarged edition of grandmother's cake plate—a large disk poised on a stem a few inches high, as shown in Fig. 4.

The "plate" is made of polished glass and, at the slightest touch, it will revolve on its stem, bringing the butter or rolls or sugar placed on it, to the place desired.

These "silent servitors" come in many sizes and designs and materials — all glass, or with sterling or plated stems, supporting a glass top. They are attractive, useful and as decorative as you please

Let Us Buy for You

THE Experiment Kitchen shopping service will always be glad to purchase for you any of the articles mentioned on receipt of the price mentioned; or we will forward to you the name of the manufacturer or your nearest dealer, if you will send a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Except where it is expressly stated that the price covers the cost of postage, carriage charges must be included or articles can be shipped express collect. We cannot be responsible for price changes in the present fluctuating state of the market, but will in all cases put the best of our facilities and knowledge at the disposal of our readers.

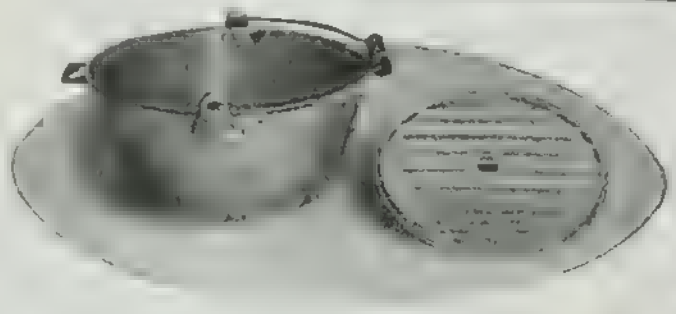


Fig. 2—Cleaning Silver can be made less formidable

Fig. 3—No tin can hide a secret from this can opener

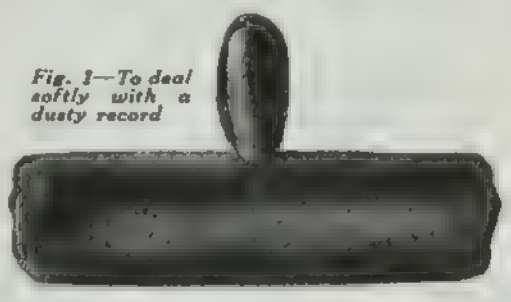


Fig. 1—To deal softly with a dusty record

Where Care Pays

THE possession of a phonograph adds a pleasure that has little to offset it in the way of added care for the housekeeper. To preserve the records, however, careful habits should be inculcated in every member of the household who uses and enjoys them—keeping them scrupulously free from dust and the infinite small chips that gather on them is an essential if they are to retain their clearness and beauty of tone.

A little brush, shaped something like a nail buffer, Fig. 1, has been devised for the purpose of keeping records in condition. It is softly covered with velvet, which cleans the finely-lined record perfectly. It is easy for every one to pick up this little brush by its polished wooden handle and pass it over a record before putting it on the machine. The returns for so little trouble are ample—longer life and sweetness to every record.

Fig. 4—It will fill your wants at a mere touch

Just for Baby

"CANNED heat," the little stoves that burn alcohol that is combined with wax so that there can be no spilling or accident—is by no means new. One use of it is well worth passing on to mothers.

A special receptacle has been worked out that will just fit baby's bottle. You just put a little water and the bottle, ready filled, into it and eight ounces of food will be ready for Baby in four or five minutes.

For the early morning bottle or a night-feeding when necessary, such a little apparatus, left ready at one's bedside is a source of great comfort. If you already have a little canned heat stove, the bottle container can be purchased for one dollar fifty, or the whole outfit complete comes at two dollars and seventy-five cents.

Silver Magic

A LONG task made short is that of cleaning silver by a method that seems almost too easy to be true—one that brings into action a familiar chemical principle.

A heavy metallic disk (see Fig. 2) is covered by a series of electro-welded griddle. This is placed in the bottom of a vessel of water, for every two quarts of which you add a tablespoonful of salt and one of baking soda.

Immerse the articles which are to be cleaned and allow them to stand for just a few minutes. Take them out, wash them in a bath of warm, soapy water and wipe with a clean, soft cloth.

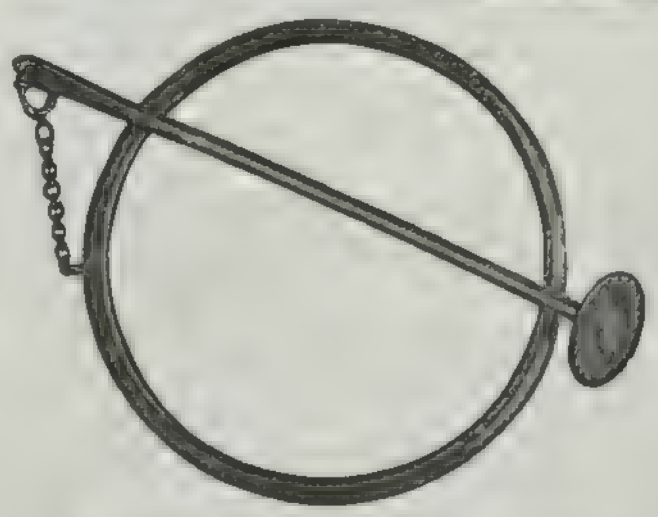
Sterling silver or the standard plated ware—silver plate on a known base metal, such as those used in table appointments, flatware, etc.—can be cleaned quite safely with these electrolytic devices, which cost about two dollars.

A Neat Can Opener

THE can-opener illustrated in Fig. 3 is one of the best on the market as it is easy to manipulate and makes neat work of the operation. Instead of cutting a more or less jagged hole in the top of the can this opener decapitates it with a finality that brooks no question.

Fig. 5—The dish-pan we have wanted

The cut is made just below the seam, in the side of the can, and comparatively little force is required either to start or complete it. The price is thirty-five cents.



The Most Engaging Knitting Accessory

WHEN the leisure moment comes and it's "two purl, two plain," that is the dominant thought, every women who knits will love one of the new yarn holders. No bag has yet been devised that will safely imprison one's ball of wool and still allow the yarn to run freely.

The dainty sterling silver bracelet has a fine silver rod attached to it by a few links of chain. A clasp such as is used to fasten a necklet will free the rod, which is thrust through the ball of yarn. A medalion, delicately enamelled, holds it in place when the clasp is refastened.

When the bracelet is slipped on one's wrist, the ball of wool dangles some few inches below. It is so light that its weight is never felt and it hangs down toward the elbow where it is out of the way.

No pretty trinket ever had so much usefulness to recommend it—and few useful things can claim so much attractiveness. In sterling silver, the price is two dollars and a half.

Gagtooth's Image

(Continued from page 26)

and in which the mortality in some years reaches forty per cent.

Of course I was at once called in. I did my best for the patient, which was very little. I tried hard, however, to keep his wife sober, and to compel her to nurse him judiciously. As for little Charlie, I took him home with me to my own house, where he remained until his father was so far convalescent as to prevent all fear of infection. Meanwhile I knew nothing about Gagtooth's money having been deposited in the hands of his employers, and consequently was ignorant of his loss. I did not learn this circumstance for weeks afterwards, and of course had no reason for supposing that his wife was in anywise straitened for money. Once, when her husband had been prostrated for about a fortnight, I saw her with a roll of bank notes in her hand. Little did I suspect how they had been obtained.

Shortly after my patient had begun to sit up in his arm-chair for a little while every day, he begged so hard for little Charlie's presence that, as soon as I was satisfied that all danger of infection was past, I consented to allow the child to return to his own home. In less than a month afterwards the invalid was able to walk out in the garden for a few minutes every day when the weather was favorable, and in these walks Charlie was his constant companion. The affection of the poor fellow for his flaxen-haired darling was manifested in every glance of his eye and in every tone of his voice. He would kiss the little chap and pat him on the head a hundred times a day. He would tell him stories until he himself was completely exhausted; and although I knew that this tended to retard his complete recovery, I had not the heart to forbid it. I have often since felt thankful that I never made any attempt to do so.

At last the fifteenth of September arrived. On the morning of that day Messrs. Rockwell and Dunbar's Combined Circus and Menagerie made a triumphal entry into Peoria, and was to exhibit on the green, down by the river bank. The performance had been ostentatiously advertised and placarded on every dead wall in town for a month back, and all the children in the place, little Charlie included, were wild on the subject. Signor Martigny was to enter a den containing three full-grown lions, and was to go through the terrific and disgusting ordeal usual on such occasions. Gagtooth, of course, was unable to go; but, being unwilling to deny his child any reasonable pleasure, he had consented to Charlie's going with his mother. I happened to be passing the house on my way homewards to dinner, just as the pair were about to start, and called in to say good-bye to my patient. Never shall I forget the embrace and the kiss which the father bestowed upon the little fellow. I can see them now, after all these years, almost as distinctly as I saw them on that terrible fifteenth of September, 1855. They perfectly clung to each other, and seemed unwilling to part even for the two or three hours during which the preformance was to last. I can see the mother, too, impatiently waiting in the doorway, and telling Charlie that if he didn't stop that nonsense they would be too late to see Sampson killing the lion. She—Heaven help her!—thought nothing and cared nothing about the pleasure the child was to derive from the entertainment. She was only anxious on her own account; impatient to shew her good looks and her cheap finery to the two thousand and odd people assembled under the huge tent.

At last they started. Gagtooth got up and walked to the door, following them with his eye as far as he could see them down the dusty street. Then he returned and sat down in his chair. Poor fellow! he was destined never to see either of them alive again.

Notwithstanding her fear lest she might not arrive in time for the commencement of the performance, Mrs. Fink and her charge reached the ground at least half an hour before the ticket office was opened; and I regret to say that that half hour was sufficient to enable her to form an acquaintance with one of the property men of the establishment, to whom she contrived to make herself so agreeable that he passed her and Charlie into the tent free of charge. She was not admitted at the front entrance, but from the tiring-room at the back whence the performers enter. She sat down just at the left of this entrance, immediately adjoining the lion's cage. Ere long the per-

(Continued on page 52)

The Wild Red Steed

(Continued from page 32)

ALL around them as they went the forest was wakening to greet the coming day. Little breezes whispered through the branches and from every nest the birds were piping forth their matin songs. High above the tree-tops the morning star still shone brightly, but over the summit of Slieve Dearg the sky was rosy as the heart of a great sea-shell with the first flush of the sunrise.

Soon they had reached the foot of Carraig Dhu, a huge mass of black rock towering above the sea. In the clefts of its steep sides sea-birds nested and reared their broods; the air was full of their clamour. The grey waves dashed against its feet, flinging showers of foam high into the air, but on the landward side the turf grew green and sweet; starred with celandine and windflower, and tall tufts of foxgloves, the fairies' flower, grew here and there. At the foot of the rock lay Tobar na Crann, and above its dark waters hung the boughs of the enchanted hazel, veiling them with a mist of green. The wild red steed paused in his thundering gallop and Feargus slipped from his back and kneeling on the margin of the well waited for the first sunbeam to strike upon the wave.

Redder and redder flushed the eastern sky. The tops of the mountains caught the fire, but still the surface of the pool lay in shadow. At last the sun leaped above the highest hill and sent one quivering shaft of light down through the darkness, and even as it touched the water Feargus stooped and drank three long, cool draughts. Then, rising to his feet, he broke a bough from the enchanted hazel, fastened it in his cap and mounting once more, rode slowly from the well.

As he rode the day grew brighter. The sun was high above the hills now and the whole sky was aglow with light. A lark sprang from the turf at his feet and soared into the blue, singing as it went, and Feargus felt his heart leap within him for gladness as he listened. At his feet the heather spread a purple carpet and the drowsy bees, only half awakened from their night's sleep, hummed through its blossoms. Presently they came to a little pool of clear water lying by the wayside, and the red steed paused to drink. As he did so, Feargus caught sight of his own image reflected in the placid water and a great wonder came upon him. Could this really be he, this slender, gallant figure, with its erect carriage and proud head? He sprang from the red steed's back and gazed and gazed again. Yes, it was he—Feargus, son of Laogaire—and yet this was not the Feargus that he knew. Gone were the wried shoulders, the twisted, ungainly form. The lad that gazed back at him from the pool with laughing, happy eyes was tall and straight as the young birch saplings that grew outside his father's dun. The wish that he had set aside to help another's need, had been granted him. As he rode on to the gates of Dun Laogaire, he sang and shouted aloud for very happiness.

There was feasting and tumult in the halls of the Dun that night. The brown mead flowed like water, and over their brimming bowls the men-at-arms cried upon the name of Feargus again and again, as he stood flushed and laughing upon the dais by his father's side. King Laogaire pledged his son in deep draughts of red wine and Ethne the Queen, as she flung her arm about the boyish shoulders that were so straight and slender now, looked deep into the grey eyes and smiled to see no shadow there.

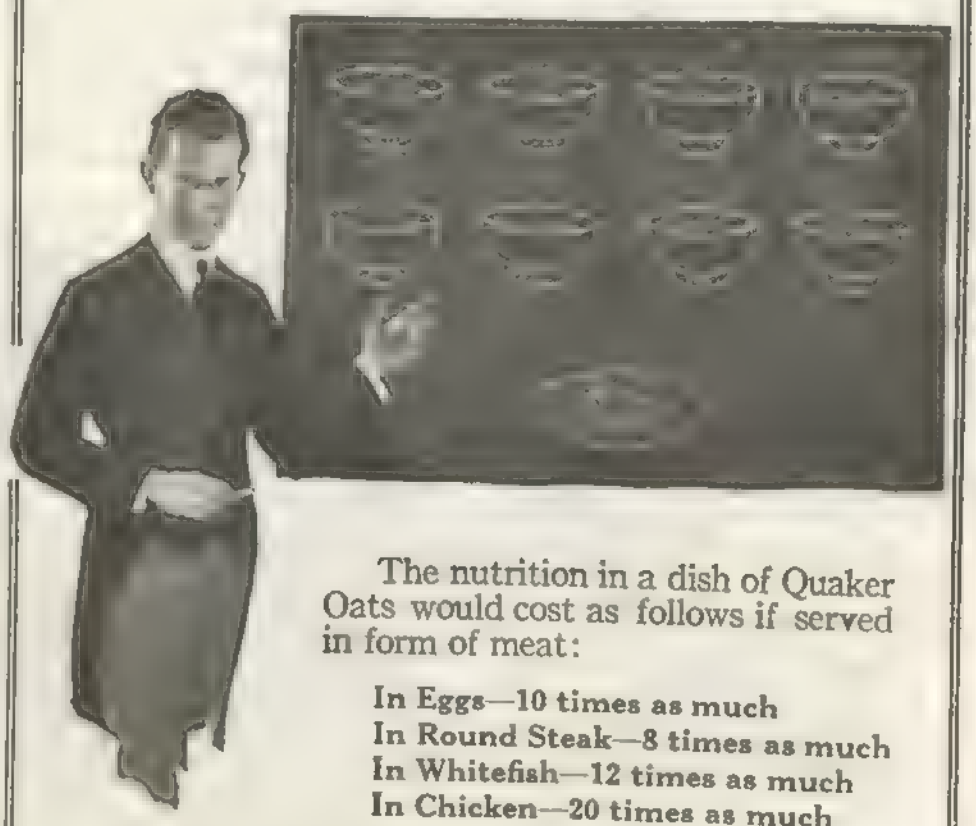
Would you know more of Feargus and of the great deeds of his manhood, you must read them for yourself in the ancient annals of Eire. But you will not find there the name of Feargus Cam. Feargus na Capaill—Feargus of the steed—is that by which they call him there.

And they tell that when at last the full-[illegible] of time was come and Feargus the King grew weary of feasts and of fighting, he bade them bring to him once more his wild red steed. Then, mounting, he rode away into the wooded valleys of Slieve Dearg and was never more seen of men.

But the bards say that he still waits within the sunny meadows of Tir na n-oge until the day comes when Eire shall again be a nation. Then shall all the heroes of the past return to her once more, and at their head shall ride Feargus MacLaogaire upon his Wild Red Steed.

8 Meals

Of Quaker Oats at the Cost of *One* Meal of Meat



The nutrition in a dish of Quaker Oats would cost as follows if served in form of meat:

In Eggs—10 times as much
In Round Steak—8 times as much
In Whitefish—12 times as much
In Chicken—20 times as much

The usual mixed diet—bread, potatoes and meat—costs four times as much as Quaker Oats per unit of nutrition.

So Quaker Oats, used in place of meat, saves at least seven times its cost. Used in place of mixed diet, it saves three times its cost.

One egg costs as much as five dishes.

Yet the oat is the food of foods. It supplies needed elements in just the right proportions. In units of energy it yields 1810 calories per pound. In flavor it stands supreme.

It is the food for growth, as every mother knows. It is the vim-food with an age-old fame.

Serve in big dishes—make it the morning meal. Also mix Quaker Oats in your flour foods. They add delightful flavor and they save our wheat.

Quaker Oats

The Delightful Vim-Food

You get the utmost in oat flavor when you get Quaker Oats. This brand is made from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, luscious oats.

All the little starved grains are discarded. We get but 10 pounds of Quaker from a bushel of choice oats.

These superlative flakes cost you no extra price. It is due to yourself that you get them.

Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 2 teaspoons salt, ½ cup sugar, 2 cups boiling water, 1 cake yeast, ¼ cup lukewarm water, 5 cups flour.

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water, let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes.

If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats Muffins

1 cup Quaker Oats (uncooked) 1½ cups flour 1 cup scalded milk 1 egg 4 level teaspoons baking powder 2 tablespoons melted butter ½ teaspoon salt 2 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes, add sugar, salt and melted butter, sift in flour and baking powder, mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Quaker Oats Sweetbits

1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked).

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla.

Beat white of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with a teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.

Peterboro Canada **The Quaker Oats Company** Saskatoon Canada

1869

CLASSIFIED ADLETS

SALES AND EXCHANGES

A responsible directory arranged for the convenience of the vast number of more than 500,000 readers of Everywoman's World who wish to buy, sell or exchange,

Each little adlet has much of interest for you.

Agents and Salesmen Wanted

MRS. COPE, MACGRATH, ALBERTA, cleared $102.00 in four days. Sold to every home in Macgrath. You can do as well. Fine territory open for live agents. Catalogue and terms free on request. Perfection Sanitary Brush Co., 1118 Queen St. W., Toronto, Ont. Only manufacturers in Canada.

MANY BIG ADVERTISERS first started with a little ad this size. The cost so small, and the results so big. We will gladly send you full particulars. Drop us a postal to-day. Classified Advertising Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto.

Articles Wanted

THE ONE BEST OUTLET for farm produce, non-fertile eggs, poultry, separator butter. Write Gunns, Ltd., 78 Front St. East, Toronto.

Business Opportunities

"HOW I CAN BUILD Business in Canada," is the title of a leaflet, containing letters from a few of our advertisers in this section. It tells of the results received; sent gladly on request. Classified Advertising Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto.

Drawing and Painting

LADIES—Fascinating home business tinting Postcards, pictures, photos, etc., spare time for profit $5.00 on 100; no canvassing; samples 10c. (stamps) Particulars free. Artint 640 E. 91 Meserole St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Educational

LEARN BOOKKEEPING, Stenography, Matriculation, Story Writing, Beginner's Course, Engineering, by mail at home. Write Canadian Correspondence College, Limited, Dept. E.W., Toronto, Canada.

Family Remedies

SORE EYES—Try Murine Eye Remedy in your own Eyes and in Baby's Eyes when they Need Care. Relieves Redness, Soreness, Granulated Eyelids and Scales on the Lids. No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. Ask your Druggist for Murine

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EARN $25 WEEKLY, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Details free. Press Syndicate, 427 St. Louis, Mo.

LADIES WANTED to do Plain and Light sewing at home, whole or spare time; good pay; work sent any distance, charges paid. Send stamp for particulars. National Mfg. Co., Dept. A., Montreal.

Home Furnishings

WRITE for our large, photo-illustrated catalogue No. 2. We pay freight to any station in Ontario. Adams Furniture Company, Limited, Toronto.

Nursing

PRIVATE NURSES earn $10 to $25 weekly. Learn without leaving home. Booklet free. Royal College of Science, Toronto, Canada.

Patents—Legal Cards

HERBERT J. S. DENNISON, Patent Expert, Canada, United States and Foreign patents, designs and trade marks. 18 King W., Toronto.

Photoplays—Stories

WRITE MOTION PICTURE plays. $50 each. Experience unnecessary. Details free to beginners. Producers League, 325 Wainwright, St. Louis.

WRITERS STORIES, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, E.W., 5 Hannibal, Mo

$1,200 A YEAR for spare time writing one moving picture play a week. We show you how. Send for free book of valuable information of special prize offer.—Photo Playwright College, Box 278 K 21, Chicago.

WANTED—Stories, poems, etc. We pay on acceptance. Handwritten MSS. acceptable Woman's National Magazine, Desk 155, Washington, D.C.

SEND US YOUR IDEAS for Photoplays Stories, etc. We accept them in any form—correct it—sell on commission. Big rewards! Get details now. Writer's Service, Dept. 32 Main, Auburn, N.Y.

Plays and Entertainments

PLAYS, VAUDEVILLE SKETCHES, Monologues, Dialogues, Speakers, Minstrel Material, Jokes, Recitations, Tableaux, Drills, Entertainments. Make up goods. Large catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., Dept. 82, Chicago.

Poultry

EGGS FOR HATCHING: — Bronze Turkeys, Embden Geese, Rouen Ducks, Barred and White Rocks, Rhode Island Reds, White Wyandottes and Rose Comb Brown Leghorns. Write for price list. J. H. Rutherford, Albion, Ontario.

Razor Blades Sharpened

RAZOR BLADES SHARPENED by experts—Gillette, 35c. dozen; Ever Ready, 25c. Mail to A. L. Keen Edge Co., 180 Bathurst Street, Toronto.

Real Estate—Farm Lands

IS HE CRAZY? The owner of a plantation in Mississippi is giving away a few five-acre tracts. The only condition is that figs be planted. The owner wants enough figs raised to supply a Canning Factory. You can secure five acres and an interest in the Factory by writing Eubank Farms Company, 941 Keystone, Pittsburg, Pa., U.S.A. They will plant and care for your trees for $6 per month. Your profits should be $1,000 per year. Sometimes this man is crazy for giving away such valuable land, but there may be method in his madness.

WANTED to hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, and description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

Songs Wanted

WANTED—Song poems on love, war and other subjects. We compose music and guarantee publication. Submit verses to Fairchild Music Co., Suite 11-T, 203 Broadway, New York.

Wearing Apparel—Fancy-Work

BEAUTIFUL SILK Remnants for crazy patchwork. Large, well assorted trial package only 25c; five lots for $1.00. Embroidery silk, odd lengths, assorted colours, 25c. per ounce. People's Specialties Co., Box 1836, Winnipeg, Man.

Eye Relief

AFTER THE MOVIES—Murine is for Tired Eyes—Red Eyes—Sore Eyes—Granulated Eyelids. Rests—Refreshes—Restores. Murine is a Favourite Treatment for Eyes that feel dry and smart. Give your eyes as much of your loving care as your teeth and with the same regularity. Care for them. You cannot buy new eyes! Murine sold at drug and optical stores. Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for free book

Can You Solve the Movie Mystery?

The Great Moving Picture Puzzle Contest continues to arouse intense interest. Try your skill; you may win a valuable prize. See page 51.

FREE FAIRY PALACE DOLL HOUSE, 3 BEAUTIFUL DOLL SETS, RING AND "PRINCESS PAT" DOLL

Just think girls! We will give you all these grand presents absolutely without cost. First The Big Beautiful Fairy Palace Doll House, so big and roomy that it will hold a whole family of dolls, then a real Wash Set, consisting of wash tub, wash board, wringer, iron and stand, big clothes basket, clothesline and a little case full of dolly clothes pegs, then you get a five-piece baking set, containing bakeboard, rolling pin, potato masher, mixing bowl and basin; the beautiful baby doll carriage you see above, handsome as can be with its fine parasol and bright metal finish and a lovely gold shell ring set with beautiful sparkling stones. Last but not least, every girl can get the lovely big "Princess Pat" dressed doll—over 16 inches high. It is "made-in-Canada" beauty, with unbreakable head, and she is dressed completely from head to foot, real shoes, underwear, dress and hat.

GIRLS—Write to-day and we will send you Free a big sample package of Fairy Berries, the lovely new Cream Candy Coated Breath Perfume. We want you to try them and learn how delicious they are. With your sample we will send just 32 handsome big packages to introduce among your friends at only 10c each. That is easy. Open your sample package and ask everyone to try a Fairy Berry. Everyone just loves them—they perfume the breath, purify the mouth and leave a delightful lasting fragrance. Everyone takes a package or two at once, so you will sell them all very quickly. Then return our money only, $3.20, and we will promptly send you the big doll house, complete wash set, baking set, doll carriage and ring, just as you see them, and the lovely big "Princess Pat" doll you can also receive for simply showing your grand presents among your friends and getting only three of them to sell Fairy Berries and earn our lovely premiums as you did.

Write to-day girls—We arrange to stand payment of all delivery charges on your presents and if you can't sell all the breathlets we will take them back and give you presents for what you do sell.

Address THE FAIRY BERRY COMPANY, DEPT. B. 4 TORONTO, ONT. 18B

Olga Petrova

(Continued from page 13)

IT is curious, too, to find so much nervous energy in one so frail and delicate-looking. Seated in her limousine, faultlessly gowned, and propped among the cushions, she looks the very essence of luxury—one born to rule and to be obeyed. Timidly, you nestle back in the furthest corner, a little overawed at her extraordinary beauty and unusual mentality, and completely under the spell of her remarkable magnetism, half afraid to touch her hand, even by accident, for fear of breaking the spell. But the next moment, when she turns smilingly towards you to see if you are properly tucked in under the bearskin rug, the human and very feminine side of her makes you unconsciously edge a little closer until pretty soon you are chatting away as if you had known her always. Then it is that, if you are at all progressive, you are delighted with the fearlessness of her conversation, and the wide range of her knowledge, which goes to the very roots of the whys and wherefores of religion, politics, sociology and art. She is a radical and a somewhat violent one, not a "theorizer," but a woman who truly has the strength of her convictions. Of course, she's a feminist, too, who recognizes no superiority in the other sex, save, when due, the superiority of genius. Madame has no patience with time-worn traditions, no reverence for stupidly conventional philosophies—but she tears down not to destroy altogether—only to rebuild on better foundations. And though she is usually very much in earnest, an alluring mischievous light oftimes flickers in her gold-green eyes—wonderfully ejective eyes—and she can be quite playful, at which times her conversation sparkles with the, all too rare wit of a keen, scintillating mind. It is easy enough to be clever at the expense of being malicious, but Olga Petrova's wit is never venomous—always just before the fangs really sink in, the poison has been removed. Her laugh, too, is genuine, with a delicious little intaking of the breath and a peculiar chortle that sets you in good humour with all the world.

"Why is it the critics sometimes call you cold?" I could not help asking Madame, as we jogged along homewards in her Marmon limousine. "Because I cannot beat on doors or tear my hair unless what I am pleased to call my brain tells me that there is good cause for me to do so; because I prefer to act as I believe a human being would act under certain given circumstances instead of the way it has become a tradition for some directors to have one act. I am perfectly willing to beat my breast or gnash my teeth if I am playing the kind of a woman who would logically act that way, but in real life the greatest emotions are usually expressed by an immovable lump in the throat, not by wild gesticulations which have become the conventional ear-marks on the screen, of grief, love, hatred or jealousy, just as the eccentric clothes or the putty nose might stamp the comedienne in the old-fashioned musical comedy."

"What sort of women do you love best to portray?" I queried.

"Thinking and doing women. My particular limitations prevent me from ever appearing as the pretty ingenues who act as attractive pegs on which to hang a story, so I like to play the kind of women who are as interesting in themselves and their psychological denouements as the plot which revolves around them. I want especially to set a new standard for women of the screen—not but what I feel that the pretty girls with the dimpled chins and the lovely blonde curls who are rescued from the wily snares of the city gentleman in white spats by the previously rejected country lover, or saved from drowning by the dashing cowboy hero, have their place in the cinematographic sun just as well as I—but that sort of role is not my particular forte, I could not be an ingenue in sunbonnet and pinafore if I tried, and so I feel I will do best the parts for which I am best suited.

"I have no ambition to portray the weak and clinging-vine woman, the scarlet woman, the lurid, hectic 'vampire,' the sinning, cringing repentant woman. I want to play just the womanly woman, able-bodied, able-minded, and above all, able to take care of herself. Her slogan in life is 'Greater is she who ruleth herself than he who taketh a city'; her religion is the right deed regardless of any creed; her ambition is to develop to the fullest all her talent for living, loving, working and thinking."

In parting, Madame Petrova gave me her recipe for success.

"I cut it out of an old newspaper, years ago," she said, "and have forgotten the author, I think he was Stephen Harte:

"'Keep your head cool and your mind busy. Don't worry over trifles. Plan your work ahead, then stick to it, rain or shine. Don't waste sympathy on yourself. If you are a gem, someone will find you. Don't whine. Tell people you are a failure and they will believe you. Talk and act like a winner and in time you will become one.'"

AGAIN WE SAY THROW AWAY YOUR TRUSS

Rupture Completely Cured—Sound and Well

From the trenches of Europe comes a letter written by Private John Carter, whose home address is No. 2 Shaw View, Fluxton, telling of his complete cure of rupture from wearing the Brooks Appliance.

April 18th, 1915.

C. E. Brooks,
Dear Sir,

I received your letter by first post this morning. I beg to thank you for your Appliance which was instrumental in the way it cured me of my rupture. I have now been in Kitchener's army seven months, and I have gone through all the training, and I have never felt anything and not had the slightest trouble. I remember when I passed the doctor he remarked "There is nothing wrong with you, young man, you are in the best condition," and he sounded me all over, and I again thank you for the same, and I give my consent to use my letter as a testimonial to anyone, as I have been cured. Hoping you and your firm much success.

Yours truly,

John Carter

And under almost the same date, the mother of a soldier writes:

2, Orchard Road,
Richmond, Surrey.
April 11th, 1915.

Mr. C. E. Brooks,

Dear Sir:

A line to thank you for what your Appliance has done for my son. After wearing it from December to the following September I can say he is quite cured and is now serving his country in France at his own trade, a shoeing smith. You can make what use you like of these, my thanks.

I am, yours,

Mrs. E. Whittle

(Mrs. E. Whittle.)

The wonderful Brooks Rupture Appliance is made at Marshall, Mich., U. S. A., and will be

SENT ON TRIAL

to any rupture sufferer anywhere in the world to prove its merits, as a Retainer and Cure for Rupture.

The soft automatic cushion is the secret of this scientific invention. No harness, no springs, no hard pads, no "medicine," no misleading promises.

It is to be hoped that readers of this paper will take advantage of this opportunity to cure themselves of this most painful and distressing affliction. Just fill out and mail the coupon.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

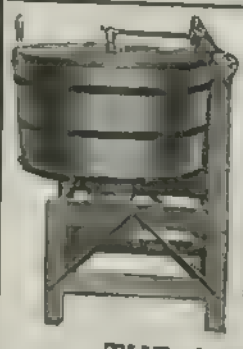
C. E. BROOKS,
229C State Street, Marshall, Mich.

Please send me by mail in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name .. ..

Address .....

City..... .. .Province . ..



NO Backaches or Headaches

Need result from your weekly washing if you follow the practice of thousands of Canadian women who use

THE CONNOR BALL BEARING WASHER

For big or little washes you need the easy working Machine. Your clothes will be pure white—require no hand rubbing and you will be all through in the mornings. Send us a postcard or letter for booklet describing the Connor Ball Bearing Washer.

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STAMMERING

or stuttering overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature.

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
KITCHENER, - CANADA

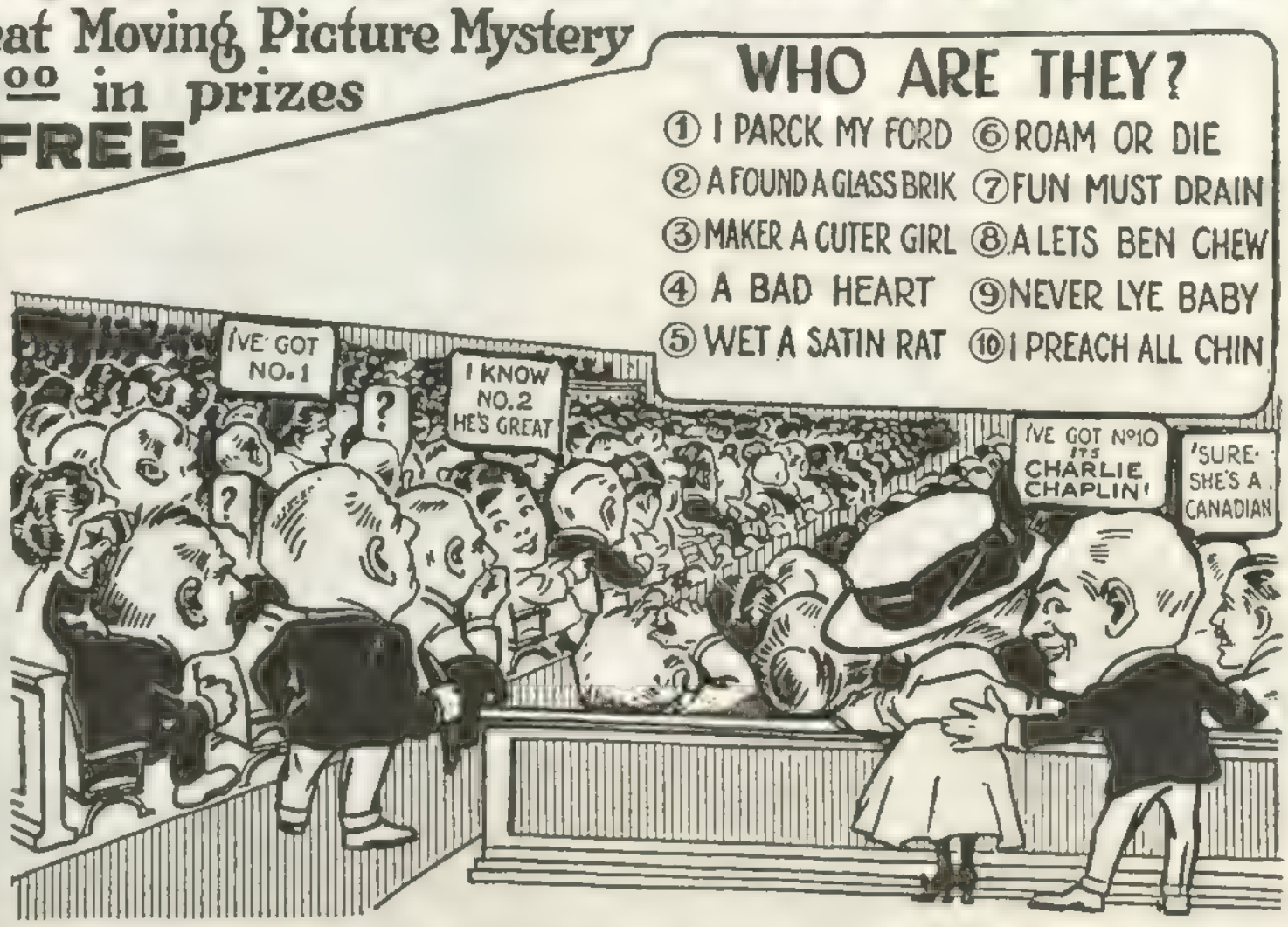
WIN One of these new 1918 autos Or their full value in Cash!

Solve this Great Moving Picture Mystery
Over $1600.00 in prizes
To be given FREE

IN THIS particular Moving Picture Theatre the names of the famous players who would soon be appearing in the pictures were each night flashed on the screen. On this particular night the operator, wanting to play a little joke on his audience, took the names of the players and so mixed up the letters in each name that they spelt out the funny sentences you see above.

Time and time again this film was flashed on the screen only to be demanded back. Many of the audience are still trying to solve the mysterious names. **Can you help them?**

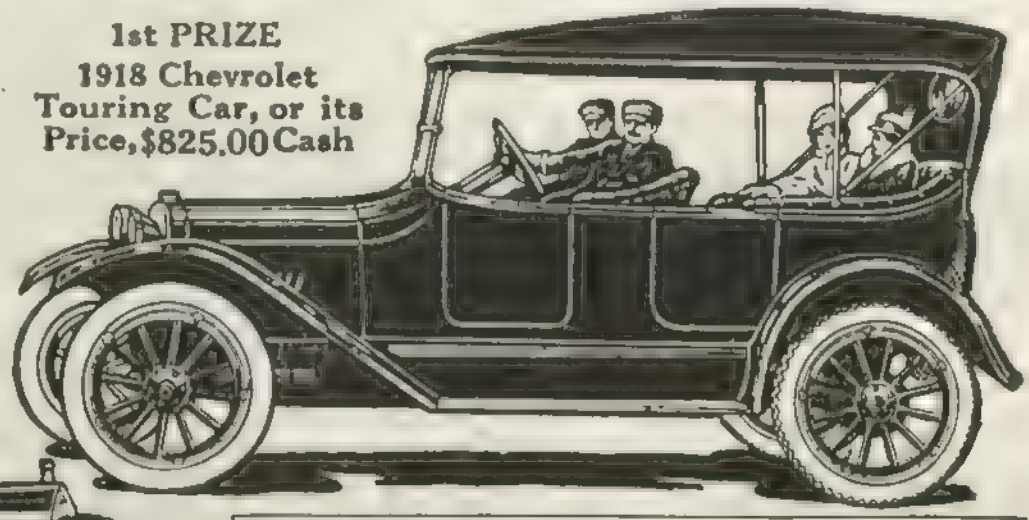
In case you are not familiar with the names of the popular moving picture actors and actresses, the list below may help you.


WHO ARE THEY?
① I PARCK MY FORD
② A FOUND A GLASS BRIK
③ MAKER A CUTER GIRL
④ A BAD HEART
⑤ WET A SATIN RAT
⑥ ROAM OR DIE
⑦ FUN MUST DRAIN
⑧ A LETS BEN CHEW
⑨ NEVER LYE BABY
⑩ I PREACH ALL CHIN
I'VE GOT NO. 1
I KNOW NO. 2 HE'S GREAT
I'VE GOT Nº10 ITS CHARLIE CHAPLIN!
'SURE SHE'S A CANADIAN

These Magnificent Prizes given for the Best, Correct or Nearest Correct Replies!

1st Prize, 1918 Chevrolet Touring Car, Value $750.00;
2nd Prize, 1918 Ford Touring Car, Value $495.00;
3rd Prize, $100.00 Cash;
4th Prize, $75.00; 5th Prize, $50.00; 6th Prize, $25.00;
7th Prize, $20.00; 8th Prize, $15.00; 9th Prize, $10.00;
10th Prize, $10.00; 11th Prize, $10.00; 12th Prize, $10.00;
13th Prize, $5.00; 14th Prize, $5.00; 15th Prize, $5.00;
16th Prize, $5.00; 17th Prize, $5.00; 18th Prize, $5.00;
19th Prize, $3.00; 20th Prize, $3.00; 21st Prize, $3.00;
22nd Prize, $3.00; 23rd Prize, $3.00; 24th Prize, $3.00;
and 25 Extra Cash Prizes of $1.00 each.

1st PRIZE
1918 Chevrolet Touring Car, or its Price, $825.00 Cash



2nd PRIZE
1918 Ford Touring Car, or its Price, $495.00

Names of Some of the Favorite Players

Charlie Chaplin, Hazel Dawn, Francis X. Bushman, Beverly Bayne, Francis Ford, Grace Cunard, Marguerite Clark, Clara Kimball Young, Fannie Ward, Max Linder, Dustin Farnum, Alice Brady, Theda Bara, Wilton Lackaye, Douglas Fairbanks, Blanche Sweet, Julia Sanderson, Marie Doro, Pauline Frederick, Robert Warwick, Anita Stewart, Olga Petrova, Norma Talmage, Lou Tellegan, George Beban, Annette Kellerman, Mary Pickford, Lillian Walker, Mabel Normand, Pearl White.

This Great Contest Is Absolutely Free of Expense. Send Your Answers To-Day!

This great contest is being conducted by the Continental Publishing Co., Limited, one of the largest and best known publishing houses in Canada. That is your guarantee that the prizes will be awarded with absolute fairness and squareness to you and every other contestant. Frankly it is intended to further introduce EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's Greatest Magazine. You may enter and win the best of the prizes whether you are a subscriber to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD or not, and, moreover, you will neither be asked nor expected to take the magazine or spend a single penny of your money in order to compete.

Here's the Idea:

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is so popular everywhere that it now has the vast circulation of over 125,000 copies a month; but our motto is: "EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD in Every Woman's Home." We want more Canadian magazine readers to become acquainted with this famous publication. Therefore, when we acknowledge your entry to this contest and you know your standing for the prizes, we shall send you **without cost** a copy of the very latest issue and a review of many of the fine features soon to appear. Then, in order to qualify your entry to be sent on for the judging and awarding of the grand prizes, you will be asked to assist us in carrying on this big introduction plan by showing your copy to just four friends or neighbours who will appreciate this really worthwhile **All-Canadian** magazine and want it to come to them every month. You will easily fulfill this simple condition in a few minutes of your spare time and we will even send copies for each of your friends if you wish.

How to send your Solution.—Use one side of the paper only and put your name and address (stating Mr., Mrs., or Miss) in the upper right-hand corner. If you wish to write anything but your answers, use a separate sheet of paper.

Three independent judges, having no connection whatever with this firm, will award the prizes, and the answer gaining 160 points will take first prize. You will get 10 points for every name solved correctly (No. 10 being excepted as it is practically given); 20 points will be awarded for general neatness, style, spelling, punctuation, etc.; 10 for hand writing, and 40 for fulfilling the condition of the contest. Contestants must agree to abide by the decision of the judges. The contest will close at 5 p.m., May 30th, immediately after which the answers will be judged and the prizes awarded. Address your answers to-day to

Movie Contest Editor, Everywoman's World, Continental Publishing Co., Limited, 1 Continental Building, Toronto, Ont.

Lorne Hicks Won the Overland Car Awarded in Our Last Contest

Read his Letter:

Dear Sirs:

The Overland Five-Passenger Touring Car has arrived, and I must say we are all greatly delighted with it. It seems a wonderful prize to win with so little effort. Have had many letters from readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD from different parts of Canada, some congratulating me and others asking if it was really so that I received the Overland Car.

I must say that the Management of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD have been prompt and courteous to me throughout the contest.

(Signed) LORNE E. HICKS.

–for example Mrs. Knox shows how Sunday Roast "left-overs" make appetizing dishes

MRS. KNOX knew better than most the need for food conservation—she has studied food for years in connection with her business.

She knew that in Knox Sparkling Gelatine she had a material that would go far to help in the elimination of waste, were it properly used.

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The results of her work are all contained in her new book, "Food Economy"—a book that contains 138 recipes and many suggestions for worth-while household economies that will help patriotic housewives to practice real war-time economy.

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A Kitchen Ally

The choosing of what to have nowadays *is* a problem. In the matter of flavors—

MAPLEINE

(*The Golden Flavor*)

certainly helps by giving to the everyday dishes a piquant different flavor. Every bottle sold by grocers has a recipe folder telling how to use Mapleine for making your own syrup at half the cost—for flavoring desserts and savoring gravies and vegetables.

2-oz. bottle 50c. Big Recipe Book sent for 4c in stamps. Write—

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Beautifully Curly, Wavy Hair Like "Nature's Own"

In three hours you can have just the prettiest curls and waves! And they remain a long time, when Liquid Silmerine is used before rolling the hair in curlers.

Liquid Silmerine

is perfectly harmless. Easily applied with brush. Hair is nice and fluffy when combed out. Silmerine is also a splendid dressing. Keeps hair fine and glossy. Directions with bottle. At your druggist's.

(*Colued from page 40*)

formance commenced. Signor Martigny, when his turn came, entered the cage as per announcement; but he was not long in discovering by various signs not to be mistaken that his charges were in no humour to be played with on that day. Even the ring-master from his place in the centre of the ring, perceived that old King of the Forest, the largest and most vicious of the lions, was meditating mischief, and called to the Signor to come out of the cage. The Signor, keeping his eye steadily fixed on the brute, began a retrograde movement from the den. He had the door open, and was swiftly backing through, when, with a roar that seemed to shake the very earth, old King sprang upon him from the opposite side of the cage, dashing him to the ground like a ninepin, and rushed through the aperture into the crowd. Quick as lightning the other two followed, and thus three savage lions were loose and unshackled in the midst of upwards of two thousand men, women and children.

Poor little Charlie and his mother, sitting close to the cage, were the very first victims. The child himself, I think, and hope, never knew what hurt him. His skull was fractured by one stroke of the brute's paw. Signor Martigny escaped with his right arm slit into ribbons. Big Joe Pentland, the clown, with one well-directed stroke of a crowbar, smashed Old King of the Forest's jaw into a hundred pieces, but not before it had closed in the left breast of Charlie's mother. She lived for nearly an hour afterwards, but never uttered a syllable. Besides Charlie and his mother, two men and one woman were killed on the spot: another woman died next day from the injuries received, and several other persons were more or less severely hurt.

Immediately after dinner I had driven out into the country to pay a professional visit, so that I heard nothing about what had occurred until some hours afterwards. I was informed of it, however, before I reached the town, on my way homeward. To say that I was inexpressibly shocked and grieved would merely be to repeat a very stupid platitude, and to say that I was a human being. I had learned to love poor little Charlie almost as dearly as I loved my own children. And his father—what would be the consequence to him?

I drove direct to his house, which was filled with people—neighbours and others who had called to administer such consolation as the circumstances would admit of. I am not ashamed to confess that the moment my eyes rested upon the bereaved father I burst into tears. He sat with his child's body in his lap, and seemed literally transformed into stone. His eyes were fixed and glazed. Not a sound of any kind, not even a moan, passed his lips; and it was only after feeling his pulse that I was able to pronounce with certainty that he was alive. One single gleam of animation overspread his features for an instant when I gently removed the crushed corpse from his knees, and laid it on the bed, but he quickly relapsed into stolidity. I was informed that he had sat thus ever since he had first received the corpse from the arms of Joe Pentland, who had brought it home without changing his clown's dress. Heaven grant that I may never look upon such a sight again as that poor, half-recovered invalid presented during the whole of that night and for several days afterwards.

For the next three days I spent all the time with him I possibly could, for I dreaded either a relapse of the fever or the loss of his reason. The neighbors were very kind, and took upon themselves the burden of everything connected with the funeral. As for Fink himself, he seemed to take everything for granted, and interfered with nothing. When the time arrived for fastening down the coffin lids, I could not bear to permit that ceremony to be performed without affording him an opportunity of kissing the dead lips of his darling for the last time. I gently led him up to the side of the bier upon which the two coffins were placed. At sight of his little boy's dead face, he fainted, and before he revived I had the lids fastened down. It would have been cruelty to subject him to the ordeal a second time.

THE day after the funeral he was sufficiently recovered from the shock to be able to talk. He informed me that he had concluded to leave the neighborhood, and requested me to draw up a poster, advertising all his furniture and effects for sale by auction. He intended, he said, to sell everything except Charlie's clothes and his own, and these, together with a lock of the child's hair and a few of his toys, were all he intended to take away with him.

"But of course," I remarked, "you don't intend to sell the 'stone likeness'?"

He looked at me rather strangely, and made no reply. I glanced around the room, and, to my surprise, the little statue was nowhere to be seen.

"By the by, where is it?" I enquired—"I don't see it."

After a moment's hesitation he told me the whole story. It was then that I learned for the first time that he had lost all his savings through the failure of Messrs. Gowanlock and Van Duzer, and that the morning when he had been taken ill there had been only a dollar in the house. On that morning he had acquainted his wife with his loss, but had strictly enjoined secrecy upon her. The rest of the story he could only repeat upon the authority of his wife. It seems that a day or two after his illness commenced, his wife had been at her wits' end for money to provide necessaries for the house. She declared that she had made up her mind to apply to me for a loan, when a stranger called at the house. He announced himself as Mr. Silas Pomeroy, merchant, of Myrtle Street, Springfield. He said that the face of the little image strikingly reminded him of the face of a child of his own which had died some time before. He had not supposed that the figure was a likeness of any one, and had stepped in, upon the impulse of the moment, in the hope that he might be able to purchase it. He was willing to pay a liberal price. The negotiation ended in his taking the image away with him, and leaving a hundred dollars in its stead; on which sum Mrs. Fink had kept house ever since. Her husband, of course, knew nothing of this for weeks afterwards. When he began to get better, his wife had acquainted him with the facts. As for getting a duplicate, that was out of the question, for Heber Jackson had been carried off by the typhoid epidemic. And now poor little Charlie himself was gone, and the great desire of his father's heart was to regain possession of the image. With that view, as soon as the sale should be over he would start for Springfield, tell his story to Pomeroy, and offer him his money back again.

In a few days the sale took place, and Gagtooth started for Springfield with about three hundred dollars in his pocket. He was to return in about ten days, by which time a tombstone was to be ready for Charlie's grave. He returned within the ten days. His journey had been a fruitless one. Pomeroy had become insolvent, and had absconded from Springfield a month before. No one knew whither he had gone, but he must have taken the image with him, as it was not among the effects which he had left behind him.

Gagtooth announced to me his determination of starting on an expedition to find Pomeroy, and never giving up the search while his money held out. He had no idea where to look for the fugitive, but rather thought he would try California first. He could hardly expect to receive any remittance from Gowanlock and Van Duzer for some months to come, but he would acquaint me with his address from time to time, and if anything arrived from them I could forward it to him.

And so, having seen the tombstone set up over little Charlie's grave, he bade me good-bye, and that was the last time I ever saw him alive.

There is little more to tell. I supposed him to be in the far west, prosecuting his researches, until one night in the early spring of the following year. Charlie and his mother had been interred in a corner of the churchyard adjoining the second Baptist Church. Late in the evening of the seventh of April, 1856, a woman passing along the road in the cold, dim twilight, saw a bulky object stretched out on Charlie's grave. She called at the nearest house, and stated her belief that a man was lying dead in the churchyard. Upon investigation, her surmise proved to be correct.

And that man was Gagtooth.

I had him buried in the same grave with Charlie; and there, on the banks of the Illinois river, "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

I never received any remittance from his former employers, nor did I ever learn anything further of Silas Pomeroy. Indeed, so many years have rolled away since the occurrence of the events above narrated; years pregnant with great events to the American Republic; events I am proud to say, in which I bore my part; that the wear and tear of life had nearly obliterated all memory of the episode from my mind, until, as detailed in the opening paragraphs of this story, I saw "Gagtooth's Image," from the top of a Thornhill omnibus. That image is now in my possession, and no extremity less urgent than that under which it was sold to Silas Pomeroy, of Myrtle Street, Springfield, will ever induce me to part with it.

To Stop a Persistent, Hacking Cough

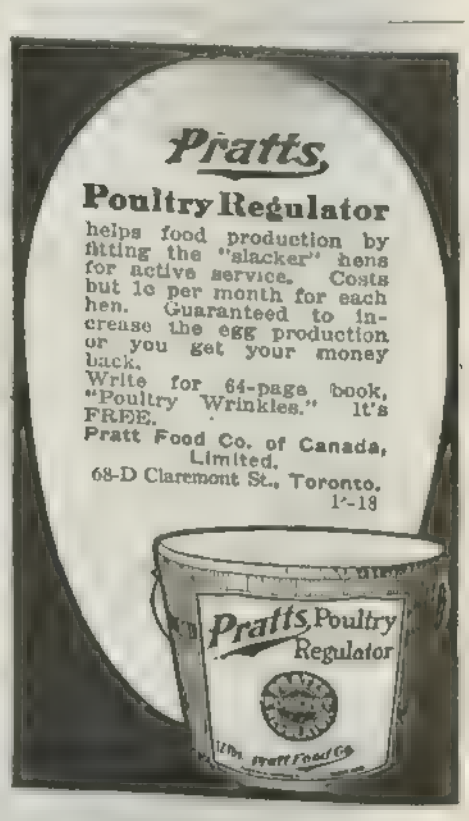
The best remedy is one you can easily make at home. Cheap, but very effective.

Thousands of people normally healthy in every other respect, are annoyed with a persistent hanging-on bronchial cough year after year, disturbing their sleep and making life disagreeable. It's so needless—there's an old home-made remedy that will end such a cough easily and quickly.

Get from any druggist "2½ ounces of Pinex" (50 cents worth), pour it into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Begin taking it at once. Gradually but surely you will notice the phlegm thin out and then disappear altogether, thus ending a cough that you never thought would end. It also promptly loosens a dry or tight cough, stops the troublesome throat tickle, soothes the irritated membranes that line the throat and bronchial tubes, and relief comes almost immediately. A day's use will usually break up an ordinary throat or chest cold, and for bronchitis, croup, whooping cough and bronchial asthma there is nothing better. It tastes pleasant and keeps perfectly.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract and is used by millions of people every year for throat and chest colds with splendid results.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.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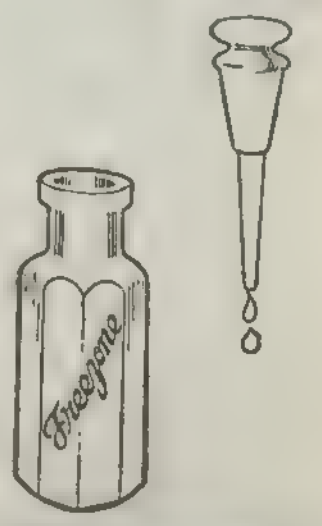
Costs few cents! Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little Freezone on that touchy corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it right out, with the fingers. Yes, magic!



A tiny bottle of Freezone costs but a few cents at any drug store, but is sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

Freezone is the sensational discovery of a Cincinnati genius.

Victoria—The City Beautiful

(*Continued from page 28*)

Cormorant and Pandora. There is a richness of lore that is just hinted at in these inscriptions.

The Observatory

PERHAPS the real "show piece" of Victoria is its Observatory—one of the finest in the world. Tests were made all over the continent with a view to finding the perfect location—where the least variations in temperature were recorded and where the atmosphere assured the maximum steadiness and clearness. The site on Little Saanich Mountain provided the most ideal conditions and there, perched seven hundred and twenty-three feet above sea level, the fine, white Observatory flashes out, a beacon of pride to all Victoria.

The immediate marvel of the great telescope will interest you according to your natural inclinations. If your knowledge of astronomy begins and ends with the finding of the North Star by the Great Dipper, you will like best to hear how the telescope's great lens, which is seventy-two inches wide and weighs four thousand pounds was cast in Belgium, and was received by the Canadian Government just three days before the Germans entered

Dominion Government Observatory on Little Saanich Mountain, Victoria, B.C.

Liege. You will like to picture a small motor car driving through the tube—it would be quite possible.

And the construction of both the great telescope and its ingenious house will not fail to thrill you. The big dome roof can, at the touch of a button, be revolved on wheels so that the huge shutters which are opened to permit of observations being made, will be brought directly opposite the telescope, which has been trained on the object to be observed.

The same magic can be wrought on the telescope itself. It will swing with perfect freedom in any and all directions. Electrically operated platforms make it accessible in any position.

Mr. Herbert Cuthbert, for some years active in the Victoria and Island Development Association, says, in a descriptive pamphlet:

"When it is desired to photograph any particular star, it is first found by one of the three small telescopes fitted on the outer shell of the large one. The telescope is then trained on it. The clockwork is set in motion which causes the telescope to revolve at exactly the same rate of speed at which the earth is revolving only in the opposite direction, and the shutter of the camera is withdrawn."

Again, he gently pricks the desires of the student of astronomy when he says:

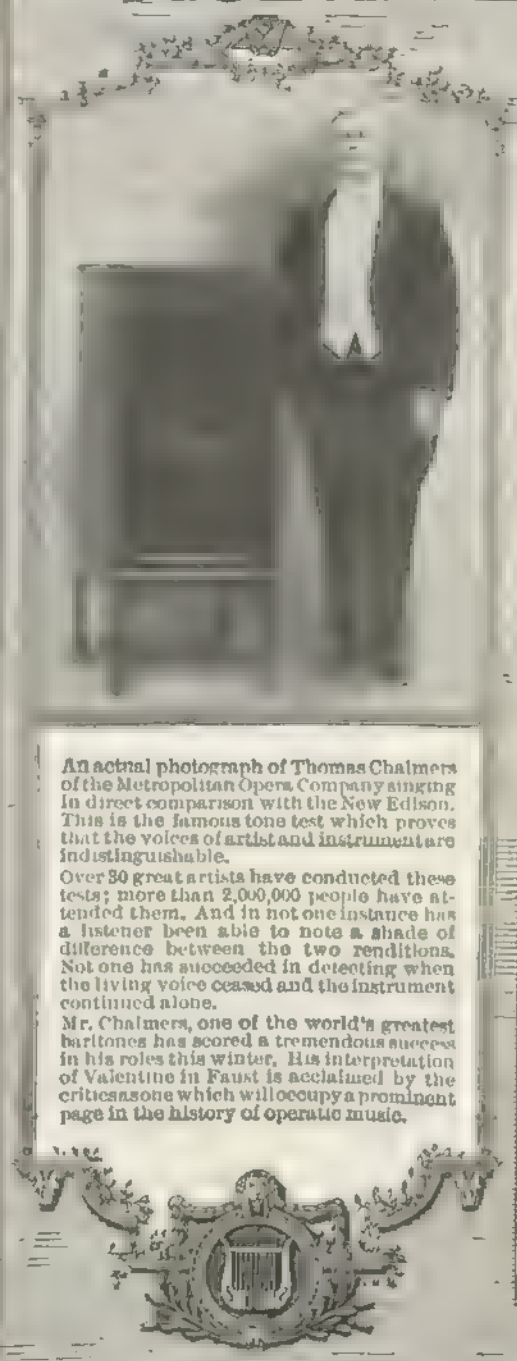
"In the Victoria instrument the method of observation is reversed. The light rays are collected by the concave 72-inch lens, which is converted into a mirror by its surface being silvered, and reflects those rays of light to a single point to form an image in the upper end of the telescope, that is, the end nearest the object. If a photograph of the object is desired, a camera is placed at the upper end of the telescope, where the rays of light converge, and a photograph is obtained in the ordinary way. It takes about six hours to properly expose a plate to get this picture.

"If, however, an observation only is required, then a flat mirror is inserted at the place where the camera would be, on an angle of 45 degrees, and the observer looks at this glass through an eyepiece inserted at the upper end of the telescope, at right angles to the tube."

So whether the visitor be a "savant" or "tourist"—in the most flagrant and flippant application of the word—the Victoria Observatory offers rich inducements. Two hours will serve for the trip to the eyrie on Little Saanich and will allow a half-hour's visit at the Observatory.

And to-morrow, there will be other jaunts, afield or close at home. And always, there will be pleasant things to do, pleasant places to enjoy, pleasant people to give just one more pleasant impression of their queenly little city.

The OFFICIAL LABORATORY MODEL IN AN EXQUISITE WALNUT CABINET



An actual photograph of Thomas Chalmers of the Metropolitan Opera Company singing in direct comparison with the New Edison. This is the famous tone test which proves that the voices of artist and instrument are indistinguishable.

Over 30 great artists have conducted these tests; more than 2,000,000 people have attended them. And in not one instance has a listener been able to note a shade of difference between the two renditions. Not one has succeeded in detecting when the living voice ceased and the instrument continued alone.

Mr. Chalmers, one of the world's greatest baritones has scored a tremendous success in his roles this winter. His interpretation of Valentine in Faust is acclaimed by the critics as one which will occupy a prominent page in the history of operatic music.

IT was in response to a strongly felt demand that we recently concluded to offer the Official Laboratory Model in a walnut cabinet, in addition to the popular Chippendale. To tell you how we developed the cabinet, which is pictured on this page, may throw some light on the methods of the Edison Laboratories.

We began by asking the country's leading makers to submit designs. Forty different sketches were offered. After a careful inspection we rejected twenty-five. That left fifteen; every one of them a handsome model. But we wanted the best, the most beautiful cabinet possible to secure. So we had fifteen different models actually constructed, one from each sketch. A jury then weighed their respective claims and finally the model you see was selected. Thus thirty-nine designs were rejected that the most beautifully proportioned cabinet of its period might grace your drawing room.

This process of elimination characterizes every step in the manufacture of our instruments. 2;400 different materials, for example, were tried and rejected before we finally found the best material for the diamond stylus reproducer.

See the new William and Mary Model at your dealer's. Price $350. Send for our Magazine "Along Broadway." It's packed with interesting musical information, in addition to data about

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Edison Re-Creations should not be played and cannot be played properly on any other instrument. If they could be, the manufacturers who seek to profit by Mr. Edison's research work would be able to make tone test comparisons, such as we have made with the New Edison before two million music lovers.

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PARENTS:—This is a wonderful opportunity to secure one of these high-grade guaranteed Wearbetter suits for your son this Spring, absolutely free!

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Birthday..... *Age next birthday*.....

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Any boy sending in more than one coupon will be disqualified.

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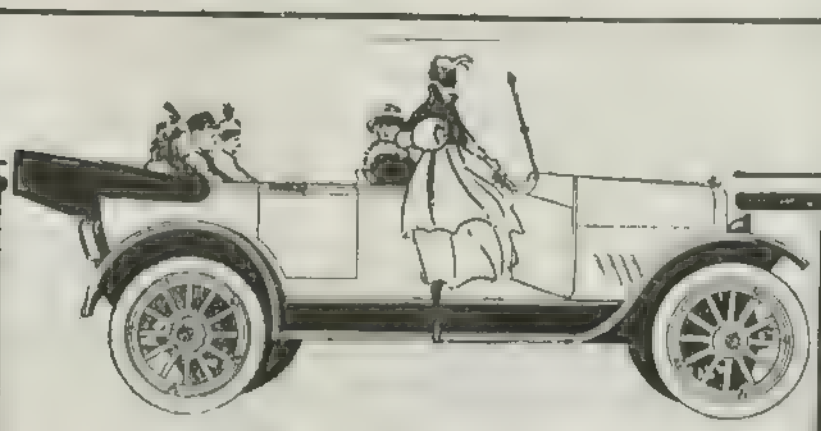

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Simple Laws of Health and Beauty

By FRANCIS C. HOPE

WHO does not wish to be beautiful? Surely there is no woman who reads these pages that does not long, consciously or not, to improve her appearance and to retain her charms.

The easiest and only certain way of doing so is to follow the simple rules of Nature—get plenty of exercise, plenty of rest, plenty of sleep, plenty of fresh air and plenty of water, within and without.

The water first. Such a simple cure it is that people often fail to realize its importance. They are like the great Syrian captain who came to the Prophet Elisha to be healed of his leprosy, expecting on account of his high rank that the humble Jewish man of God would show peculiar signs and wonders to work this mighty miracle (for hitherto all the great doctors of his day had failed to find a remedy). And when he rode up in state with his richly, caparisoned retinue, Elisha did not so much as go out to see him. He merely sent a brief message, "Go and wash in Jordan and thou shalt be clean."

And Naaman was very wroth and was about to go away in a rage, but his advisers persuaded him to try.

"My Lord," they said, "if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? How much more when he saith simply, 'Wash and be clean!'"

Some people seem to think that washing is only necessary when they have been in actual contact with dust and dirt, and as the body is generally carefully covered, it can never get dirty, so if they use plenty of soap and water on their hands and faces, they are altogether clean. But that is a very great mistake. It is the waste matter from within the body coming out through the pores that defiles the skin, and makes a frequent bath a necessity, in order to preserve the health. For this waste matter is the refuse of the food we eat after all the nerve-building, life-giving substances are withdrawn from it and absorbed into the blood and tissues. It must be got out of the system, otherwise rapid poisoning would be the result. The skin, the lungs, the bowels and the kidneys are the agencies that throw it off. Each must do its proper share. If for some reason, any of these agencies are not acting as they should, extra work is thrown upon the others, and they are consequently weakened by the excessive strain.

So as a first aid to beauty, be sure to have plenty of water outside—a daily bath if possible, and a weekly one without fail. But don't stop with the outside. The internal bath is equally important. All doctors insist upon plenty of water to drink. Drink a glass or two upon rising in the morning. If you don't like it cold, take it hot, and it is better if sipped slowly while dressing. Then in the middle of the morning, the middle of the afternoon, and again at night drink another glass or two. This helps the kidneys and keeps the drains well flushed. Result, a clear complexion and a warm and vigorous body.

Plenty of Exercise

THEN exercise—another very necessary aid to beauty. Of course, many women will here remark scornfully that they have no time for such luxuries; it is only the rich who can amuse themselves with golf and tennis, and other delightful but impractical pursuits. Well, if you can't swing a golf club, use a broom or a hoe. The result will be equally beneficial and equally enjoyable if undertaken in the right spirit and possibly of much more practical advantage. Most housewives do get exercise enough and variety enough in the ordinary discharge of their duties, but for women in offices and engaged in indoor pursuits where they must stand or sit for the most part of the time, it is very important that they make a point of doing something after hours that will bring into play the muscles not ordinarily employed. For this nothing is better than a good long walk, and it is well, night and morning, to spend ten or fifteen minutes at some simple physical drill that will strengthen the spine and limbs.

And side by side with the need for exercise is the need for rest. Don't exercise too much until overtired. It is the judicious mixture that makes for perfection. One of Sarah Bernhardt's rules by which she has regulated her remarkable career is, "Take little rests often."

Try it. After a spell of extra hard work, just stretch yourself on a couch for ten or fifteen minutes. You will be able to do double as much in the next hour. If you have had a little fall, or a sudden shock, a cut finger or some bad news, don't go right on finishing your task, but sit down and give the nerves a moment's chance to recover. Then make a point of getting a good hour's rest in the middle of the day if at all possible. Lie down in the most comfortable position, and relax absolutely. Don't try to read or even think. Pull down the blinds to ease your eyes and sleep if you can. It may take some little time to acquire this midday-rest habit, for it is only a habit, but it is well worth while if you persevere and let nothing but a matter of great importance interfere with it. If the working-girl grumbles that she has only an hour or so at luncheon-time, and such a length of rest is out of the question, well, let her take what she can, even if it be but a few minutes.

Sleep is pretty generally recognized as a necessity of life, apart from its efficacy as a beautifier, yet some people—those indefatigable mothers, those tireless housewives—will persist in robbing themselves of this magic restorative, Nature's greatest balm, and are up late and early to attend to the numerous wants that thrust themselves upon their notice. That is all very well if it cannot be helped, but don't get into the habit of living like that. Don't think that because you did with five or six hours sleep for weeks while the children were ill, or some other member of the family in peril of death, without dropping in your tracks, that you can continue to do so indemnitely. As soon as the strain is removed, make a point of catching up those hours you lost, otherwise Nature will surely demand it some day, at a time which you will probably consider most inconvenient.

Eight good hours sleep is an average period, but some people require more, and if you find that you are one of them, take it—provided always that you lead a normally active life when awake. Don't get into the bad habit of sleeping late in the morning, however. The old saying about "early to bed and early to rise" is a true one, at least as far as making a man healthy and wise goes. You will find it much easier to get to sleep at night if you make a point of rising comparatively early.

Fresh Air

AND now we come to fresh air, and while we cannot say it is the most important of Nature's cosmetics, it is the one on which I would lay most stress, as it is the one most often neglected, especially in the winter-time. It must be remembered that the body is constantly throwing off waste matter, and that waste matter is absolutely deadly poison. True it cannot be seen, yet it comes out every moment on our breath and through the exudations of the skin, and the air about us is thus immediately charged with this poisonous matter. Out in the open, it is carried off and dissipated instantaneously, for the gases in the air intermingle very quickly, but in the confined space of a small room, it cannot so easily be purified.

Unless there is some system of ventilation, the air speedily gets heavy with this poisonous matter, which is breathed back again into the lungs. Always make sure, then of keeping the house freshened during the winter. It is quite easy to ventilate a house without making objectionable draughts. Always open the doors and windows wide once a day for a few minutes to allow a through sweep of air through the rooms. Always open the window for a while in a room you are just leaving for another. Then when you go back the air is fresh and healthful. Always sleep with the window open enough to let in a constant supply of air.

If you feel the cold unpleasantly at night put on extra clothing, and by the way, don't put all the blankets on top of you while you have only a skinny mattress underneath. You may not realize it, but it is underneath you that the cold strikes most quickly, so see that you have plenty of warm clothing below. Another good plan to avoid an uncomfortable chilliness, especially if your room is not kept very warm, is to put a hot water bottle in the bed while undressing, slipping it from place to place. It uses up a lot of vitality unnecessarily to warm up a cold bed and is a waste of energy, especially for anyone who is not very strong.

There is no need to let yourself feel cold because you see that the windows are opened enough to keep continually replenishing the supply of air. It is Nature's greatest beautifier and restorer, and as a matter of fact, it is much easier to heat a room where the air is fresh. Even if you do feel cold at times, you won't catch cold, and that is really much more to the point.

Jean Blewett's OWN PAGE of Happiness

Is 107 Years old and has Knitted 800 Pairs Socks

I HAD THE HONOR lately of taking tea with a Canadian-born woman one hundred and seven years old, and of watching her "toe off" her 870th pair of "war" socks, so a little pride on my part is excusable. Wait until I tell you about her. She was born in Lincoln County on March 17th, 1811—"such a day for a Scotch woman and kirk woman to be born on!" she says with a smile. "My schooling consisted in what my mother was able to teach me, reading, writing and ciphering, but my education, ah! that's a different thing. I hold there's something wrong if we don't learn a new lesson (or review a half forgotten one) every day of our lives. You were asking about my memory—it is clear as a bell. I can recollect back a whole century—it don't seem long once you've lived it—but my thinker goes on strike sometimes. A week ago it fooled me into knitting all day Sunday under the impression it was Saturday and jobs waiting to be finished."

When we reminded her that many women knit on Sundays and asked her if she thought it wicked, she returned in her tolerant way: "When you get old as I, you don't say what's wicked—for others. I've been told that Thursday is the only day not recognized as the Sabbath by one nation or another, the Christians taking Sunday, the Greeks Monday, Persians Tuesday, Egyptians Wednesday, Turks Friday, and Jews Saturday, so what's in a name. But all the same it is a foolish person who doesn't observe one day's rest for the sake of body and soul. My good health and long life are largely due to the fact that I come of a Sabbath keeping people and have adhered to the good old commandment, "Remember the day to keep it holy."

Decorated with the D.K.L. for Service

"BEFORE YOU GO I must show you my Decoration," she whispered.

It is a little silver watch, hung on a thin silver chain, this "Decoration." "Notice its face," she urges, "the figures stand out and the hands, so that I can read the time with my finger. A famous man designed it for the use of blinded soldiers—and the boys will have it that I'm one, on account of the knitting. I happened to tell in one of the many letters I've been in the habit of sending along with the socks, how, being blind—yes, my dear, quite blind in my eyes, but far-sighted in my fingers—I hadn't been able to tell the time on the clock, and so had worked till the wee sma' hours. A group of them, who kind of lay claim to me, sent me this—and let me tell you no hero coming out of Buckingham Palace after the King has pinned an order on him, is prouder than I am of the decoration awarded me by my khaki lads. What do the letters 'D. K. L.' stand for, you want to know? Why," with a blush of pure pride, "it's only their nonsense, 'D. K. L.' meaning 'Dear Knitting Lady!' The foolish fellows!"

There is a certain reverence about the way she puts the watch in our hands, and this same reverence marks our manner of holding it. We realize that this splendid woman is not only giving us a glimpse of a real Order of Merit, but also a glimpse into her faithful old heart. D. K. L. indeed! And at 107 years old!

The Woods Call for Women 'Sugarers'

AND NOW BETWEEN the planning out of our thrift gardens and the planting of the same, we must attend to our sugar making. Doesn't it sound good after all the sugar shortage talk? Sugar making is one Canadian industry which women can carry on as well as, or better than, men.

Every maple tree in the country should be "tapped," every sugar bush should have its pails out, its boilers ready, its watchfires trimmed and burning.

"But it is still winter," objects the University girl, who has promised to "carry on" in this festival of sweetness. "How can we go about in the woods until the ground is dry?"

You can go about in rubber boots, short skirts and sweaters, or overalls, and remember this, sugar-making, like time or tide, waits for none. "Ugh!" the maid of all work, another volunteer, says with a shiver, "'tis a lonely spot the woods must be with this winter wind sailing through it. Have a heart, woman!" Winter! No such thing. This is March, "bearer of the breath o' spring," March, whose wind and sun

"Makes linens white and lassies dun."

The Rotary Club and other patriotic associations ought to see to it that the work of sugar-making, work the farmer has not time for, these days, is attended to systematically by our women, who are not too weak to lift the sap, boil the same to syrup, and "sugar off" the delectable creamy mass. As soon as the buds begin to form on the trees sugar making is over—so, forward, march, to the tune our lads in khaki march to.

"The maple leaf, our emblem dear,
The maple leaf forever!"

Everywoman's Forum

Dear Everywoman's:

Man's inhumanity to man doesn't come up to woman's inhumanity to woman. I speak with feeling, owing to treatment received while placing pledge cards and doing other patriotic work which necessitates entering the homes of strangers. A query from housewives which more workers than I have grown familiar with is: "How do we know you are doing this for the Government? You may be a spy!" Can you understand women taking this attitude? And what's the remedy?

Patricia.

Yes, I can, Patricia. Considering some of the things done and said by zealous, but unwise, workers in our campaigns for thrift, I can easily understand a little hostility. As to remedy, how about all war workers adopting a uniform which would identify them as such? Our cousins across the line have a "National League of Empire. Every worker wears its uniform when on duty. These uniforms are made to order, dark blue skirt, coat, cap, and cost about fifteen dollars. They are natty and becoming, with white collars and cuffs, and two rows of the metal buttons which belong peculiarly to them, being the insignia of the league. The worker who wearies in well doing, or quits the national service for any cause whatever, retains her suit—it is hers, she has paid for it—but she must return the buttons, as none but a war worker may wear them. Sounds sensible, doesn't it?—Ed.

Dear Everywoman:

I wonder if we women aren't mostly fools? We seem to go at one reform or good work with a rush, then to wheel about like a flock of sheep and charge at something else, leaving the first to live or die as it sees fit. For instance, while we have all been doing wonders in war work lest our lads overseas (God bless them!) know cold or hunger, we have this winter let women and little children in Toronto the Good suffer and, in an extreme case or two, die from lack of food and heat. While we have done our full duty by Home Missions, Foreign Missions and other worthy objects, we have not had time to attend to the little "heathens" at our own doors, ay and within our own doors. A park policeman brought a youthful offender home to this house not very long ago.

"Breaking windows, and glass the price it is!" we cried in wrath. "Didn't I warn you not to go out without asking me?"

"How could I ask you when you're never here, mother?" he flung back sullenly. It was then I asked myself the question which begins this letter—my first epistle to a paper—and calculated to get me in wrong, I know.

Busy Woman.

We're not aggravating enough to say "I told you so," but take a look at the letter which opened this Forum. And come again.—Ed.

Dear Everywoman's:

All this talk about economy makes me tired. I'll bet a dollar to a doughnut we real housekeepers can show a lot of you "paper and platform" thrift women how to save any day in the week. There may be wasteful wives among us, but tell me this, would Canada be the country it is to-day if the bulk of our women hadn't known the meaning of real thrift? Lord help us! Will they never quit their little a, b, c lessons to the housekeeper who has forgotten more on the subject than they'll ever know? If you love us—and we believe you do—make them can the economy stuff—or tell us something new—something we haven't known and done always.

Martha by the Day.

You're just the one we want, Martha. Tell us a few things. Pass some of your wisdom—gathered from everyday experience—on to us, and we'll be thankful.—Ed.

Art that Awakens a Real Response

THROUGH THE KINDNESS of the Woman's Art Association, especially of its President, Mrs. Home Cameron, Toronto art lovers had an opportunity of viewing a collection of pictures by the Italian artist (and soldier) Laurenzio Laurenzi. The exhibition opened with a "Private View," the hostesses of the occasion being Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Joseph Banigan, and Miss Loudon. The pictures drew many art lovers, but made a special appeal to our Italian people. Among the reproductions were the works of Botticelli, Raphael and Carpaccio, etchings breathing of modern Italy, and of the Renaissance. The birthplace of St. Francis, the sunny town of Assissi, in Central Italy, seemed to have furnished more than its share of subjects for pictures. It was in front of one of these, a shrine snow white in the heart of a cypress covered hill, we saw a picture prettier even than Laurenzi's masterpieces, "the dark-eyed daughter of the south," who plays the street piano on spring days and summer evenings up and down College Street holding fast to that young brigand, Rodriga, her four year old brother, and pointing to the shrine with one dimpled, dirty finger.

"I am ten now, but long ago when I was only six, I take with our mother, the pilgrimage from Perugia to this place," she was saying proudly. "Someday, brother mine, you and I will go play under the cypress trees of Assissi."

One could not help wishing Laurenzi might have seen the pair and caught the wistfulness in the girl's eyes, wistfulness evoked by his work.

Boy Babies in Majority now in Canada

WE NEVER EXPECTED to hang upon the words of a statistician. But there, we never knew a statistician could be so interesting. It was at a little Eugenics Club which has no set time for meeting running on the schedule used by Elbert Hubbard in bringing out "The Philistine," "Every Once in a While." Up until now we had esteemed statistics another name for facts, the stubborn things the statistician threw at you by way of proving his erudition.

We know better now. You see the subject was babies—and still more babies. Every item concerning these dimpled, helpless bits of humanity is interesting, and "current events" on the subject, especially so. Euthenics, or the study of pre-natal influence and environment, affirm that these things are feeling (and showing the effects of) war's force and bias. Martial Mars is quite eclipsing the Venus of the hearth. No longer do girl babies predominate. All countries, Canada among them, are producing more male infants than female.

By this time we had borrowed a note book and purloined a pencil and our neighbor on the left (another who had come to scoff and remained to pray) was whispering in our ear, "Exit the superfluous woman—if the old law of demand and supply holds out for another generation or two, man is going to be the pursuer instead of the pursued. Think how scarce (and valuable) wives will be!"

"Statistics show," continued the speaker of the evening, "that since war broke out in 1914 the ratio of boy babies to girl babies has been unprecedented. Britain, who was wont to boast a third more girls than boys each year, in 1915 reversed the order. In 1916 her showing was 700,000 boys to 400,223 girls, while in 1917 the ratio in favor of males was the highest recorded since 1838, the year which saw a girl queen crowned at Westminster Abbey. That year almost twice as many males as females saw the light of day in "the right little, tight little isle in the sea."

A War of Wits—Well Worth the Reading

SHORTLY AFTER the restriction order in regard to petrol was passed, several people were summoned to the Police Court on the charge of running their cars with petrol or petrol substitute. Among these was the aged mother of General Lipsett, of the Canadian forces, who spoke in her own defence. Her contention was that she was driving to church, and that provision was made in the Restriction Act for persons attending church. A war of wits took place between herself and the prosecutor, he asserting that the exception under the order did not apply to anyone going to church save to a clergyman, who went because his business called him there.

"I went because my business called me there," she said.

"It would have to be household business on your part," he urged, "and women have no warrant for going to church to transact such."

"What concerns the household is the housewife's business and I was but attending to my everyday affairs under a rule more ancient and binding than your restriction. 'As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.'"

"But religion is a spiritual affair, not an every day one," he insisted.

"Yours may not be," came her retort, "but ask any right thinking woman, and she will add her word to mine that real religion is a household affair, and an every day one."

The stipendiary reserved judgment, but congratulated the octogenarian on her defense.

Suggestions for Lenten and Other Days of Abbreviated Diet

By MARJORIE DALE

THE month of March gives us, this year, a concentration of Lent, if we may use the term. The only break in the days of curtailed diet is St. Patrick's Day—and we salute it with a menu suggestion for luncheon. Even those who do not make the Lenten days ones of excessive abstinence, will find menus and recipes on this page to satisfy their patriotic ideas of economy.

Halibut Creole

ONE and one-half pounds halibut, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, 1 small onion, 1 bay leaf, ½ clove garlic, 1/8 teaspoonful cayenne pepper, 1 pint juice canned tomatoes.

The halibut should be cut in a short thick slice. After washing, sprinkle slightly with salt, melt butter in a frying pan and brown the onion and garlic finely minced in it. Add the tomato juice, bay-leaf and pepper, let the mixture come to a boil and pour it over the halibut which should be placed in a baking pan. Bake in a moderate oven for forty-five minutes basting frequently with the sauce.

Mock Crabs

ONE-QUARTER cupful butter, ¼ teaspoonful paprika, ½ cupful flour, 1½ cupfuls milk, ¾ teaspoonful mustard, 1 can corn, 1½ teaspoonful salt, 1 egg, 3 teaspoonfuls Worcestershire sauce.

Melt butter, add flour, mustard, salt and paprika, gradually add milk. Turn in corn, add eggs slightly beaten and the Worcestershire sauce. Pour in a buttered baking dish or casserole, cover with one cupful cracker crumbs, dot with butter and bake till browned.

Mock Veal Loaf

THREE cupfuls whole wheat bread crumbs, 1½ cupful ground mixed nuts, 1½ cupfuls milk, 1 egg, 1 teaspoonful onion juice, 1¼ teaspoonfuls salt, 1/8 teaspoonful pepper.

Mix ingredients in order given and let stand for thirty minutes, form into a loaf and bake in a buttered pan forty minutes.

Huntington Cold Slaw

ONE small cabbage, water cress, one small onion, French dressing, green peppers.

Take off outer leaves of cabbage and cut into quarters. Slice as thinly as possible, using sharp knife. Soak in cold water till crisp, drain and dry between towels. Arrange on a bed of watercress. Cover with one small onion peeled and thinly sliced and separated into rings. Pour over French dressing and garnish with rings of green pepper.

Coffee Spanish Cream

ONE and one-half cupfuls coffee, ½ cupful milk, 2/3 cupful sugar, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 3 eggs, ¼ teaspoonful salt, ½ teaspoonful vanilla.

Mix coffee with milk and one-third cupful sugar, add gelatine and heat in a double boiler. Beat egg yolks with remaining sugar and the salt. Add to mixture and cook till it thickens slightly. Remove from range, add egg whites beaten until stiff and vanilla. Mold, chill and serve with thin cream.

Welsh Rarebit

TWO tablespoonfuls butter, ¾ pound cheese cut into small pieces, 1 tablespoonful cornstarch, ¾ cupful milk, ½ teaspoon salt, ¾ teaspoonful mustard.

Cook cornstarch in the butter, add milk gradually. Cook two minutes, add the cheese and stir until it is well melted. Season, serve on crackers or toasted bread.

Irish Icebergs

FOUR cupfuls water, 2 cupfuls sugar, ¾ cupful lemon juice, green coloring, Creme de menthe, chopped nuts.

Make syrup by boiling water and sugar twenty minutes. Cool, add lemon juice and coloring. Freeze. Fill glasses, slightly rounding, pour over each one teaspoonful of creme de menthe and sprinkle with nuts.

St. Patrick's Luncheon

Cream of Spinach Soup — Crackers — Fillets of Halibut
Potato Nests — Stuffed Onions — Malaga Salad — Wheat Crispies
Irish Iceberg — Shamrock Wafers — Cheese — Crackers — Cafe Noir

Menus for the Last Two Weeks of Lent

Sunday

BREAKFAST

Oranges — Cream of Wheat — Cream
Corn Gems — Cocoa

DINNER

Cream of Onion Soup — Celery
Fried Fish — Mashed Potatoes
Huntington Cold Slaw — Creamed Carrots
Coffee Spanish Cream

TEA

Welsh Rarebit
Stuffed Olives — Fruit Salad
Brown Bread Sandwiches — Molasses Cake

Monday

BREAKFAST

Stewed Fruit — Boiled Wheatlet — Cream
Toast — Cocoa

LUNCHEON

Salmon Salad — Crackers
Plain Tapioca Pudding — Tea

DINNER

Cream of Vegetable Soup
Lenten Croquettes — Spinach
Raisin Fritters — Grape Juice Sauce
Coffee

Tuesday

BREAKFAST

Oranges — Boiled Rice — Top Milk
Toast — Coffee

LUNCHEON

Tomato Jelly Salad — Celery
Baking Powder Biscuits — Indian Tapioca Pudding
Tea

DINNER

Cream of Green Pea Soup
Baked Whitefish — Paprika Potatoes
Lima Beans
Orange Puffs — Orange Sauce

Wednesday

BREAKFAST

Stewed Rhubarb — Hominy
Toasted Brown Bread — Cereal — Coffee

LUNCHEON

Tomato and Celery Soup
Potato and Rice Patties — Crackers
Tea

DINNER

Pecan Nut Loaf — White Sauce
Spinach on Toast — Lettuce and Pimento Salad
Biscuits — Tea

Thursday

BREAKFAST

Baked Apple — Dropped Eggs
Toast — Cocoa

LUNCHEON

Cream of Spinach Soup — Toasted Fingers
Jelly — Biscuits
Tea

DINNER

Cold Halibut — Sauce Tyrolienne
French Fried Potatoes
Bavarian Cream — Tea

Friday

BREAKFAST

Molded Wheatlet with Prunes — Top of Milk
Cereal Beverage Coffee

LUNCHEON

Hot Finnan Haddie Canapes — Lettuce Salad
Rye Bread and Butter — Tea

DINNER

Pea Roast — Mashed Potatoes
Lettuce Mayonnaise
Coffee — Cream — Cake

Saturday

BREAKFAST

Coddled Apples — Cereal, Top Milk
Whole Wheat Rolls — Cereal Beverage

LUNCHEON

Squash Fritters — Jelly
Crackers — Cocoa

DINNER

Black Bean Soup
O'Brien Potatoes — Corn Souffle
Cress Salad — Mayonnaise Dressing
Canned Fruit — Coffee

Sunday

BREAKFAST

Oranges — Bran Mush
Poached Eggs — Toast
Coffee

DINNER

Swedish Baked Halibut
Julienne Potatoes — Macaroni au Gratin
Radishes
Orange Cream — Coffee

TEA

Cream Cheese Sandwiches — Celery
Cress
Tea — Cake

Monday

BREAKFAST

Cereal with Stewed Figs — Wheat Muffins
Cocoa

LUNCHEON

Rice and Eggs — Brown Bread and Butter
Orange Jelly — Biscuits

DINNER

Lima Bean Soup — Croutons
Florentine Eggs — Corn a la Southern
Apple Tapioca

Tuesday

BREAKFAST

Fruit — Uncooked Cereal
Cocoa — Toast

LUNCHEON

Tomato Soup
Hashed Brown Potatoes — Cornmeal Muffins
Peanut Butter Sandwiches

DINNER

Cream of Vegetable Soup
Escalloped Corn — Molded Spinach, Egg Garnish
Lettuce
Ginger Pudding — Foamy Sauce

Wednesday

BREAKFAST

Oranges
Rolled Oats — Top Milk
Rice Muffins — Cocoa

LUNCHEON

Potato Chowder — Brown Bread Fingers
Fruit Salad — Wafers
Tea

DINNER

Somerset Smelts — Baked Potatoes
Home Canned Tomatoes — Radishes
War Time Cake — Tea

Thursday

BREAKFAST

Stewed Dried Apricots — Soft Boiled Eggs
Toast — Cereal Beverage

LUNCHEON

Cream Potato Soup — Fried Bananas or Combination Salad
Brown Betty

DINNER

Cream of Spinach Soup — Celery
Glazed Sweet Potatoes — Buttered Carrots
Cottage Pudding — Hot Chocolate Sauce

Friday

BREAKFAST

Prunes — Hominy
Cream Biscuit — Cereal Coffee

LUNCHEON

Cheese on Toast
Lemon Jelly — Whipped Cream
Wafers

DINNER

Baked Whitefish — Curried Vegetables
Lettuce and Cress with Mayonnaise
Banana Pie — Coffee

Saturday

BREAKFAST

Baked Apple — Shirred Eggs
Kentucky Spoon Bread — Coffee

LUNCHEON

Mock Crabs — Wafers
Bread Fingers — Celery Grape and Nut Salad
Small Cakes — Tea

DINNER

Mock Veal Loaf — Rice Border
Watercress — French Dressing
Jellied Prunes — Biscuits
Coffee

Lenten Croquettes

ONE-HALF cupful lentils, 3 pints water, ¼ cupful dried lima beans, ½ small onion, 1 stalk celery, 3 slices carrot, sprig of parsley, ½ cupful stale bread crumbs, 1 egg, 1 tablespoonful butter, 1 tablespoonful flour, 1/4 cupful hot cream, salt, pepper.

Soak lentils and lima beans in cold water to cover over night. Drain, add water, onion, celery, carrot and parsley. Cook until lentils are soft, remove, season, drain and rub through sieve. To pulp add stale bread crumbs, egg slightly beaten and salt and pepper to taste. Melt butter, add flour and pour gradually on to hot cream. Combine mixtures and cool, shape, dip in crumbs and if desired in egg and crumbs again. Fry in deep fat, drain on brown paper, serve with tomato sauce.

Cold Halibut, Sauce Tyrolienne

TWO pound slice halibut, ¾ cupful mayonnaise, ½ tablespoonful capers, ½ tablespoonful parsley, 1 gherkin, 2 tablespoonfuls tomato sauce.

Clean halibut, steam till tender, remove outer skin, bone and chill. Mask with following sauce:—Chop capers, parsley and gherkin, add to mayonnaise and beat in tomato puree.

Pecan Nut Loaf, White Sauce

FIVE riced potatoes, 3 tablespoonfuls butter, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1/3 cupful hot milk, 5 grains pepper, 1/3 cupful pecan nuts, 1 cupful white sauce, parsley.

To potatoes add butter, salt, pepper and hot milk. Beat with a fork until creamy and pack into a buttered shallow pan. Set in a pan of hot water and let stand in a moderately hot oven until thoroughly heated. Turn on a hot platter, sprinkle with pecan nuts well chopped. Pour round white sauce. Garnish with parsley.

Hot Finnan Haddie Canapes

ONE-HALF tablespoonful chopped onions. 2/3 tablespoonful butter, 2 mushrooms, 2 tablespoonfuls flour, 2/3 cupful milk, 2 tablespoonfuls grated cheese, yolks of 2 eggs, 1 cupful flaked finnan haddie, salt, cayenne.

Fry onion and mushrooms chopped in butter five minutes, add flour and milk, when boiling add grated cheese, egg yolks well beaten and finnan haddie. Season with salt and cayenne. Pile on pieces of toasted bread, sprinkle with grated cheese and buttered crumbs and bake until brown.

Pea Roast

THREE-QUARTERS cupful stale dry breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoonful sugar, ½ cupful pea pulp, ¼ cupful walnut meats, 1 egg, ¾ teaspoonful salt, 1/8 teaspoonful pepper, ¼ cupful melted butter, ¾ cupful milk.

Mix breadcrumbs with pea pulp (canned peas forced through puree strainer). Add sugar, walnut meats finely chopped, egg slightly beaten, salt, pepper and melted butter, then add milk. Turn into a small pan lined with paraffin paper. Cover and bake in a slow oven forty minutes.

Swedish Baked Halibut

ONE and one-half pound slice halibut, ½ teaspoonful powdered sugar, home canned tomatoes, ½ peeled onion, 1/3 cupful rich milk.

Clean and wipe halibut, place in earthen baking dish. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and brush over with melted butter. Drain canned tomatoes and measure. There should be one cupful of pulp. Add sugar and spread over fish. Cover with onion, peeled and thinly sliced. Bake twenty minutes. Add milk or cream and bake ten minutes. Garnish with parsley. Serve.

Ginger Pudding

ONE-HALF cupful butter substitute, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, 2 eggs, ½ cupful milk, ½ cupful water, 2½ cupfuls flour, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder, ¼ teaspoonful salt, ¼ cupful Canton ginger, 1 tablespoonful ginger syrup.

Cream shortening, add sugar and eggs well beaten, then add milk and water mixed, then flour, baking powder and salt. Cut ginger into pieces and add to mixture with ginger syrup. Turn into buttered mold. Steam one and three-quarter hours.

Somerset Smelts

SMELTS, salt, pepper, lemon juice, milk, 2 tablespoonfuls flour, butter, 1 cupful white sauce, 1 1/3 teaspoonfuls anchovy essence. 1½ tablespoonfuls butter, 1 teaspoonful parsley.

Clean large smelts, season with salt, pepper and lemon juice, let stand ten minutes, dip in milk, roll in flour and saute in butter. Add to butter remaining in pan two tablespoonfuls flour, white sauce, anchovy essence and few drops of lemon juice. Just before sauce is poured round smelts add butter and chopped parsley.

Raisin Fritters

TWO and one-quarter cupfuls milk 1 inch piece cinnamon, ¼ cupful sugar, ¼ cupful cornstarch, 3 tablespoonfuls flour, ½ teaspoonful salt, yolks of 3 eggs, 1/3 cupful raisins cooked.

Scald 2 cupfuls milk with cinnamon. mix sugar, cornstarch, flour, salt, and dilute with one-quarter cupful milk. Add scalded milk, cook ten minutes, then add egg yolks, and raisins. Turn into pan, spread evenly and cool. Remove, cut in squares, dip in crumbs, egg and bread crumbs, fry in deep fat. Serve with grape sauce.

War Flour Makes Good Bread

By THE EDITOR

The FIVE ROSES COOK BOOK (over 450,000 copies in actual use)

DO NOT hesitate to be the first to bake the new War Flour into Bread. Let it second your patriotic efforts in the conservation of wheat and flour. In our Laboratories, ***using the same recipe as with the old FIVE ROSES,*** we produced a loaf from the War Flour possessing all the essential attributes that have made bread the staff of life.

The Test We Made

In appearance, the loaf we made from Government Regulation Flour was quite as appealing as that made from FIVE ROSES flour. It cut very satisfactorily without crumbling; the crust was thin, crackling, and sweet to the palate. The texture slightly more open possibly, but appetizingly fresh and yielding. We have no reason to doubt its keeping qualities. In lightness, flavor and general eating qualities, we can assure all FIVE ROSES users that we were delighted with the results obtained. The complexion of the loaf was naturally more creamy than the old FIVE ROSES loaf, but this in no way affects its nutritive or digestive properties.

So that, in making an early use of the new War Flour, thrifty housewives will be securing equal nutrition at less cost, besides contributing to the increased wheat supplies so sorely needed by our Allies. It is truly no sacrifice to economize with FIVE ROSES milled according to Government Regulation.

Lake of the Woods Milling Company Limited

Makers of Five Roses Flour
CANADA

FIVE ROSES IN KHAKI.—To conserve wheat so essential to the Allied Cause, your favourite brand is now being milled according to Government Regulations. But the name "FIVE ROSES" which, for over a quarter century, has been a positive assurance of quality is still your protection. Users of "FIVE ROSES Government Grade" Flour are assured of the best available flour under all conditions. Fortunate possessors of the famous FIVE ROSES Cook Book can bake with the new FIVE ROSES with practically no change in their present recipes and in the certainty of excellent baking results.

War Flour Is Good Flour

By CARO M. BROWN

Chemist—Lake of the Woods Milling Company Limited

IN the interest of food conservation, it has been proved most economical to insist upon a standard loaf of bread from all bake-shops, and this is only possible when a standard flour is manufactured. In order to effect this standardization of flour all over Canada, the Government requires that the mills make not less than 74 per cent flour from wheat, that is 74 pounds of War Flour is to be made from 100 pounds of wheat. This is only very slightly more than most mills are already extracting.

Not "Graham" Flour

The slight increase of flour extracted will be true flour, and not bran or dust. Formerly this slight amount of flour had been allowed to go into the feeds for animal consumption, but when every grain of wheat counts as it does now, this is too extravagant a practice. There need be no apprehension as to the quality of Government Regulation flour. It is NOT to be "Graham," nor even so-called "Whole-wheat" flour, and it is NOT flour mixed with Bran and Shorts. It will be simply pure flour as taken from the wheat berry, purified and sifted exactly as in the past; but, instead of several grades, such as FIVE ROSES, HARVEST QUEEN, LAKEWOODS, etc., being separated, all the flour will be blended together and only one brand will be on the market.

Colour More Creamy

The War Flour will not have quite the white colour of FIVE ROSES, but for all practical uses it will give identical results in baking. Flavour, texture, general appearance and nutritive value will not be impaired in any way.

Excellent Baking Results

Foreseeing that some regulation of this sort was imminent, we have been trying out in our Laboratory recipes for Bread, Cakes and Pastry, using the new "War Flour," our idea being to ascertain if any modification of present methods should be adopted. There need be no fear that the new flour will make unpalatable bread, cake or pastry. We were more than pleased with the results, and found that for bread no variation seemed to be necessary.

Some Suggestions for Housewives

In making pie crust and puff paste, we have obtained the best results by using very slightly less water than with FIVE ROSES. The crust was flaky, crisp and well-flavoured. For cake, we followed exactly the same recipe in using FIVE ROSES and the War Flour; the cake from the War Flour was equal to that from FIVE ROSES in lightness and texture, was excellent in flavour and of a rich, creamy colour.

As the War Flour will be rich in gluten, care should be taken in making baking-powder biscuit and pastry not to work it or handle it any more than is absolutely necessary, as this toughens the gluten, resulting in texture less tender and flaky. It will require a little study and ingenuity on the part of each housewife to adapt her favorite recipe to this flour, but the little time given to this will be more than repaid by the results obtained.

The National Breakfast Dish

MARMALADE MADE WITH

Lantic Sugar

Have perfect marmalade this year—clear, bright, firmly jellied—the kind you are proud of every time you take a jar from the shelf. It is easy to have this kind of marmalade when you make it with LANTIC SUGAR.

LANTIC is the best sugar for marmalade, jellies and all preserving because of its purity and "Fine" granulation. It dissolves instantly in hot fruit juice and removes the necessity for long cooking after the sugar is added.

Order LANTIC SUGAR in our trademarked sacks or cartons. These are packed by cleanly machinery at the refinery. When you open a package of LANTIC SUGAR you know that yours is the first hand to touch it. Never buy sugar by the "quarter's worth" or "dollar's worth." Get the full weight sacks and cartons with the red ball trademark. 2 and 5-lb. cartons, 10, 20 and 100-lb. sacks. The 20-lb. sack will be found specially convenient at preserving time.

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